

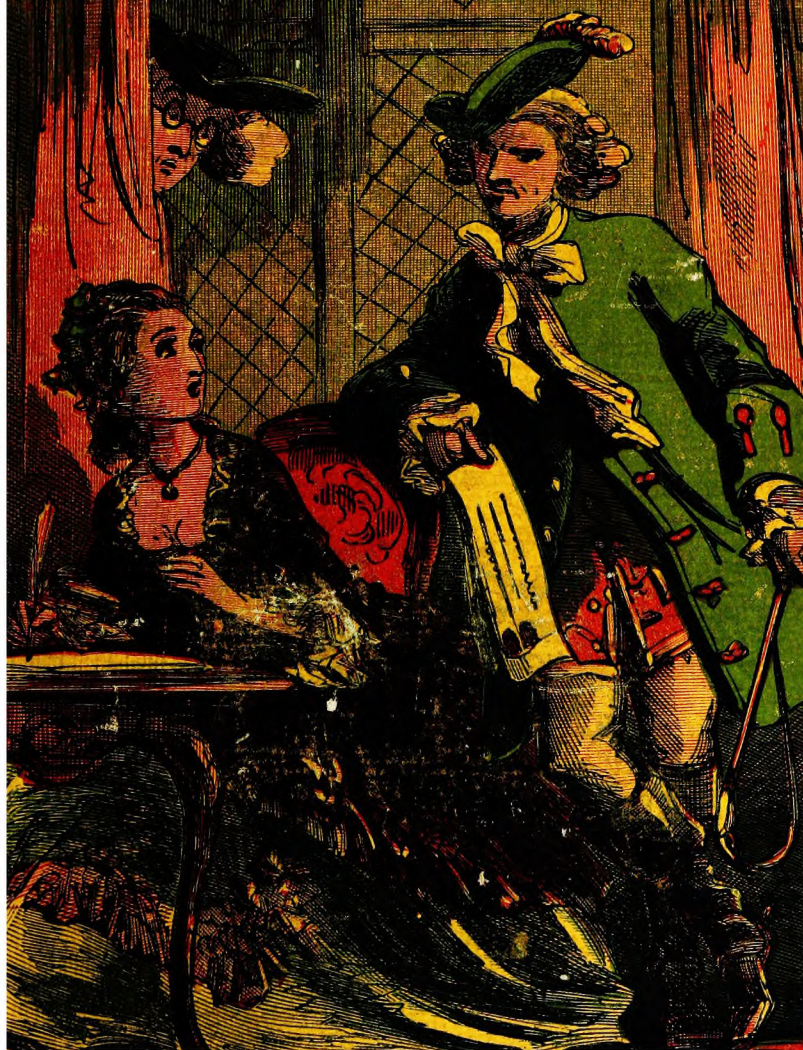


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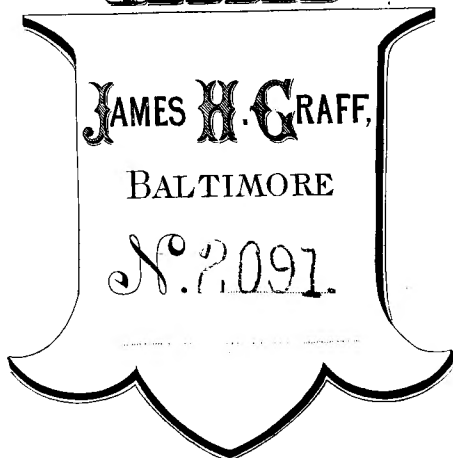
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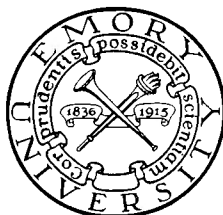
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## PREFACE.

---

I HAVE often feared that the preface to a novel resembled the flourish of trumpets which accompanies the order to "draw swords" on a cavalry parade ; but if, according to Shakspeare, a good play needs no epilogue, a good novel needs no preface ; and while it remains for the public to decide upon the good or bad quality of the following pages, some explanation may be necessary.

The escape of the Princess Clementina Sobieski is an historical fact, and its details are somewhat similar to those given in the "Memoirs of Charles Lewis Baron de Pollnitz," in the Dublin edition of 1738 ; while the "Expedition" of Brigadier MacIntosh, the capture of Holy Island, and the general events of Forster's insurrection, with most of the personages who figure therein, belong to history.

I have adhered to the latter wherever I could do so, engrafting upon it my own story, which, in many instances, I have made subservient to the events of the time ; and this is the more necessary, when we remember that there are too many of the reading public whose ideas of the past are solely derived from historical novels.

"I heartily despise," says Flint, "the idle declamations which I often hear against romances. Poesy and romance

are higher and holier matters of the intellectual world. All noble conceptions, all holy thoughts in the mind, are undoubtedly connected with the qualified love and indulgence of romantic feeling. I have heard many a good soul declaim that he would be glad if there was nothing of romance in the world. I should regard him who could or would destroy the illusions of fancy and of the imagination as I would the evil genius who would destroy foliage and flowers from the trees, and give us but the *naked stem*."

23, DANUBE STREET, EDINBURGH.

*March 1859*

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# HOLLYWOOD HALL.



## CHAPTER I.

### CHESTER.

WHERE I, the narrator of the following pages, was born, who were my family, and what were my antecedents, my chief adventures, fortunes, and misfortunes, the reader will discover in the gradual progress or development of this, my narrative, which commences on an era most important to myself, as it was the means of involving me in some of the most dangerous broils and stirring events of the time, though it led ultimately to unravelling the mystery which for many years previously had surrounded me.

To begin, then, at once :—

On an evening in the last days of August, 1715, I landed at Chester, from a small Dutch lugger of eighty tons (the *Fräulein*), which had made a prosperous voyage from Dunkirk to the Dee, laden with—I know not what, as I never cared sufficiently to inquire,—and bidding farewell to her taciturn skipper, whose dull grey eyes, and bulbous-shapen nether man I see in memory yet before me, I stood upon the shore, lonely and irresolute ; for, though born an Englishman, I was a stranger in the land, knowing little more of it than the language, that my name was Edward Errington, and that I was somewhere about four or five and twenty years of age.

I fear the reader may deem this mode of beginning remarkable, perhaps eccentric ; but my life has been a strange and wayward one, influenced by circumstances beyond my own control ; and thus I have commenced my story at the epoch that seemed of most importance to myself—an epoch that was not without importance to all the British isles.

My sword, my cloak-bag, and a packet of secret and dangerous papers, of which I was the bearer and custodier, were my sole possessions ; and, with these under my arm, I walked thoughtfully and slowly from the landing-place towards the ancient capital of the county palatine, which is so picturesquely situated on the north bank of the Dee, encircled by its time-worn ramparts—of old, its bulwark against the Scots and Welsh.

Above these rose the towers of its castle, and the spire of the cathedral, all steeped in the red light of the setting sun ; while mellowed faint and far in sunny distance lay the azure estuary of the Dee, dotted by white sails, the county of Flint, and the dark Welsh mountains rising above the evening haze.

As the sun sank, his red light deepened on the massive walls of Chester, and threw a lurid glare on the square cathedral tower ; and then, the broad, blue waters of the Dee, that wound between their flat, but fertile and well-wooded banks, gleamed with golden and purple ripples that ran before the evening wind. In this year the harvest had been early, and remarkably successful : in some places the fields were already bare, or covered only by yellow stubble, and I saw those huge and creaking four-wheeled wains, which are so peculiarly English, laden with golden grain, winding slowly and laboriously over the upland, behind the smoking team, or along the highway, brushed by the drooping foliage of the oak and chesnut trees that rose above the thick hedgerows, or the old green silent lanes that led to the snug homestead of the country squire or the sturdy yeoman.

Curfew time was at hand, so I hastened on to reach an inn for the night, as, from all I could learn of my countrymen, the time was a perilous one for a stranger, a wanderer, especially such as I, to be abroad ; for in those days of political plotting and intriguing any unfortunate wight who failed to satisfy the scruples, prejudices, or suspicions of every insolent parish constable, pig-headed alderman, or Whig justice of the peace, was instantly deemed a Jesuit or a Frenchman in disguise, and after being wholly ducked and half-killed by the mob, was committed to prison till the authorities could discover whether he was guilty or not ; and nowhere were the atrocious and inhospitable laws enacted

by George I.—himself a foreigner—against foreigners, Catholics, and Jacobites, more rigidly enforced than in the county palatine of Chester.\* On the very evening of my arrival, a poor pedlar, for the double crime of being an Irishman and Catholic, had, for these great offences, been ducked in the Dee, and been publicly hanged on Parkgate Road.

To me, who had just arrived from the court of the exiled king, bearing letters to General Forster, Sir Lennard Arden, in Cheshire, and other gentlemen in the north of England, for the purpose of raising an insurrection to effect a second restoration of the house of Stuart, this anecdote about the poor Irishman, with similar information which I received at the Watergate of Chester from a gossiping keeper, had an effect the reverse of soothing or pleasing. The gate at which I presented myself is defended by a ravelin, named of old the Bonewaldesthorpe Tower, and the river then ran close to its walls, in which were several huge iron rings for mooring boats and barges.

I was closely scrutinized here by the gate-keeper, who, perhaps, detected something foreign in my air, the cut of my coat, or the cock of my hat ; but a current coin of the realm, slipped into his hand, silenced all his scruples, moral, political, and religious, and I was forthwith permitted to pass into the venerable city of Chester, where the quaint old thoroughfares were darkening, as the shades of evening deepened in them, and the last ray of the sun faded from the carved pinnacles of the cathedral spire.

Four principal streets intersected the town, diverging from a common centre named the *Pentise*, an ancient building situated at the junction of the North and East-gate streets, wherein the royal and noble were banqueted in the days of old. These streets—I write of them as I saw them in 1715—were old and fantastic in their architecture, elaborate in their details, and, strange to say, their substructure was cut down to the depth of several feet into the living rock. On a level with these were low warehouses, surmounted by balustraded galleries, named by the citizens *rows*. Along these rows, which served as footpaths, were the shops and houses, which were connected with the streets by occasional

\* "A private soldier received NINE HUNDRED lashes yesterday, and was drummed out of his regiment, with a rope about his neck, having been found guilty of being a *papist*."—*Chester Journal*, 1727.



flights of steps. The more antique mansions were easily distinguished by their steep angular gables and projecting oriels, — their deep shady galleries and latticed casements, — their heavy wooden railings, enormous pillars, and transverse beams of oak.

In those dusky galleries, and under those oak arcades, or along the rows, a few persons were still lingering, to enjoy the balmy atmosphere of the pleasant harvest evening. Here and there one might see an old lady who retained the towering commode, the countless flounces and furbelows of the early days of Queen Anne, — a mode of attire which made a dame of fashion, as the *Spectator* has it, “resemble a Friesland hen ;” and there too were old gentlemen with the little cocked hats, enormous wigs, square-tailed coats, and long slender swords of the same period ; their antique dresses giving greater effect to the antique aspect of the place where they promenaded, practising the suave gallantry of the old school, bearing the train, fan, or pouncet-box of their lady friends, or shaking their powdered wigs close together, as they conferred, perhaps ominously, on the dark political events that were to come, and paused to stare at me when I passed, little dreaming that in my cloak-bag were the matches that would fire the mine.

Remarkable as the aspect of this old city was, it did not seem like other places I had seen abroad, either strange or new to me. The stately cathedral of England’s three last Henries, — the ancient castle, the origin of which is lost in obscurity, — the quaint streets of carved oak and painted plaster, — all seemed to me familiar, as if I had seen them at least once before ; and yet, so far as I knew, I stood for the *first time* within the walls of Chester ! It was strange, unaccountable, and mysterious, that this old city, with all its striking features, should have this effect upon me ; and I struggled — groped, as it were, among the mists of memory — to remember where or when I had seen such a place before ; but I looked vainly back into the dreary void, from whence these dim and wild and unconnected recollections floated ; for there are times with us all when incidents, faces, places, voices, and music, come before us with apparent familiarity, though we have actually seen the former or heard the latter for the first time. Hence there is in the mind a confused sense of having seen or heard those things before, — a sense

so perplexing that we know not whether to regard them as the casual revival of some long-forgotten *dream*, or the dim recollection of a past state of existence, coming back unbidden to the human soul.

Germany does not want for mystical philosophers, who readily adopt the latter opinion; but almost every one is occasionally sensible of the emotion or the reflection to which I refer. How frequently, indeed, comes the inward thought—

“This event has happened to me before. I have before said, or done, or heard this!” But when — where — how?

Such were the perplexing ideas that oppressed me, as on that evening I walked through the darkening streets of Chester. So powerfully did they affect my fancy, that at times I felt as if in a dream; and twice, under the sense of this mystery stood still, with irresolution, to consider whether I had actually left the *Fraulein*, the Dutch lugger, and was fully awake, or asleep in my hammock; but such wild German fantasies are opposed to the purer principles of the learned men of old, to revealed religion, and to philosophy.

“The ancient philosophers,” says a quaint work, “are often very happy in their illustrations. For example, conceiving the soul to be a portion or emanation of the Divinity, separated from the original source, and for a season encased or confined in the body, but ultimately destined to return to it, and be absorbed in that infinite source, they compared it to water enclosed in a vessel, set adrift upon the ocean: as long as the vessel lasts, the water contained in it is kept distinct from the element on which it floats; but when it *breaks or decays*, the contents at once escape, and are absorbed in the illimitable ocean.”

Be all this as it may, I know not, being no casuist, and only such a philosopher as the camp and the battle have made me.

“If I am not becoming insane,” thought I, on approaching the great cathedral, “there should be a house near it with three huge vanes and a round porch.”

Hurrying on, I reached the church, and, lo! to my wonder, almost to my terror, on the west side of the North-gate Street, there stood a large house, of quaint aspect, having

three steep projecting gables, each surmounted by a great creaking vane of gilded copper. Each gable rose from two tiers of galleries, formed by beams of carved oak, which rested on fantastic pillars of the same material. In the centre was an arched porch, within and about which a number of smokers and idlers loitered.

"The house of my waking dream!" I exclaimed in a breathless voice.

I approached nearer.

It bore a signboard, and proved to be the *King's Head* inn, kept by "Tom Tapster."

"Good," said I, "though it bears not the effigy of *my* king, I shall repose me here for the night very well, no doubt."

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE INN.

ON the signboard swung the representation of a plain, somewhat vulgar-looking elderly personage, having a red coat garnished by a blue ribbond, star, and enormous white wig, and whose large nose resembled nothing in this world save a huge misshapen potato. The portrait of this gentleman, known by discontented folks as "the Elector," had everywhere, during the last twelve months, superseded those of her late majesty, the good Queen Anne of happy memory, the last Stuart who occupied the throne of Britain.

The crowd that loitered about the porch, listening to the song of a pretty girl, an itinerant balladier, made way for me as I approached; and though all eyes were fixed on me with curiosity and scrutiny, there were a few men who perceived that I was a stranger, and kindly said, "Good evening, master;" while others, remarking that I wore laced clothes and a silver-hilted sword, touched their hats with the real or pretended respect that such appurtenances, being suggestive of a good purse, are sure to secure.

I was welcomed and ushered in by the landlord,—a bluff, jolly, full-faced, and bald-pated person (like all landlords in novels, plays, and pictures), but clad in rough English cloth of nopinjay-blue, with carsie hosen, and wearing a huge

white apron. He pressed me to lay aside, or commit to his custody, my leathern cloak-bag ; but, knowing the value and the danger of the secret papers it contained, I replied that "it was no incumbrance whatever ; that I was weary, and wished to be shown to my apartment."

This he immediately ordered to be prepared for me : I then ordered a stoup of brandy, and we drank it together ; after which he continued to hover about me, anxious, apparently, to discover who I was, and from whence I came ; but finding me oblivious of his presence, and rather taciturn, he rejoined the group in the porch, where the girl was still singing for money.

The bar of the *King's Head* was a sombre place enough. It was low in the ceiling, paved with square red bricks, which emitted an earthy odour, and was entirely panelled with old oak, which by dint of time and polishing had become black as ebony. As the season was warm, no fire was necessary in the wide fireplace, and light was only admitted by a little old-fashioned iron lattice, that overlooked a gloomy stable-yard. One end of the bar was occupied by a long sideboard, whereon, and above which, on shelves, were various kinds of silver, pewter, and horn drinking-cups, with pewter plates and copper saucepans, polished and shining in the light of two candles, which were now lighted, in square-bottomed holders of silver, and placed on the old oak table by a smart barmaid. She snuffed, trimmed them, and glanced at me slyly with a pair of quick and merry blue eyes, expecting, as usual, some gallant or bantering speech ; but my heart was heavy and sad,—I scarcely knew why,—and sighing, I turned away from her. Even a pretty woman could not charm me then, or lure me from myself.

Left alone, I had no resource but to read over, with vacant listlessness, the advertisements and broadsheets that were pasted on the heavy oaken mantelpiece, contesting for precedence with a row of china cups and delf platters, and turning rapidly to dark-yellow in the tobacco fumes expended by a smoking-club which met nightly in the bar. One of these placards was a particular description of "A villain wearing a brigadier wig and mounted on a bay mare, who with holster pistols, and a brass-mounted hanger, did, on the 16th current, feloniously set upon the London and Chester mail, and did, after firing two bullets through the panels thereof, to the

great danger and discomfort of certain lieges therein," carry off the mail-bags. Below was an advertisement, stating "that a young lady who is to set out for London in a post-chaise, would be glad to hear of a companion going that way. Inquire at the King's Head, Chester." Others were documents announcing the sale of hops, cheese, tobacco; and, as I knew not to what part of the isle of Britain my duty might take me, I made a special memorandum of the following:—

"G.R. The Berwick and London stage begins to move on Monday, 18th Oct., 1715. All that desire to pass from Berwick to London, let them repair to John Blair's, at the English Gate, every other Saturday, or to the Swan in Holborn, every other Monday, where they will be received in a comfortable stage, and civilly treated, the which stage performs the whole journey in eighteen days.—£5 English the fare.—God save the King!"

While I was concluding my memorandum of this, a sour-featured old fellow, wearing a loose blue coat, and large hat bound with yellow galloon, entered with an air of vulgar importance and bustle, and bade me "Good morrow."

"Your servant, sir," said I, but made no other response.

"You are a stranger hereabout, master, I understand."

"Understand!" I reiterated with annoyance; "then people have been talking about me?"

"People *will* talk, Master."

"Of course—well?" said I impatiently.

"They have been marvelling what your purpose here may be."

"What may yours be, fellow?" I asked with hauteur.

"Sir, I am Mr. Timothy Spry, a constable of this parish," he replied, looking as if these words were more than enough to make me tremble.

"And what matters it to me who you are?"

"Well—all I have to say, sirrah, is that in these ticklish times it behoves every true-born Englishman to see that our glorious constitution, the Protestant succession, and the Church as established by law, are—are—are—"

"Are what?"

"Not interfered with."

"Mr. Constable," said I, "I presume you are repeating, parrot-like, the political cant of some tipsy magistrate. I am a stranger here in your city of Chester, and have no

desire to molest or interfere with any one. To-morrow, God willing, I leave the city——”

“For where, sir?”

“You are very inquisitive,” said I, smiling, to conceal my rising anger, and knowing, too, it would have been most unwise to involve myself in a brawl with a rude, officious jack-in-office like this.

“I am going to Hollywood Hall, some miles distant from this. If you have any communications to make, send them there, and Sir Lennard Arden, or I, will attend to them. I have replied to your questions, and now I have but one to ask you—whether you will leave this room in the usual manner by the door, or head foremost by the window?”

Either this threat, or the mention of an influential name, silenced the insolence of the constable; he lifted his huge triple-cocked hat, and made a cringing, awkward bow, by scraping on the tiled floor with his left foot. He then proceeded, with great solemnity and importance, to fix by four wafers above the mantelpiece, a royal proclamation, surmounted by a crown and the initials G. R., concerning the pains and penalties incurred by those who “harboured foreigners, especially papists and popish priests.” This alarming document was signed by Sir Harry Leigh, Bart., a justice of the peace for the county palatine of Cheshire.

The constable gave a peculiar glance at this placard, another at me, and retired. In short, as a stranger, I felt myself viewed with a mistrust, and subjected to an impertinent curiosity, which to a person of my spirit and temper, and, more than all, to one bound on a mission so dangerous as mine, were most annoying; and which, I thought, but ill became a people who, while hating foreigners and suspecting strangers, had placed a foreign race of kings upon their throne, and driven their native princes into exile.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### SQUIRE WILLOUGHBY.

FEARING to excite fresh suspicion by remaining too much aloof from all, I drained my stoup of brandy, and after depositing my cloak and cloak-bag in my room, placed the



key thereof in my pocket, and descended to the wooden porch to mingle with the crowd there, to seem, what I was far from being, at my ease ; and to hear the songs of the ballad-girl, which ever and anon drew a burst of applause from the listeners, and that which was better, a shower of copper and small silver coins. She sang the fine old ballad of the feat of Norris, Turner, and Willoughby, who with a thousand Englishmen, in Flanders, cut a passage through the whole Spanish army, under the Duke of Parma, when

“ The most courageous officers  
Were English captains three ;  
But the bravest man in battle  
*Was the brave Lord Willoughby ! ”*

My appearance on the scene divided the attention with her. I was dressed in a suit of French grey velvet, richly embroidered with silver, and had a cravat and ruffles of point lace. I carried my sword at a waist-belt, in which were placed a pair of small silver-mounted pistols, the gift of one to have named whom there would have found me quarters gratis in the adjacent castle of Chester ; but they were (as I may privately inform the reader) a parting gift from the Princess Sobieski, the queen of the exiled court.

The Parisian fashion of my little cocked beaver, which was edged with white feathers, drew all eyes upon me ; and as the report of my late distinguished acquaintance, Mr. Timothy Spry, the constable, had probably proved favourable, the gossips of the inn porch were disposed to treat me with every respect—the more so, perhaps, because I gave the poor singer a crown piece, which made her drop me a curtsy till her knees nearly touched the ground. The curiosity about me was evidently irrepressible ; so mine host proceeded at once to question me, with the laudable intention of enlightening himself in particular, and his fellow-citizens in general.

“ Been in Chester before, master ? ” said he.

“ Never,” said I briefly, while my mind reverted to the strange dreams in which its features must have become familiar to me.

“ A fine old city, sir.”

“ Very ! ” Finding that I was becoming more reserved, after a pause Boniface went straight to the point.

"You be a foreigner, master, I take it?" said he, bowing as low as his paunch would permit.

"Nay," said I briefly, "I am no foreigner."

"You speak mightily like one," said a plain-looking citizen, who wore a dress of braided cloth and a short bob perriwig.

"Perhaps so, for I have been long in foreign lands: yet believe me, when I say that I am—thank God!—an Englishman."

"Right, sir,—I like that!" said mine host, rubbing his fat hands approvingly.

"My name is Edward Errington."

"Zounds," he added, "I love thee for this, for I hate woundily all foreigners, Scots and Irishes too, as I do a blackamoor or a mug o' sour beer!"

"Ay," added he of the broadcloth and perriwig, "or the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender—the three natural enemies of England."

"Nay, my friends," said I, laughing, "I go not so far in prejudice as you. My life was saved by a Scottish soldier at Stalhofen, under as heavy a fire as brave men ever faced; and but for three stout Irishmen of Fitzgerald's regiment, I had been rotting now in the breach at Douay."

"Sbodikins! thou hast served in foreign wars, master?" said the host, as his round eyes dilated.

"A little," said I cautiously; "I have served against the States General."

"Who may *he* be?"

"I mean their High Mightinesses the States General of Holland," said I, laughing at the simplicity of the question.

"And what art thou now, lad?"

"I am a traveller for a foreign commercial house."

"Foreign again," grumbled Mr. Thomas Tapster, scratching his bald head; "dom! I begin to mislike thee again."

"I mean a British merchant residing near Paris—Stuart and Co. We have connections all over Europe, but especially in Poland."

"And you go to Hollywood Hall?"

"To-morrow."

"They are a brave, honest, and true old Cheshire family—the Ardens of Hollywood; and I marvel much what manner of dealings *they* can have with foreign merchants, who

have partners in Poland, wherever that may be, for I never heard on't before."

"We deal extensively in furs and sables : we could furnish enough to keep all England warm. We deal in everything, in fact, from a ship's anchor to a wedding-ring."

"And what are the Ardens about to buy of thee—neither ships' anchors nor wedding-rings, I warrant? The Ardens of Hollywood had once the honour to keep one of the gates of Chester."

"Keep a gate?"

"Yes, for in former times of war that was an honour claimed by the best families in the shire. The Ardens kept the Pepper Gate for three hundred years and more, with all their men-at-arms, during many a time of siege and hurly-burly, till one of them eloped with the mayor's daughter through that very passage. The mayor ordered the gate to be closed up, and the Ardens lost the office ; but we have still a saying among us here in old Chester, 'When your daughter is lost, shut Pepper Gate.'"

"But we are losing the song of this pretty girl."

"So we are—'tis Anna Smith."

"You know her then?"

"Slid ! I should think so—a little wench that lives somewhere about Delamere Forest."

The girl was exceedingly pretty ; her complexion was blooming ; her black eyes and hair, as well as her accent, declared her Welsh origin ; and she wore one of those smart little straw hats decorated with flowers and tied under her dimpled chin by a single red ribbon,—a simple fashion which was put to flight by the hideous introduction of 1760, when monstrous commodes of tow were resorted to by women to increase their natural height. Her ballad of the brave Lord Willoughby was just drawing to a close, when a gaily-attired horseman, who came caracoling along the street, checked his nag to listen with the crowd.

"To the soldiers who were maim'd,  
Or wounded in the fray,  
The Queen allowed a pension  
Of fifteen pence a day ;  
And from all costs and charges  
She fairly set them free,  
All for the tender love she bore  
*The brave Lord Willoughby.*

"Then, courage, noble Englishmen !  
 And never be dismay'd ;  
 For, though the foe were *ten to one*,  
 We shall not be afraid  
 To fight with foreign enemies,  
 And keep old England free ;  
 So thus I end the bloody bout  
*Of the brave Lord Willoughby !*"

As she concluded this warlike ballad, the tenor of which would better have become a bold and manly voice than her soft, tremulous tones, a burst of applause ensued ; for its spirit fired the people, and the gentleman on horseback dropped some silver in her hand (which was very little and white), saying,—

"Thanks, my pretty wench ; I am a Willoughby—Dick Willoughby, of Westonhall. Here are some Georges for thee, and that which is better, a Jacobus ; and who is there here that dare say me nay ? Harkee, landlord—Tom Tapster—a glass of something ; I am thirsty as a furnace, having ridden from the Bold Hall, far beyond Warrington Bridge, to-day."

"Canary, squire,—or sherry wine ?"

"Nay, nay, none of these outlandish liquors for me, to-night. 'Oons, man, I have just come from the Lancashire hills where I have heard that which—but never mind. Get me a stoup of our good English ale, Tom, as the song has it,—

"Jolly good ale, and old !"

While the host repaired to the bar for the required draught, and brought it forth, foaming from the tap, in a chased tankard, I surveyed, with undefined curiosity, this free-mannered gallant, who tossed his silver about like pebbles, and whose last speech so boldly indicated Jacobite principles at that dangerous time. He was very handsome, and wore a Ramillie wig, with a hat of the hunting cock, edged with silver, and adorned by a white feather. His suit was of sporting green cloth, braided with narrow silver cord ; he had a silver-hilted hanger at his waistbelt, and long saw-handled horse-pistols at his saddle-bow. His face wore an impudent, nonchalant, devil-may-care expression, which, with his lively manner, made him apparently popular among the crowd, with many of whom he conversed freely,

and with whom he seemed quite familiar. His horse was one of that fine Arabian race which had been so successfully introduced into England by a Mr. Darley, during the reign of the late queen, and the breed was now in great request.

"Ay, this is the stuff," said he, blowing the froth from the tankard ; "none of your foreign wines for my English throat to-night. Confusion to everything foreign, from Hell to Hanover—from Dunkirk to the Devil !

‘ And if we be but one to ten,  
We shall not be afraid ! ’”

"Hurrah !" responded the crowd, as the squire drained his tankard, and then fixing his eye on me with peculiar insolence (for he seemed somewhat inebriated), he flourished his riding switch over my head, saying,—

"'Zounds, landlord ! here is some of that outlandish ware, as I am a living man. That coat was never made in London, and that hat hath the true Versailles cock. Aha, Monsieur Crapaud, have we caught you !"

Provoked by this wanton impertinence, which the vacillating crowd seemed every way disposed to abet, I came close to his stirrup, and wrenching away the switch from his hand, broke it to pieces, and trod them under foot. On this, he sprang from his horse with a furious oath, and throwing his bridle to a powerful fellow—a butcher, apparently—who stood near,—

"Harkee, Sam Thorley," said he ; "hold my horse while I lace this fellow's coat anew. Death and the devil, am I, Dick Willoughby, to be put upon thus by a gingerbread foreigner ? Draw, fellow !" and unsheathing his hanger, he made a feint at my throat ; while the singing-girl shrieked, some of the crowd drew back in alarm, and others applauded.

"A ring ! a ring !" cried some.

"Fair play, and old England for ever !" shouted the butcher ; "down with all foreigners, Scots, Irish, and Frenches !"

A stranger, alone and unfriended, the bearer of secret and important papers, which compromised the fortunes and lives of many ; yea, on which depended, perhaps, the fate of the British throne—I saw all the perils of my position, and stood irresolutely ~~before this danger~~ before, retaining

my sword in its sheath, and struggling to keep down my rising anger.

"Excuse me, sir," said I, in a low voice; "but I cannot fight with you."

"Cannot fight with me; why, don't you wear a sword?"

"I do."

"Mayhap you are no fencer, which would be odd in a foreigner, seeing that they all fence and play the fiddle; but I will meet you with a good cudgel, if you like it better."

"I beg to decline such a substitute, sir," said I disdainfully.

"Pistols, if you will; I have pops in my holsters."

"I cannot meet you—my life is not my own."

"Tis mine, then, and damme I will have it! What—Dick Willoughby, of Weston, to have the whip twisted out of his hand in the Pentise of Chester, by a saucy varlet like thee! Come on, sirrah!—come on!"

"I cannot fight, sir, I tell you," I replied in a loud, emphatic voice, "until I have fulfilled a promise given and accepted."

"A promise?" thundered the other, whose courage rose as I attempted to temporise.

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"To one I dare not name."

"Oons, man! you must be on an errand from the Pope, to be so precious secret."

"A Jesuit! a Jesuit!" cried a voice in the crowd.

"I am *not* a Jesuit, I tell you, good people, on my honour!" said I, becoming alarmed.

"You have a message from the devil, then!"

"You expect one daily, I presume," said I, laughing.

"The Pretender, perhaps," said he, lowering the point of his weapon, and beginning to laugh also.

"My errand, my secret, and my employer are all nothing to you or to any one save myself," said I, reddening with anger and shame for the false position in which he had placed me before an English rabble, who attributed my patience to timidity.

"Allow me to fulfil my trust, and then, sir, I will gladly afford you the chastisement for which you are so anxious, and whi'



"Hah!—indeed—when?"

"On this day week, I will meet you."

"Where?" he asked sheathing his sword, and coming close to me, so that none might hear; "where?"

"On the Rood-eye of Chester, with my sword and pistols."

"When?"

"At sunrise," I whispered.

"'Tis well—on this day week."

"I shall not fail you," said I; and, with dark and hostile glances, we bowed and separated.

"My bridle, Thorley," said this brawling squire; "thanks, my jolly butcher; I shall be present the day you hang at one end of a rope and the world at the other. Good-bye, my pretty wench—good even, sirs;" and putting spurs to his horse, he galloped down the dusky street.

"There he goes," said Boniface, laughing till his huge paunch heaved; "he rides as if to be in at the death of the stag. 'Slid! there aint a wilder devil in the whole county than Squire Willoughby."

I boiled with anger as he disappeared, and bitterly repented my political mission and position, which thus fettered and disarmed me, at a time so trying and degrading.

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## CHAPTER IV

### THE SINGING-GIRL.

I WAS congratulating myself on having evaded the more pressing danger of this brawl, though at the future risk of a solemn duel, when I became most innocently involved in a new scene of violence.

Urged by Tapster the host, and the crowd, the ballad-singer was about to begin again, when the fellow who had held the squire's horse—a man singularly repulsive in aspect, having the neck of a bull with the jaw and profile of a dog, wearing a scratch wig of short brown hair, and over his head a red cotton handkerchief and battered beaver, the flaps of which were loose—grasped her, exclaiming,—

"Come, come, Nan, you must stand something now, my

pretty one—a glass of Geneva neat, or a horn of Tom Tapster's best ale."

"Help!" cried the girl, struggling in his powerful grasp, and palpitating like a linnet in the claws of a huge cat. "Help me—help!"

"Here's a pert baggage, yelping against her own cousin—her natural blood and kindred. Give up the Frenchman's crown, or the squire's jacobus—quick, or it may be the worse for you; then, slut, sing if you will, but let it be 'Jumping Joan,' or merry 'Moll Placquet,' but none of your long-winded ballads."

"Oh, my arm—have mercy, Sam—my arm will break!"

"Let it break then. Squire Willoughby aint here to call you his pretty one," said he with a frightful grimace; "quick, baggage, the money!"

"Out on thee, Sam Thorley!" cried a bystander.

"Let the wench alone," exclaimed another.

"Where's Tim Spry, the constable?"

"Shame! shame!" such were the cries of the crowd; but the powerful and savage aspect of the poor girl's assailant deterred all from attempting her rescue; till I, who had come from the land of gallantry, could no longer stand idly by and see a woman so outrageously insulted, even at the risk of all that might accrue to myself, and to the cause of those who had reposed their highest trust in me. I sprang forward to save the girl from the fellow's bold brutality, and a personal struggle instantly ensued between us, while the crowd danced, whooped, and hallooed. The butcher clenched his huge hands, squared his elbows and threw back his head and shoulders, in the mode then most approved at Hockley-in-the-Hole; but though my first intention was to draw my sword, I relinquished it, beat down his guard, and surprising him by my furious attack and utter want of skill in his own mode of fighting, I grasped him by the throat, and gave his cravat a twist with both hands so successfully, that he was almost immediately deprived of breath and power. Still he struggled, and clutching me by the shoulders strove to hurl me to the ground; and now a strange emotion came over me—a sensation which might have proved fatal to me there, and under such circumstances.

While his strong hands were upon me, and while, at arm's length, we glared into each other's face, I felt my strength

pass from me, for in his fierce, yellow eyes there was a horrible fascination.

I had seen those eyes *before*. But where, and when?

I had seen them, too, thus glaring into mine; and now they seemed to stir some old chord of memory and of terror in my heart; but, by a powerful effort, I conquered this growing emotion of superstition, which, since I had entered Chester, seemed as if it would haunt me to madness, by the very perplexity of thought it occasioned: exerting all my strength, I flung my antagonist from me against the wall of the King's Head, and leaving him to the care of the applauding mob, retired, breathless and panting, to the inn porch.

I looked round for the pretty singing-girl, with the black eyes and becoming straw hat; but she had disappeared.

"Odds bodikins, I don't know another man on this side the Mersey could ha' laid Sam Thorley so clean on his back!" said Tapster, the host, patting me on the shoulder, and then begging pardon for the liberty.

By this time, Thorley had gathered himself up, all breathless, bruised, and with blood streaming from a cut on his face. This in no way improved its hideous aspect; the more so, as his scratch wig of dogskin was thrust awry, and his hat was completely crushed.

"For that fall, tremble, youngster. I'll have my *revenge*. Lookee—yes, revenge before to-morrow's sun goes down!"

Strange fatality; even that word "revenge," as he pronounced it hoarsely, deeply, and ferociously, stirred some old memory, and gave me an emotion of terror,—the same sensation the expression of his eyes had awakened,—but I turned away, and retired to my apartment, whither the landlord escorted me, bearing two lighted candles, for now the night had closed completely in.

"You would have benefited the whole county, sir," said he, "had you knocked Sam Thorley's brains out."

"Perhaps so; but that proceeding would not have benefited me."

"He is a regular bad 'un, sir, and is believed to be the very villain named in that placard."

"What—he?"

"Yes; he *as* robbed the Chester mail."

"What did that young spark, Squire Willoughby as you

style him, mean by inferring so distinctly that he hoped to be present when he was hanged ? ”

“ Because the squire, who has employed him on more than one devil’s errand, knows him well to be a scurvy fellow, and that he is the pest of the country. He was in Newgate once, and was sentenced to swing at Tyburn, for robbing old Sir Humphry Arden, of Hollywood, on Hounslow Heath ; but, on the very day before execution, he broke prison by sawing his chains near the staple which secured him to the floor of the Condemned Hold, and, getting through the pavement, he made his escape by a drain, leaving three companions, who attempted the same passage, to die of suffocation ; for, in sheer devilry, he closed the iron grating upon them. On the wall of the cell there was chalked a dreadful oath that he would be revenged on the old baronet of Hollywood, whose evidence had put his neck in such peril.”

“ And was he not recaptured, landlord ? ”

“ No, master.”

“ Why ? Was he too clever ? ”

“ This is an old story now, master,—for these things happened exactly twenty years ago ;—he was forgiven.”

“ A strange act of clemency.”

“ So say I ; but in that year Dutch William was on the throne, and as he was woundily fond of his own countrymen, he ordered a general pardon and gaol-delivery in honour of his taking the field against the French, in favour of his swag-bellied Hollanders, and because Hesse Cassel was taken by the confederates.”

“ Hesse devil ! ” I exclaimed ; “ had England so few glories of her own to boast of that she stooped to share the laurels of the Dutch and Germans ? ”

“ Well, sir, as I was about to say, Sam Thorley’s neck escaped that time ; but old Sir Humphry Arden kept the country hereabout too hot for him ; so he quitted the highway for the high seas, and became smuggler ; and thereafter many a runlet of Canary, Bordeaux, and French brandy have I bought from him. At last Sir Humphry died, the pursuit after Thorley ceased, and from leading a vagabond life about Delamere forest and Stockton Heath, he has honoured the city of Chester by opening a butcher’s shop in the Pentise, just over the way.”

"And that girl who sang so sweetly—who is she?"

"His cousin."

"How! that handsome girl—so fair and tender?"

"Yes; the daughter of his mother's sister. She is an orphan, and wanders about the country singing old ballads and madrigals. She is a prime favourite with every one; but Sam Thorley——"

"Well," said I, interrupting the garrulous host, "the biography of this obscure fellow is neither amusing nor instructive to me. Get me a chicken and stoup of canary, landlord, and then let me to bed, for I must be up betimes, and will require your best horse for Hollywood."

Supper over, I retired to a comfortable bed in a queer old-fashioned room, all panelled with black oak, but exceedingly neat and clean, for the old English inns were always best when the roads were worst,—that is, almost impassable to wheel-vehicles, and rendered dangerous to all by sloughs, pitfalls, pools of water, broken bridges, and armed foot-pads; for then every one rode on horseback armed to the teeth; no one travelled by night unless imperatively compelled to do so; but all tarried at *the Inn*, where the bar and parlour were ever a scene of fun, jollity, pipes, and beer, with local gossip, current news, and good-humour.

Overcome by the events and anxious thoughts of a long day,—for I had awakened at dawn, when the Dutch lugger was off the Point of Air,—and oblivious alike of the heavy responsibility incurred by my purpose and presence in England,—of the duel I was to fight that day week on the Rood-eye of Chester, with a man whom I never met before, and with whom my cause of quarrel was trivial and absurd; oblivious too of the strange imaginary recollections I had, or seemed to have, of persons and of places I could never have seen before,—the quaint high-backed chairs, the tomb-like bedstead, the toilet-table supported by wyverns grasping balls in their claws, like two devils about to play at skittles, faded away; and I fell into a sound slumber, to dream of the friends I had left at St. Germain's, and of the glorious future my efforts might yet achieve for them.

## CHAPTER V

## ENGLAND IN 1715.

AT this time the whole kingdom was vibrating with anticipated tumult and outbreak.

Rumours of insurrection, to restore the exiled king, were rife. An Act for the vigorous suppression of riots had been passed by the House of Commons, and the *Habeas Corpus* Act was prematurely suspended. Being foreign in spirit and sympathy, the Government was alike suspicious and severe. A reward of one hundred thousand pounds had been offered for the head of the young prince, the son of the late King James ; and the inevitable Dutch (of course) offered to lend George I. six thousand men to assist in coercing the English people, while he acted in a way to procure him the hatred of his own troops ; for he flogged his soldiers because they were papists, and dismissed three of their best generals, Ross, Webb, and Stuart, simply because their names were Scotch. He drove all Catholics out of London and Westminster, warning them, under terror of the fetter and gallows, not to come within ten miles of those cities, or of his august person ; a measure by which many families were deprived of all means of subsistence, and reduced to irreparable ruin.

In the Scottish capital his accession had been proclaimed to the people last year at the point of the bayonet, and with loaded cannon at the market-cross. In that kingdom the massacre of Glencoe and the systematic cruelty—the political villany—practised by William III. on the ruined Scots of Darien were fresh and rankling in the hearts of all. The disgusts, the grievances, and neglect of that nation were great ; but the chief complaint was the late Act of Union, which was carried in their own parliament by men of the basest class, influenced by the great god which Scottish placemen have worshipped in all ages—English gold ! and this obnoxious compact it was the fond wish of the Scottish Jacobites to annul, that each country should retain its old banner and its own federal government.

Whether this project was wise it is not for me to determine ; as an Englishman, of course, I did not think so.

So early as 1680 the House of Guelph had cast longing eyes upon the British throne, and the passing of the Act of Succession in June, 1701, when it was enacted that, failing the issue of William and of Anne, his successor, the crown of the Stuarts should descend to the Princess Sophia and *her* Protestant heirs, brought their hopes from bud to full bloom. The son of King James II. was then in his twelfth year, but by the Act of the Revolution he was excluded from the succession. At this time there were alive forty descendants of James VI. of Scotland, all of whom were nearer to the British throne than this Princess Sophia; but they were Catholics, and, to their honour be it said, of all that *forty* there was not *one* who would yield up conscience even for the splendour of our crown.

The nearest of these many heirs was the beautiful duchess of Savoy, grand-daughter of Charles I.\*

In England the South Sea bubble of 1711, like the Darien scheme in Scotland, spread ruin and bankruptcy among all classes, to increase the general discontent and mistrust, civil, political, and religious. Such failures in trade easily affected the nation; for London, with all its wealth, had then only about six hundred ships.

In a treatise on trade and interest, written by Sir Josiah Child in 1693, I remember he asserts that it was *then* within the memory of many, that all England had not above three merchant-ships of three hundred tons.

Crime, like poverty, was everywhere on the increase, and the boasted star of Brunswick shone in vain on England.

In the city of London, the executions at Tyburn were of more than daily occurrence; and at Mile-end, Holloway, and Blackwall, the wayside gibbets were never without dangling skeletons or putrid corpses of foot-pads and pirates. A week never passed without a printer or an author being whipped at a cart-tail for producing some political squib, song, or pasquil. At night, the streets were infested by Mohocks, armed ruffians, who maimed, cut, and ill-used every one they met; though Queen Anne, in 1711, strove to suppress them by offering a hundred pounds for each who could be captured. The pillories were never without tenants. The gaols were full of thieves and murderers; forgers

\* Ancestress of the present King of Sardinia.

awaiting the brand, and coiners the faggot. The roads swarmed with masked and mounted highwaymen ; and the severity of the laws, which hung men at Tyburn for pilfering sixpence or for drinking "the Pretender's health," and which, with a barbarity truly Oriental, crushed prisoners to death in the press-room of Newgate, increased with crime and executions together.

In 1710 men had been shot down like dogs, in the streets of London, merely for shouting, "Sacheverell and High Church for ever !"

George's attachment to his good friends and patrons—the Whigs—increased the number of malcontents. The great Duke of Ormond was deprived of his commission as Captain-General of Britain, and the cold-blooded Marlborough was appointed in his stead. Jealousy excited sedition, and sedition excited tumult, till Norwich, Reading, and Bristol were filled with rioters, whose constant shout was, "Down with the Whigs—Sacheverell for ever !"

Daily the spirit of revolt seemed to grow apace, and the proclamations fulminated against rioters, "Papists, and Jacobites," excited only contempt in London and Westminster, where the rabble maltreated all who observed King George's birthday ; and the *next*, being the anniversary of the Restoration, it was celebrated with tumultuous joy and with such a rattle of musketry and blaze of bonfires, that the king wished himself safe in his little palace of *Hernhausen* again. Even his life-guards, when patrolling the streets, joined in the cry of "High Church and Ormond !" while the picture of King William was burned in Smithfield with every mark of execration and indignity.

A poor schoolmaster who affirmed that King George's right to the throne "was dubious," was seized, and, by order of the Whig ministry, scourged through the streets with such severity that he expired under the torture of the lash—and this was in England, the boasted land of freedom !

The foot-guards refused to wear the coarse German shirts which were supplied to them ; and after carrying some of these through the streets on the points of their bayonets, shouting "These are Hanoverian shirts," they threw them into the royal gardens. The rest were burned ; and this absurd incident increased the popular ferment.



During the last four years of the life of the late Queen Anne, a conspiracy had been formed by her ministry and the Jacobites to restore the exiled prince to the throne of his fathers, and that plot was aided by the church, the people, and the queen herself ; but her sudden death, in the fiftieth year of her age, on the 1st August, 1714, crushed it in the bud, though, on the very morning of her decease, Francis Atterbury, the bold Bishop of Rochester, offered to proclaim the accession of King James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland, if sufficient guards were given him. But the time passed away—the Tories were irresolute, and the hasty landing of the Hanoverian Elector, as George I., on the 30th September, at Greenwich, destroyed all our hopes for a time, as Whigs and Jacobites seemed to vie with each other in fulsome adulation of a king who despised them both, and knew not a word of their language.

To concentrate all these elements of discord and discontent, and to mould them into one great insurrectionary movement, was now the task assigned to me ; and was the grand object of those secret papers, letters, promises, and carefully-prepared manifestoes which I carried in my cloak-bag ; so, with early morning next day, after a tankard of sack posset from the landlord, I mounted one of his best horses at the porch of the King's Head, and on ascertaining the way to Hollywood Hall, left the quiet old city of Chester by one of its embattled gates.

Fired by all the romance of the past, and loving with an ardent devotion the young and exiled king—a devotion fostered to the full by those among whom I had been reared, the expatriated nobles and soldiers of the Scottish and Irish brigades, and confirmed in this devotion by that gracious and dangerous charm of manner peculiar to all his family, but more particularly to himself and to his consort, the Princess Sobieski ; loving my country, this fair Old England of a thousand glorious memories, with an ardour all the greater and purer, that I knew her then only through the medium of her poetry, her history, and her past exploits—my heart beat with honest rapture, and swelled with anxiety at the prospect I had of being one of those who were to effect a second Restoration, and lead, sword in hand, the van of a new state of things.

But, alas ! to the patriot and to the political enthusiast,

however noble and high their views or purpose, how many unconceived heart-burnings and disgusts are in store !

The vacillation of some, the exasperating indifference or ridicule of others, the falsehood and rank cowardice of the selfish mass, are all to be encountered and to be borne with, but may *never* be overcome, either by patience, energy, or example.

On that bright August morning, as my nag trotted along the road from Chester, I knew little of all I would have to encounter, before the loyal gentlemen of England, in concert with the brave and reckless Scottish clans of the gallant Earl of Mar, unfurled the standard of James III. of Britain ; but the hour *was* coming, and as if in anticipation of it, I spurred on my way to Hollywood, the speed of my horse being in unison with my thoughts.

Here, in the land of old my fathers dwelt in, I felt myself a foreigner, a stranger, an outcast ! It was a strange, a solemn conviction, and a saddening one. I spoke the language of the people ; but in costume, aspect, and bearing, they differed from all to which I had been accustomed from childhood, as completely as their quiet little hamlets of oak, and brick, and thatch, buried among green woodbine and blushing roses, did from the sombre town of St. Germain, or the barrier fortresses of Flanders ; and as their quaint old Tudor manor-houses did from the turreted châteaux of France ; as their fair-faced and blue-eyed girls did from the dark and sallow Continentals ; and as their giant and heavily-jointed English horses did from the plodding, barrel-bellied and droop-eared nags of Normandy and France.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE THREE TALBOTS.

I RODE on, inquiring my way from time to time, as the roads were numerous and intricate, and being all bordered by thick hedgerows growing wild, matted and mingled with brambles, and occasionally with hops and ivy, they seemed remarkably, and to a stranger most perplexingly, alike. Every step I proceeded, impressed me more and more with the fertility of England. The roads I traversed were over-

hung by the purple damson, the plum, and apricot trees, mingled with ruddy apples, golden pears, and scarlet cherries ; all were in full bearing, till the very boughs bent close to my head ; and beyond these were seen the fields of yellow corn, and of yellower wheat, but in most instances cut, and ready for the waggon.

At this early hour, a thin and silvery mist was exhaling upward from the ground, and this white vapour for a time shrouded the whole scenery ; for the trees, hedges, and cattle appeared to stand in it as in a rising tide of milk. This mist is peculiar to these flat districts, and reminded me much of what I had seen when dawn was breaking on our camps and bivouacs in Holland and Flanders ; but as the sun increased in power, it was exhaled, drawn upward like a curtain of white gauze, and then the charming green and fertility of the scenery were seen in all their freshness and beauty.

Traversing Hoole Heath, a flat waste, about two miles from Chester, I crossed Trafford Bridge, and passing through the little town of Helsby, left a dreary morass named Frodsham Marsh, on the left ; I reached the village of the same name, which is corrupted from Fords-ham, of old a Saxon town upon the Weever ; but in this year 1715 a place principally inhabited by cotton-spinners and rock-salt workers. It is full of quaint houses, and is pleasantly situated on rising ground, near a range of little hills which bound the northern extremity of Delamere forest. Below an abrupt eminence, at the west end of the place, were the ruins of a castle, burned in 1642, the seat of Savage, Earl Rivers ; and from the brow of the rising ground I saw the level country lying like a vast map at my feet.

Crossing the Weever, a river in after-years made navigable, I was misled for a mile or two, and passed on the left of the road the ruins of that fine old Norman castle of Halton, once a favourite hunting-seat of John of Gaunt ; it is romantic in situation and strong in aspect, and I—having an eye to all the military features of the country—saw that it was capable of being made an important and defensible post. Now, its towers and walls of dark red stone were full of gaps, roofless and open, as the strife of the great civil war had left them. From the grim slope of the lofty rock on which they stand, I could survey a magnificent panorama of

field and woodland, spreading far away to the north, the east and west, and down, almost below me, was the Mersey, winding through a fertile plain, narrowing at Runcorn Gap, and then expanding to an estuary, as it rolled on its calm and waveless course towards the sea.

Beyond it lay Lancashire, and to my right was Cheshire, as flat and green as a billiard-table; but both counties, when viewed from this point — the rock of Halton — resembled a mighty forest, from the thousands of thick hedgerows, and lines of huge old elm, oak, fruit, and chestnut trees, that intersect them in every direction, the skyline being broken here and there only by the square tower of an old church, or the smoke of some secluded hamlet. The lighter tints of the cultivated ground, with an occasional mere or lake, tamed the universal green; and far away in the distance rose the dark-blue wavy line of the Welsh mountains.

A priory, situated in a wooded hollow, ruined and battered as the Royalists had left it in 1643, next caught my eye, when, riding rapidly on, I approached a wide waste common called Stockton Heath, past which the Mersey rolled amid swamps and morasses filled with rushes and willows.

Athirst with my rapid ride from Chester, I drew up at a solitary inn, or alehouse, bearing *three talbots* on its signboard, and called for a jug of wine.

"Wine, master!" repeated the host, a sour-featured fellow, of forbidding aspect, twitching the foretop of a dirty perwig; "we have no such liquor here, except in the assize times; but if a mug of good ale will serve your turn, here it is."

"Give me the ale, then. Thanks!" said I, as I drained it; and he surveyed me with curiosity from head to foot.

"Your inn stands in a solitary place," said I, returning the tankard.

"Yet many gentlefolks tarry here at times," said he, "and once a season, the judges of assize, with all their clerks and barristers, javelin-men, and tipstaves, stop with all their horses, to drink,—for the judges hereabout ride yet, in the good old fashion, though I hear they have taken to driving in coaches in London; and then, master, we have always the waggon, every second day, between Warrington and Chester."

While the landlord was running on thus, and pocketing the price of his tankard of ale, my attention was arrested by a pair of fierce eyes glaring at me from the latticed window of the house, but they were withdrawn, and immediately afterwards there came forth a man, in whom I recognized Samuel Thorley, my rough antagonist of the preceding evening at Chester. Perceiving that he was armed with a large knotted cudgel, I laid a hand on my sword ; but with considerable confidence and effrontery, he came straight towards me, and raising his battered hat with a politeness that ought to have excited my suspicion rather than my surprise, "Don't be alarmed, sir, pray," said he : "I come only to ask pardon for my unmannerly behaviour last night ; but I had taken a drop overmuch of popin, and a poor fellow's noddle won't stand it at all times, especially after a crown bowl of rumbo. I bear you no malice, master, for the knock-down you gave me, and hope you bear none to me !"

"Nay, not I," was my ready reply, while I felt some compunction for the wound on his face.

"You'll do me the honour to shake hands on it ?"

"With pleasure," said I, becoming suddenly almost charmed by the blunt frankness of the fellow, whose disposition seemed to be sorely belied by his sinister aspect, which was no way improved by a huge and blood-stained plaster on his cheek, where it had been cut during our scuffle last night at the porch of the King's Head.

The landlord of the hedge-inn surveyed us with an air of perplexity, and, thrusting his wig on one side, he scratched his huge head, while a cunning leer twinkled in his cold grey eyes.

"Your honour will stand a drop o' something on the head o' this, I warrant," said Thorley, touching his hat again with great obsequiousness.

On this hint the landlord vanished, and shortly returned with a large brown tankard filled with ale, and having three handles: from this we drank all round, and, fortunately, I had the first draught.

"And now, sirs," said I, "where lies Hollywood Hall ?"

Thorley gave so nervous a start at this question, that he nearly dropped the tankard.

"Right across the heath, master, past old Walton Hall, and so on for about four miles from this," said the landlord.

"I am going in that direction," said Thorley, "and will be glad to guide your honour a bit o' the way."

"Thanks," said I, as Thorley hung a bundle upon his cudgel, for greater ease in carrying it over his shoulder; but as we departed, I detected a very palpable and mysterious glance of intelligence pass between him and the unwashed host of the Three Talbots—indeed, the latter personage thrust his tongue into his cheek; and this elegant action should have put me on my guard, if the character I had received of Thorley at Chester had not been enough.

As we proceeded, and I held my horse in check to keep pace with my new companion, I perceived the latter looking at me, from time to time, with an expression so indicative of scrutiny, anxiety, and surprise, that I could not refrain from recurring to the singular and vague emotion of alarm with which the *remembered* expression of his eyes had inspired me when, full of rage and fury, they had glared into mine last night.

By what mystery could a wretch such as this have his destiny woven up with mine? After a long pause,—

"I cannot comprehend how it is, my friend," said I, "but your features seem not unfamiliar to me?"

"Indeed!" he replied, with an uneasy glance, and then turned his face from me.

"I have certainly seen you before; even your voice wakens something—I know not what—in my memory."

"Perhaps so; but where think you we have met, master?"

"I know not, for I have been in many countries, but never in this before, I am assured; and yet, last night, in Chester, some strange wild fancies floated through my mind, and well-nigh bewildered me."

"You have been in many countries, master?"

"Yes, since my youth; yea, since I was a mere child."

"And now you are going to Hollywood Hall?" he asked sharply, with another glance of curiosity.

"So I mentioned."

"And in what country were you born?"

"England, perhaps, for I know not with certainty; but my earliest recollections are of Flanders, and the town of Dunkirk."

"*Dunkirk!*" he exclaimed, with a sudden start, while a

fierce gleam shot from his eyes, and he stood still for a moment.

"Hallo, my man," said I; "what the deuce is the matter? One might think a wasp had stung you."

"It was only a sudden twitch of pain, master; your knock on the head was rather a hard one last night," said he, recovering himself, with a laugh so strange, that I feared the nut-brown ale was mounting to his brain; the more so as I heard him mutter,—

"And he is going to Hollywood—God's fury!—those cursed Ardens—if it should be so——"

"What are you saying, sirrah?" I asked with some asperity.

"I was about to inquire of your honour in what time you first remembered this same town of Dunkirk, for I know the place well, and have often been there."

"You?"

"Yes—tell me," he urged.

"About what time?"

"Yes, yes!" said he emphatically.

"Some seventeen years ago; that is, in 1698, when I was probably about seven years of age."

"In 1698," he repeated; and drawing back a pace or two, he surveyed me again with something of astonishment in his aspect. "In that year I, *too*, was in Dunkirk, and it was there you must have seen me. This is strange," he added, grinding his teeth, "and stranger still, that on your first night in old England my hand should be on your throat!"

"The fellow is mad or drunk," thought I; but it was remarkable that his ravings should corroborate my own strange fancies, which, when his eyes assumed their fierce expression, became the more defined and strong.

Tiring of his odd manner, and fearing that he had suspected my character and purpose in England, I reined up my horse, and was about to demand seriously and sternly an explanation of his mysterious remarks and dark hints, when he abruptly begged me to hold his bundle for a moment, and placed it in my hand and on my saddle-bow. At the same instant, my attention was arrested by distant shouts, and then a loud uproar behind us: upon looking back, I perceived a dozen or more country fellows clad in brown or white canvas frocks, and armed with pitchforks,

flails, and, in one or two instances, with guns, crossing the open heath, accompanied by two bull-dogs, that yelled and barked furiously. They were coming rapidly towards us. I turned to question my companion ; but, to my no small surprise, I found that he had vanished from my side, and, after leaping a thick hedge, was crossing a green paddock beyond, with the speed of a hare.

Resolved to abide the issue of this strange affair, I remained calmly on horseback, waiting till this noisy rabble of clowns came close up to me.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### A SERIOUS SCRAPE.

"THAT is my bundle ; I would swear to it among a thousand !" exclaimed a man who was armed with a shovel, which he brandished in a threatening manner. "Give it up, thou thief, or I will brain thee !"

"Beware, rascal," I replied, "or I may run you through the body ;" and, with these words, I drew my sword ; but the bumpkin continued,—

"Adzooks ! are we poor folks to be robbed and then murdered in this position by a scurvy rogue in a laced coat ? All is not gold that glitters. That bundle was stolen from me, neighbours, when I was drinking a cup of ale at the Three Talbots ; and I will make solemn oath to its contents before any justice of the peace in the country."

"Seize him then, in King George's name, neighbours !" exclaimed my late guide, Thorley, as he vaulted over the hedge ; "possession is nine points of the law, and he is found possessed of the stolen goods. I believe him to be the very man who robbed the Chester mail."

"We have him, all right !" said one boor.

"Bring him along," suggested another.

"Mayhap he is the Popish Pretender himself," bawled a third.

"By the length of his nose, he looks woundily like him," said Thorley.

"How do you know, fool ?" asked a tall fellow with a determined aspect, who was armed with a fowling-piece.



"Keep your hard names for yourself, Will Lutterel," replied Thorley sulkily; "I know what I know—that he tried to rob and murder me last night near the Pentise of Chester, in presence of Tom Tapster and a score of people at the King's Head."

"Thou art a lying miscreant!" I exclaimed, full of fury at this insolence, and striving to reach Thorley; but I was kept at bay on all sides by a circle of flails, pitchforks (or pickels, as they named them), and a few muskets.

The bundle was opened, and found to contain, as the owner never ceased noisily to affirm, three plain unruffled shirts, a red plush waistcoat with enormous metal buttons thereon, a tobacco-pipe, and a slice of bread and cheese.

"This is all my property, as I am an honest man," exclaimed the most vehement of my accusers.

"Take care, neighbours, there is not some mistake here," said Lutterel, a quiet-looking, but handsome and weather-beaten man, who wore a coarse-looking dress of corduroy with livery buttons; "I don't think it likely that a spark in a fine laced coat, and so well mounted withal—even though he were a highwayman—would levant with such a paltry affair as Gaffer Becket's bundle."

"Marry quotha! no such paltry theft either, Master Lutterel; three plain shirts, a plush vest——"

"Take him to the pillory!"

"To the stocks!" cried several voices.

"To the Mersey and duck him, and then crop his ears!" added a wicked old sow-gelder, flourishing a knife.

Such were the shouts of the rabble, which, like every other rabble, were alike cowardly and malevolent. In a twinkling I was dragged off my horse, and had my sword struck from my hand by the flail of a sturdy clown in a canvas frock; and I might have been pretty severely mauled, had not the tall fellow with the fowling-piece—he who was named Will Lutterel—protected me.

"My master, Sir Lennard Arden," said he, "with Squir Willoughby and old Sir Harry Leigh, are drinking at my lodge in the park, after a day's shooting over the heat. Let us take him there, neighbours; they are all justices of the peace—let us act according to law."

The crowd assented; and while one fellow had the im

tinence to mount my horse, the others dragged or pushed me forward, amid shouts, jokes, and clamour.

"Are you a follower of Sir Lennard Arden?" I inquired of my protector, who kept close by me.

"I am his gamekeeper," he replied.

"Hollywood for ever!" bawled a waggoner; "Arden is a true king's man."

"How so?" I asked.

"He is a justice of the peace, as you may find to your cost, mayhap," said Thorley.

"And, as such he has seized and locked up in his own stables the horses of all suspected Jacobites."

"Is this true?" I inquired of Lutterel, anxiously.

"Yes," said he, with a peculiar smile.

"Then I must be wary," I muttered, shocked to hear this of the very person for whom I had a special letter from St. Germain's, and more than ever alarmed on finding that on a charge so absurd and vile, with so many dangerous papers in my possession, I was to be subjected to the scrutiny of Mr. Willoughby, with whom I had last night exchanged a challenge,—of Sir Lennard Arden, who had thus proved false to our cause,—and of Sir Harry Leigh, whose name I had so lately seen appended to a proclamation for the apprehension of all Jacobites, "Papists," and foreigners.

The most insolent and clamorous of the rabble who surrounded me was the wretch Thorley, who seemed to have some strange incentive to malice and animosity against me; this inspired him to act the innocent and injured party in this, to me, most alarming affair, for I now recalled his threat of vengeance when I rescued his cousin, the ballad-singer, from him yesterday.

I was hurried across the heath till we reached a long line of thick holly hedge, the wild mosses of which were intermingled with black bramble-berries and green ivy in dense and leafy luxuriance. A gate gave us entrance to a large park, the smooth and level sward of which seemed to stretch far away for miles along the margin of the Mersey. Here and there the deer were seen in stately groups under the beautiful old elm-trees, which cast a shadow so sombre on the velvet lawn; and thus I found myself unexpectedly in the spacious grounds of Hollywood. The keeper's lodge, a

quaint little edifice, roofed with heavy yellow thatch, and having a pair of antlers surmounting each of its three gables, and enormous hollyhocks growing against its white-washed walls and ivy-mantled porch, was soon reached, and in a minute more I found myself dragged into a low-ceiled apartment, lighted by a mullioned lattice, that was half hidden by wild roses and woodbine; and here were three gentlemen, clad in hunting-dresses of green, with dogs, guns, and game-bags beside them.

They were seated at a table, drinking and making merry, until the noisy entrance of my guard of hob-nailed clowns roused them, with exclamations of anger and surprise.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### KING GEORGE'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

"GOOD LACKADAY!" exclaimed Goody Lutterel, the game-keeper's wife, a plump, jolly dame, about five-and-thirty, who looked as if she had grown up in her well-busked boddice "surely a youth so comely could never be guilty of robbery!"

"I thank you, madam," said I, with a bow; "but your sympathy is all I am likely to meet with here."

"And serve you right, too," grumbled my accuser, "think of my plush vest—three shirts—a slice of cheese——"

The three gentlemen, who were clad as I have mentioned, in hunting-suits of green, appeared somewhat flushed with wine; their cravats were awry, and their waistcoats unbuttoned. Three or four bottles, with their outsides well encrusted by dust and cobwebs, lay on the floor, beside three fowling-pieces, a quantity of dead game, and shooting-gear, including flasks, shot-belts, and bags.

In one of the three I immediately recognized Mr. Willoughby, of Weston Hall, the handsome but impudent young spark in the Ramillie wig, whom I had met so unpleasantly the preceding night in Chester. The second I understood to be Sir Lennard Arden, a singularly prepossessing young man—under thirty years of age,—his forehead was high, his nose straight, his eyes and eyebrows dark. He was closely shaven, according to the English fashion, but wore, in great profusion, his own hair, disposed over his neck like the

old cavaliers, and parted in the centre,—just as we may see the hair in the portraits of Charles I., to whom he was said to bear a striking resemblance, and of this he was a little vain.

The third personage, who was styled Sir Harry Leigh, was a cross-looking man, about sixty years of age. His little pug-nose was like the snout of a Hampshire porker, and, with the quick sharp eyes that twinkled on each side of it, was the only feature visible of his face, which was buried amid the curls of an enormous wig, that was after the fashion of 1700, and fell in long curls, or elf-like tangles, over his thread-bare green coat. His short but sturdy legs were encased in cord-du-roi breeches, with six horn buttons at each knee, and he wore square-toed shoes, with enormous steel buckles which covered three-fourths of them. Instead of a dress hanger or walking-sword he carried a short squat weapon, having a broad blade and brass basket-hilt, which had been borne by his grandfather, Sir Piers Leigh, who commanded a troop of Cromwellian horse, and had distinguished himself at the capture of Halton Castle, the battering of Norton Priory, and the rout of the Scots at Warrington Bridge. Sir Harry's head resembled a huge sheepskin, with two fierce wicked eyes glaring out of it, and the end of a long clay pipe—for the baronet was a great smoker—inserted therein.

Such were the three Cheshire potentates before whom I found myself arraigned for—felony.

Sensible of all the difficulties of my position, aware of the vast importance to myself, and much more to others, of the papers I carried, one of them being actually a commission for Mr. Thomas Forster, a gentleman of Northumberland, as commander-in-chief of all England under James III., I felt that all my resolution and coolness were requisite to bear me through this affair; the more so, as I had just learned that Sir Lennard Arden, he on whom our hope in Cheshire mainly depended, had, in his capacity of justice of the peace, seized all the horses of the neighbouring Catholic and Jacobite gentry.

“Heyday!” exclaimed Squire Willoughby; “what the deuce is the meaning of all this? Oho!—’tis my Frenchman—the fellow I am to fight with.”

Twenty voices replied, all being eager to speak; and still I was roughly and rudely grasped.

"Silence—cease this clamour, fellows!" exclaimed Sir Lennard Arden, with a voice of authority.

"Zilence — zease this clamour, vellows!" hiccuped Sir Harry Leigh.

"Will Lutterel, you are a plain, sensible fellow," said the handsome Lord of Hollywood; "will you favour us by relating the meaning of this vile hubbub and intrusion?"

"Yes—this damned hubbub and in—intrusion," reiterated Sir Harry, nodding his head, tipsily.

"I was having a cup of ale, please your worship, at the 'Three Talbots,' with some neighbours who were playing at bowls and hustle-cap in the Green behind, when Farmer Beckett came running in among us, declaring that he had been robbed of this bundle——"

"Containing three shirts, a slice of cheese," whined the farmer, "and a vest of red——"

"Never mind the contents," said Lutterel,—"that he had been robbed of *this* bundle—how, he knew not; but that a man, whom he verily believed to be a highwayman, had just ridden from the house. We all gave chase, and on Stockton Heath overtook this person carrying Gaffer Beckett's property in his hands."

"And I'll swear I saw him take it from the inn," added Thorley, with officious malevolence; "for I, too, was drinking at the 'Three Talbots.'"

"Be wary, Master Thorley," said Sir Lennard Arden, with a lofty frown; "when your evidence is required in court, perhaps you may be less ready to give it."

Thorley gave him covertly a savage glance, and drew aside.

"Oho!" growled Sir Harry Leigh; "zo thieves be harboured at the 'Three Talbots'—hey! We must look to this; for I have heard that the house hath an evil repute."

"Nay, your worship," said Thorley from behind, "the house hath as good a reputation as any between Chester and Carlisle."

"Silence, thou gallows-bird!" said Sir Lennard Arden, who evidently inherited his father's hostility to this worthless personage; "I know thee well, and know, moreover, that it is the haunt of such as thee, being the foulest den in the seven Hundreds of Cheshire. As senior justice of the peace, it is your task, Sir Harry, to unravel this affair."

The cross-looking old man shook his voluminous wig ; emitted a vast puff of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, coughed thrice, and bustled himself up in his seat, assuming unwittingly an air of mock grandeur.

"I have the honour to request, gentlemen, that you will hear me with patience," said I, "believing that I can fully and satisfactorily explain the outrage of which I am the victim at present."

Sir Lennard bowed, and surveyed me with kindly interest ; but not so his companion Sir Harry Leigh, who, on detecting my foreign accent acquired by long residence in France, drawled out,—

"Oho ! do you call that the king's English ? You be zome damned voreigner ; I know you be, natheless your laced toggery ; and come vrom a land where the curates walk abroad barefooted with cloaks about 'em, instead of good black coats as in the Church of England by law established ; and where the people wear wooden shoes, and instead of roast beef and righteous plum-pludding, eat vrogs and garlic and onions, kickshaws and fricassees : but I am a vree-born Englishman, and despise you, and all such !"

The rabble applauded, and Willoughby laughed, but Sir Lennard, who evidently commiserated my position, said impatiently,—

"Do me the favour to question him, Sir Harry ?"

"Oh, yes," resumed the irritable little baronet ; "I know he is some rascally Vrench courier ; I warrant the lace on his coat be all tinsel, and there is not a yeoman in Cheshire but drinketh more in a day than he is worth in a year."

"To the point, Sir Harry," said Arden, angrily.

"Prisoner," said the senior J. P., "answer, zirrah—what is your name ?"

"Edward Errington," I replied with calm disdain.

At that moment I could perceive Sir Lennard Arden and Willoughby start, and exchange rapid but furtive glances, and the former asked me,—

"Are you any relation of Colonel Errington of Northumberland, and who served in France ?"

"No, unfortunately, I have not the honour."

"Bah, I thought so," said Willoughby.

"But I deem the colonel the dearest of my friends."

"Errington is a Jacobite, a suspected person!" thundered

Sir Harry, dashing the curls of his white wig about ;  
“answer, prisoner, are you a Roman ?”

“No, I am an Englishman.”

“’Oons, the fellow is as mad as a March hare, to answer me thus.”

“You are probably a Roman Catholic ?” said Sir Lennard mildly.

“I am *not*, sir ; but at a time, when on every finger-post on the highway and at the corner of every street in a town, on every market-cross and at every church door, I see proclamations issued in the royal name against that sect, would an answer in the affirmative be a wary one ?”

“It would at least be honourable.”

“Oh, I warrant him as thorough a Papist as ever said a *Pater noster*, or kissed the toe of antichrist—egad I do !” growled Sir Harry, dashing his clay pipe to pieces ; “but don’t ee think to bubble *me*, zirrah—it won’t do ; you have the wrong zow by the ear. You are a Vrench Papist, and must be remitted to Jack Ketch. Mayhap you’re a spy—but no tricks upon travellers—not that I am one, for blessed be God ! I never was out of old England but once, when I crossed the Welsh bridge at Salop for half-an-hour to smoke a pipe with a vriend.”

While this rude and coarse specimen of a species rapidly becoming extinct, the vulgar unlettered country squire, buried his fiery red nose in a tankard of popin—a horrid mixture of brandy and small beer—Sir Lennard took the opportunity of asking me one or two questions, which he did with such politeness and suavity that the boors, who still pressed close to me, instinctively unhandled me, and released my arms.

“You have somewhat the aspect of a soldier, sir.” said he.

“Very probably—for I have served in foreign armies.”

“Which ?”

“The French,” I replied boldly.

“You tell us this, here in England—is it wise ?”

“I would tell the truth anywhere ; I told you, Sir Lennard, that I am a soldier.”

“You served France—you, an Englishman !”

“A volunteer, I deemed myself free to choose a banner wherever I found a paymaster. My commander was long

the gallant Marechal Duc de Berwick, who, like myself, alas !——”

“What?”

“*An exile!*” said I, bitterly, dropping my chin on my breast for a moment. I could see a flush pass over Arden’s handsome face, and his eyes sparkled as he turned away his head.

“I warrant you’ll be come to enlist men for the Popish Pretender,” snarled Sir Harry, who had drained his tankard, and was now more intoxicated than ever; “do you pray for the King of England?”

“I do.”

“Which king?”

“I never knew there were *two*.”

“You quibble, fellow, knowing right well that he whom traitors and Jacobites such as you style Elector is our king; consequently, as they have a crowned puppet at St. Germain’s, there be two kings.”

“God knows best who is the king; I need not name him in my prayers to One who reads the hearts of all.”

“Nobly answered!” exclaimed Sir Lennard Arden, who had been observing me with growing interest.

“Oho! zo, zo;—well, even if you were not a thief you are a Papist, which by the law of England is much the same; so I move that we commit you to prison.”

“Really, Sir Harry,” said Willoughby, laughing, “you were born to shine in Westminster Hall.”

“By my soul, Leigh, you are too severe,” said Arden; “this is but Lydford justice after all!”

“’Sblood! do you say zo? By the law, two justices—*quorum unus*, that is it—may require a Popish recusant, eighteen years of age, to take the oath of allegiance, and for refusing to swear the same may commit him, without bail, to the next quarter sessions; and by the Act, William and Mary (of happy memory), we may seize the horses, arms, and other goods of all who adhere to Rome, whenever we please.”

“But on my honour do I deny this alleged adherence,” I exclaimed, burning with anger at the combined ignorance and presumption of this person, who seemed determined to oppress me.



"Zilence, yellow ! Gentlemen, I insist that he be committed to prison ; firstly, as a rank Papist,—secondly, as a robber, charged with assault and battery, and with feloniously taking three shirts, one plush vest, a tobacco-pipe with a metal stopper, one slice of bread and ditto cheese, the property of Gaffer Beckett, the king's liege subject,—all contrary to the king's peace, and against the form of the statute.

A burst of applause followed the sentence, which expended the entire air in the lungs of this irritable Solon, who gazed at me with tipsy sternness out of the depths of his mighty perriwig ; and I found myself in a perilous predicament.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SECRET LETTER.

SIR LENNARD ARDEN and Mr. Willoughby both remained silent, and as matters were now becoming rather alarming, I was forced—however rash the measure—to play the only card that was left me. Taking from my secret pocket one of the letters I had received at St. Germain, addressed to Sir Lennard, I placed it in his hand.

"To end this matter," said I, "here is a letter of introduction to you, Sir Lennard, — a letter which I hope will explain all, and who I am."

"A letter !" he reiterated, changing countenance visibly.

"You may probably know *this seal*."

He flushed to the temples on recognizing the private signet of the exiled prince, — St. George surmounted by a crown.

"Sir—sir," he faltered, rising, "you are——"

"Hush!—the messenger you expected."

This immediately changed the whole aspect of affairs.

"Sir Harry," said Arden, hastily, "there is a mistake in all this accusation. I find this person to be a gentleman of good position,—highly accredited,—a friend of my own. The charge against him is an impossibility, and must be abandoned. Retire people !—begone Gaffer Beckett, and you in particular, Master Thorley. I shall be accountable for the sequel to this affair. Lutterel, instantly put all these fellows out of the park."

In reply to this, Sir Harry, who was considerably impressed by the lofty air of Arden, grumbled, growled, shook his huge wig, and fidgeted in his high-backed chair, but made no opposition; so the matter ended, and I found myself free, but still far from feeling perfectly at ease. As the country-people retired, I observed that the hideous and repulsive Thorley levelled a dark and revengeful glance first at me, and then at Sir Lennard Arden; after which he uttered his peculiar laugh, and withdrew.

"Mr. Errington proves to be a friend of mine—a most particular friend," said Sir Lennard, with an assumed air of pleasantry. "Upon my soul, sir, I don't know how to apologize sufficiently for all this; but why did you not present your letter to me at first?"

"You have not yet read it," said old Sir Harry Leigh suspiciously.

"True," replied Arden, laughing, and reddening at the same time; "but I shall do so when I return to the hall. Meanwhile, Sir Harry, you must shake hands with my friend."

"Well—well, I wool," growled he of the wig; "I am no scurvy patch, not I,—no bread and cheese varlet; but a true-born Englishman, and a staunch vig,—a hater of all voreigners and Hanover rats."

"And you, Willoughby,—give Mr. Errington your hand."

Willoughby lingered and hesitated.

"Come—come, shake hands," said Sir Lennard, impetuously; "you'll know each other better by-and-by. Errington," he added in a low voice, "is to be my guest, so I command you to become his friend. With *our* business in hand, we cannot afford to be at loggerheads among *ourselves*."

"Well, I am no Frenchman or Scot, to bear malice; thus I care not if we be friends henceforward," replied the young squire of Weston Hall.

"And now harkee, Goody Lutterel," said Sir Lennard; "get us some more wine out of yonder bin. Will, assist your wife; I would I had one half so pretty.—A chair for this gentleman. Let us drink all round and be merry, drowning all the devils—blue, green, and yellow, in purple wine before we go to sup at the old hall. But already old Sir Harry seems so tipsy that he would not know a jackdaw from a donkey."

Such was really the case, and Sir Harry, not much to my regret, soon dropped asleep on the floor, and there we sat drinking wine till long after the sun had set beyond the Lancashire hills. Sir Lennard by that time had made himself master of the contents of the letter, which was a holograph document from the Chevalier himself, reminding him of the ancient faith and loyalty of his forefathers, and, on the word of a king, promising him a peerage, if the risings then projected in Scotland by the Earl of Mar, and in England by Mr. Forster, of Northumberland, were successful.

He freely, and, considering the character of his friend, somewhat rashly, as I thought, communicated all this to Willoughby, who gave him many enthusiastic congratulations. I had a thousand questions to answer, descriptions to give, and plans to describe : and there we sat, long after the sun had set and the dewy eve come on, till the stars appeared, and the huge elm-trees and ancestral oaks in the beautiful park grew sombre and black. We left the sour old Whig baronet, Sir Harry Leigh, asleep on the floor of the lodge, covered up with deer-skins and his rocquelaure, and just as the moon rose, we walked across the velvet lawn arm in arm, and chorussing recklessly,—

“The king shall enjoy his own again.”

The family were all abed when we reached the old hall, so we retired to our respective apartments ; and, exhausted by the events and excitement of the day, with a head that our recent potations had rendered none of the clearest, I was soon in a profound sleep.

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE HALL.

I WAS up betimes ; for though I had soldiered a little in France and on the Danube, I was too young not to be still conscious of the uncomfortable peculiarity of sleeping in strange beds, and the odd sensation of waking in a strange place, where new and unfamiliar objects meet the drowsy, opening eye. The morning sun was bright ; but

the dew lay heavy on every leaf, and the stately elms and gigantic dark-green hollies from whence the hall obtained its name, were immersed to their lower branches in a sea of white Cheshire mist. The birds sang and twittered merrily under the masses of sombre ivy that fringed the old deep-mullioned windows of my room, and merrier they sang as the heat of the ascending sun waxed stronger, and drank up the mist and dew together from the spacious lawn, which spread for miles around the old mansion of the Ardens, and through which the sluggish Mersey wound towards Warrington Bridge.

Aware that I should be introduced to the family at breakfast, I attired myself with unusual care. In lieu of my grey velvet suit, which had not been improved by the adventures of yesterday, I took from my cloak-bag a coat of white Genoa cloth, with ruffles of point d'Espagne. Having been made by the tailor of his most Christian majesty Louis XIV., in the Rue St. Jaques, the cuffs and sleeves of this suit were very deep and open, and heavily laced with gold ; the waistcoat was of plain blue satin, and had pockets that reached to the thigh. I arranged my peruke, put my hat under my arm, and guided by a servant in livery, who had his master's crest, a white rose, embroidered on his arm, I descended to promenade upon the sunny terrace until the house-bell was rung for breakfast.

Hollywood Hall was a large and quaint old house, built partly of brick and partly of the dark-red sandstone peculiar to Cheshire. It had a vast quantity of elaborate woodwork about it ; thus, externally, it presented heavy eaves, high sharp gables, and clustered chimney-stalks, round which the aspiring creepers clambered ; bright copper vanes, that gleamed in the morning sun ; narrow mullioned windows and deeply embayed oriels, with honeysuckle, ivy, and clematis growing in masses so luxuriant, that much beautiful carving, many a quaint legend, ancient date, and heraldic trophy was buried under a screen of flowers and leaves. Amid one portion of the building rose a tower battlemented and loopholed. It was a grim veteran, this tower, and had seen the olden days of "trunk hose and buttered ale," and the wars of York and Lancaster ; but now, at its base, a rustic porch covered with roses told of a happier, at least of a more peaceful time ; and above this

porch, in the red sandstone of which the tower was built, deeply carved and gaily painted, were the arms of the Ardens, to wit,—*azure*, three sheaves of wheat *or*, surmounted by a rose, with the significant, and at that time rather dangerous motto, *En la rose je fleurie*.

It is remarkable that the peaceful cognizance of the wheat-sheaf, so indicative, perhaps, of the fertility of the country, was a prominent badge in the armorial bearings of all old families in Cheshire, where at one time there were more than forty who had it, and from which one of them, now I believe extinct, had the name of Boldusheafe.

In former times Hollywood had been named Stoke-Arden, from a wooden castle or intrenched dwelling of the Saxon age, the site of which was occupied by the present mansion. Somewhat apart from this picturesque manor-house there stood a gloomy little Gothic chapel, having attached to it a burial-place, which was entered by one of those quaintly-canopied porches called *lich* gates, from the Saxon word for a corpse; and in that chapel, as Will Lutterel, the gamekeeper, who now approached with many apologies for the affair of yesterday, acquainted me, the late Sir Humphry had been solemnly buried by torchlight, the service being read by Dr. Francis Gastrell, the bishop of Chester, while all the tenants, to the number of five hundred, attended; and on this occasion Lady Winifred, his widow, in the ancient fashion, had presented each with a long mourning-cloak, a loaf of bread, a huge bottle of wine and sprig of rosemary. At the chapel door was a monument to the memory of his second son Oliver, who had been drowned in the Mersey many years ago, with a request carved thereon that the pious would pray for his soul.

In front of the house grew three orange-trees, raised according to tradition, from the seeds of an orange brought home by Sir Oliver Arden, who had accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh to distant lands.

The noble park was well stocked with deer, and on the balustraded terrace sat more than one stately peacock, expanding his broad plumage in the sunshine, as if fully to illustrate the aristocratic character of the house, and of its long-descended inmates.

It was a house that told of the olden time of rude hospitality, when bluff, jolly Father Christmas came with his

snows and his good cheer, and when love, religion, and hospitality made the heart of man grow glad ; when the waits still sang and played in the early morning, as in the more musical days of England, before her bold warlike ballads, that rehearsed the glories of her kings, her knights and archers, her merry madrigals, and pastoral songs, were thrust out by sentimental doggrel and tipsy "derry downs," and before we had Dutch phlegm, German beer, and tow wigs at St. James's Palace.

As I surveyed this fine old mansion, which seemed but an epitome of the past, and had so many memories of the proud and stainless race who inhabited it, I sighed, not with envy of their name and position, as contrasted with my own obscurity ; but on reflecting how innocently I might be the means of bringing ruin, destruction, and proscription on them.

At that moment, Sir Lennard Arden stepped from a long window which opened to the paved terrace, and hurriedly came towards me, with a profusion of bows. He had doffed his plain and becoming hunting-costume of yesterday, to adopt a voluminous coat of gold brocade, turned up with green silk, and having a waistcoat with flaps, which overhung his white satin breeches, and the materials of which were silk and silver worked in large flowers. His sword-hilt, brooch, and ring, his knee and shoe-buckles, were sparkling with brilliants ; and I was surprised that, merely in honour of a guest, this plain country gentleman had arrayed himself in a style that would have suited M. le Comte de Toulouse, or Monseigneur le Duc de Beauvilliers in the antechamber of Louis XIV. at Versailles.

"What do I see ?" he exclaimed ; "Mr. Errington so early abroad ! 'Zounds, sir, we did drink pottle-deep last night, and so deep I have seen nothing yet of your particular friend Sir Harry. However, I have sent Will Lutterel to the lodge to look after him."

'And Mr. Willoughby ?'

"He will have been at the stables, or the kennel, or the heroury an hour ago, no doubt. I hope you slept well ; we have no ghosts in the house, I believe, though my mother, Lady Winifred, will maintain, in spite of all reason, that the tower is haunted by the spirits of a priest who died two hundred years ago, and of my little brother who was drowned in the river."

"You have considered the letter of his majesty?" said I, lowering my voice, being anxious to speak of that which was nearest to my heart and purpose.

"I have done so, Mr. Errington, many times," replied the baronet, as a sudden gravity clouded his handsome features. "His promises to me, and his faith in our family, are most flattering, and fill my heart with a joyous glow of hope for triumph yet to come—a glow that I cannot describe to you. It is indeed a strange emotion, this old love and loyalty to a fallen king; but to raise his banner in England now may be rash and perilous work. The king seems to trust me implicitly—God bless him for it! his forefathers never mistrusted mine, and the ancient faith shall not be betrayed by me."

"Yet how came *you* to seize all the horses of suspected Jacobites?"

Sir Lennard laughed heartily.

"I did not seize the horses of suspected men," said he "but of those whom I knew to be stanch and faithful to the good cause."

"How, Sir Lennard?" I asked with some uneasiness.

"In conformity to the act, as a justice in commission of the peace, I arrested the horses; but only to save them *for* our friends, and *from* our enemies. Thus, I have more than forty good nags in stall, awaiting——"

"What!"

"Our great *hunting-meet*, in the North Riding somewhere," said he, with a quiet smile. "They are all blood-horses; and I assure you that King Geo—the Elector I mean—hath none equal to them in his Horse Grenadiers."

"This was well and wisely done!"

"I rather think it was; but we can do nothing until we have had an interview with Tom Forster, the Lord Widdrington, Colonel Errington——"

"The Earl of Derwentwater?"

"Yes—and others. This very day I shall despatch Will Lutterel into Northumberland, to arrange about a conference."

"How! intrust a matter of such moment to a man like this—to your gamekeeper?"

"Will is true as steel, and may be fully trusted. I know him and his kindred well—all Cheshire hath no better

yeoman than he ! In one week more we shall see our way more clearly ; and may God direct us, for we are about to play a desperate game, Mr. Errington ! But there rings the breakfast-bell ; allow me to lead you in."

Taking my arm in his, we entered together, and reached the large dining-room, or rather the ancient baronial hall of Hollywood.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE ARDENS.

THE corridors through which we passed, and the dining-hall, were all panelled and pilastered in oak of the most sombre hue, elaborately carved. In some places there hung old and faded tapestries, the prevailing colours of which were green and russet-brown. The hall was a long apartment, of great size, with a ceiling crossed by broad beams of carved oak. One side was almost entirely occupied by a line of deeply-embayed oriel windows, richly mullioned and cusped, full of latticed glass, painted with coats of arms, amid which the escutcheon *azure* and the wheat-sheaves *or*, with a rose and bugle, were very conspicuous ; and from these openings there fell long sunny flakes of red and blue light, across the glazed tiles of which the floor was composed.

Buffets, like the chairs of ebony and oak, were placed between the piers of these oriels, which were shaded by heavy curtains of crimson damask. A round fireplace yawned at one side of the hall, and had the whole history of Adam and Eve, with the moral and instructive tale of Joseph and Potiphar's wife depicted therein, on glazed Dutch tiles, behind two great fire-dogs, each of which was surmounted by a brass knob, like a six-pound shot. The low Tudor arch of this fireplace bore in Saxon letters the legend which I saw carved on everything, from the servant's buttons and dog's collars to the tower battlement, *En la rose je fleurie* ; and above it was a quaint painting ascribed to Hans Holbein, representing Hollywood when the mansion consisted of little more than the tower, and before it a party of men in odd costumes, playing at the old English game of nine men's morris. Opposite hung a full-length portrait of Sir Oliver Arden (the comrade of Raleigh), a



bluff old gentleman of the Elizabethan age, and one of whom court scandal averred that,—

“ His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,  
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,  
Though pope and Spaniard fail'd to trouble it.”

This portrait bore the mark of a bullet or two,—for here Lambert and his Roundheads had feasted and made merry, when, about seventy years ago, after defeating the duke of Hamilton, lieutenant-general of the Scots' Cavaliers, at Warrington-bridge, they drank the cellar of Hollywood dry in honour of the event.

In this quaint hall the rents were collected, and the tenants regaled ; and here the older people still brought to the lord of the manor their offerings in the ancient fashion—fish in Lent, geese at Michaelmas, and capons at Yule ; and to this hall every neighbour, gentle or simple, was heartily welcome at all times, for there were roasted beef and plum-pudding, home-baked bread and Cheshire cheese, home-brewed beer and ruddy English ale, ever in plenty, with the warm welcome and the benison of the hearty old time that will never come again.

The transverse beams were laden with hunters' poles, with fishing and shooting gear, old weapons, hawks' hoods, badger-skins, and fox-brushes, while under the long oak table lay several venison-bones, picked clean and bare by the hounds, lurchers, and terriers, that were always loitering, sleeping, or prowling about.

On the wall hung an ancient bugle-horn, of great size—the heirloom and tenure of the Ardens, who were bow-bearers of the king in Delamere Forest, an office held by them since the Conquest of England ; and by that horn Sir Lennard held his lands—his tenure being that he should sound it thrice at Warrington Bridge when the king should pass that way.

“ And, please God, with that horn shall he one day greet his Sacred Majesty King James !” I once heard Lady Winifred say, with enthusiasm.

Sir Lennard introduced me to the latter, a tall and stately old gentlewoman, having pale regular features, dark eyes, and hair almost white. She was clad in the fashion of a past age, and wore the modest, jealous stomacher, which in the time

of the last king James replaced the low indelicate boddice of his dissolute brother's reign ; her sleeves were tight to the elbow, from whence fell a profusion of lace ; her gloves were long, and her dress was of plain unflowered silk : at its girdle hung her keys, scissors, pincushion, and huswife—for ladies of rank and good position were still women enough to attend to their own household, even as the wife of a yeoman or farmer might do.

She had already been apprized of my visit, and with charming frankness came forward to meet me. I kissed her hand with respect, on which she made me a low courtesy, such as might have graced the court of St. James's in the days of the Cavaliers, for her bearing had all the grace peculiar to a past age rather than our own.

"I am glad, truly glad, to see a friend of Colonel Errington's at Hollywood," said she ; "and the more am I proud and happy, sir, to find that you are a messenger, an envoy, from——" She paused, lowered her voice, and looked round hurriedly, for many servants were hovering about, and doubtless, listening with the greedy ears of their class :—"from *one* whom we dare not name even in his own England."

"And this is my cousin, Lucy Arden, daughter of my brave uncle Rowland, who was killed when fighting for the king—a fine jolly Cheshire lass, stanch and true as steel : and this is Miss Chatty Leigh, old Sir Harry's daughter, and heiress, too—a most rebellious little Whig, whom, for all her crimes and misdemeanours, I hope to see one day hung—round the neck of a handsome cavalier. Ladies, allow me to introduce a gentleman, a friend of mine—Mr. Errington, who has just arrived from the Continent, and whom you must make familiar with all the lions and beauties of this locality."

As Sir Lennard said this, he presented me to two very handsome and smiling girls, who came suddenly from the recess of an oriel, with their colour considerably heightened,—but whether because the hot morning sun had been shining upon them, or that the arrival of a stranger was an unusual event at Hollywood, I know not ; but while they received me politely, it was with a timidity that in girls about eighteen or twenty is excessively attractive, and I was about to give utterance to some flattering commonplace, when Sir Lennard said,—

"Here comes that loitering dog, Dick Willoughby ; and, by Jove ! old Sir Harry too. I wonder how he slept at the Lodge last night, and whether he found the floor soft ! But now let us to breakfast ; for I must take Mr. Errington over the stables, and show him all the fine nags—*cavalry nags*—which I have arrested from those plotting knaves the Jacobites."

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## CHAPTER XII.

## THE BREAKFAST.

THE breakfast was sumptuous, and gave me a favourable impression alike of the profusion, hospitality, and appetites of these English people. On the table were two joints of hashed mutton, a round of beef, and two roasted capons, with boiled eggs, and chickens in gravy, coffee, &c. &c. All the appurtenances of the table were as massive as the furniture of the old hall ; and all the plate bore the rose, the bugle, or the wheatsheaf of the Ardens. To me, who had just come from France, it was a source of surprise to see Squire Willoughby and old Sir Harry Leigh quaffing home-brewed ale, hotly spiced, from the same huge silver tankard, in which several pieces of brown toast were floating, and eating the while slice after slice of cold beef, with a relish and appetite peculiar to those who live in the country, and are much in the open air.

During breakfast, the conversation ran for a time upon Thorley's absurd accusation, and the consequent brawl—a description of which proved a source of some amusement to the girls ; but Lady Winifred seemed to be moved by the ruffian's name, as she had been with her husband, Sir Humphry, when Thorley robbed him on Hounslow Heath, and fired two pistols wantonly at him, on finding that the baronet's holster-pops were both unloaded by the carelessness of his valet. She then related to me all that I had been previously told by Tom Tapster, the stout host of the King's Head, at Chester,—of Thorley's wonderful escape from Newgate after being sentenced to die at Tyburn, and how he had vowed revenge upon Sir Humphry, who, however, fairly hunted him out of Cheshire ; then, how he had turned

smuggler, and had not appeared again until the old baronet's death.

"And now, mother," said Sir Lennard, "since he has turned up again, believe me, it will be my task to rid the country of such a nuisance as early as possible."

"And mine to punish his daring insolence on the first convenient opportunity," said I, having still a lively emotion of anger at the insults to which I had been subjected. At this remark Mr. Willoughby gave a covert smile, which, at that time, I could not analyze.

"But yet, Sir Lennard," said Lady Winifred, "I would beseech you to remember that his poor mother, Gammer Thorley, at Chester, is an old and faithful adherent of ours; that she nursed you, and your little brother who is now in heaven; that she nursed your cousin Lucy, and that she loves you with a love alone equalled by mine."

"And that the wicked life of this, her only son, has broken her poor old heart," added Miss Arden.

"I have remembered all this, mother; and but for these thoughts, and for these memories alone, he should long ere this have been in the lowest vault of the castle of Chester."

I had now leisure to observe the younger ladies, who were both exceedingly pretty—one of them, Miss Arden, being almost beautiful. Both were graceful in figure, and delicate and most lady-like in manner. They had those long eyelashes and that very soft and silky kind of hair which are both peculiar to Englishwomen.

Chatty Leigh was brilliantly fair, with light brown tresses and blue eyes, beautiful teeth and exquisite hands. Her manner was very lively and droll; she seemed a thoughtless and heedless girl, full of fun, animal spirits, health, and laughter.

Lucy Arden had a different type of beauty. She was equally fair-skinned; but her eyes were of the darkest hazel, and her hair of the deepest brown—a brown that was almost black, like her eyebrows and lashes, which were very long, and lent a perpetual softness to her charming face, while a light rose tinge in her cheeks indicated the fulness of health, with a happy and cheerful spirit, though she talked and laughed less than her friend, the lively daughter of Sir Harry Leigh.

This handsome dark-eyed girl was the penniless and

orphan cousin of Sir Lennard, and had from childhood been his mother's *protégée*.

"Would that *I* had such a cousin!" was my first thought; yet the baronet seemed more attentive to Miss Leigh, while Willoughby, of Weston Hall, appeared, by his manner and bearing, to deem himself the privileged cavalier of Miss Arden; but seemed piqued to find that the ladies were more inclined to converse with me than with him, and forgetting, probably, that the arrival of a stranger at the Hall was a very unusual event, and in those days was quite sufficient to set the wits of all the surrounding neighbourhood to work, to discover all about him—whence he came, and what was his purpose.

There was still little intercourse between one place and another in Britain; little at least, when compared with what I had seen on the Continent. They were quiet, unthinking, and easily contented, those English country-folks: thus, if a letter was posted in London for Lancaster, and was delivered there four days after, they were alike surprised and delighted with the rapidity of the transmission.

After breakfast, Sir Harry Leigh withdrew into an oriel, and took from a pocket of his voluminous waistcoat one of those large tortoise-shell combs (which, in those days, English gentlemen carried as invariably as their snuff-boxes), and with great deliberation he proceeded to frizzle and comb out his monstrous perriwig, which, for this purpose, he placed on the knob of a chair, when it emitted a frightful odour of tobacco and of the stable. This novel proceeding rather surprised me.

"You never saw anything of that kind done at Versailles, I presume, Mr. Errington," said Miss Arden, with a waggish smile.

"Yet, in the boxes of Drury Lane," added Miss Leigh, "you may see our modern gallants combing out their wigs as gravely as their grandfathers were wont to stroke their imperials, or twist their long moustaches, in the days of the Great Martyr. You have seen this often, Mr. Willoughby, have you not?"

"I have seen that and a great deal more, neighbour Leigh, than I ever cared to see," responded the young squire sulkily, sucking the bone head of his hunting-whip.

"And now, Mr. Errington," said Sir Lennard, laughing, to

dispel the gathering cloud, "we have to look at the nags I have taken from those cunning fellows the Jacobites."

"God bless them,—and the king's sacred majesty!" said the old lady, rising from the table.

"Yes, mother," added Sir Lennard, with a kindling eye, and a hasty glance at the Whig baronet, who was still intent on the frizzling of his huge wig; "and in this gracious letter, written by his own royal hand, the king promises——"

"What, Lennard,—what?"

"That I shall exchange the diploma of the oldest baronetcy in England for the patent of the youngest peer."

"Explain this, Lennard,—how?"

"That in consequence of the services rendered to his house by my father, Sir Humphry, during the rebellion of Monmouth and Argyle, on the day of his coronation at Westminster I shall be created Earl of Hollywood and Baron Arden, of Stoke-Arden, in the county of Chester. Dear mother, what think you of that? You shall have a coronet on those venerable tresses yet."

Lady Winifred's dark grey eyes flashed with triumph, for everywhere, in England as in Scotland, the most firm, true, and enthusiastic adherents of the exiled house were the ladies. She gave a mute glance at the tall, full-length portrait of her late husband, and said in a low voice,—

"Your father, Lennard, would have laid down his life for the king, and for him he perilled it often, without a bribe. Be ye not less than him, for he never required the offer of a coronet to make him draw his sword at the royal behest."

"Nor do I, mother," retorted Sir Lennard, in the same low, emphatic voice, while his fine forehead flushed to the temples; "and that you shall see, the moment I have tidings from the north."

"The north!" she reiterated anxiously.

"From Forster and the Earl of Mar; but hush! for Sir Harry has finished the combing of his wig."

In one hour after this, Will Lutterel the gamekeeper, a hardy, honest, and devoted adherent to the house and purposes of his master, mounted on a good horse, with a well-lined purse to pay all his expenses, was despatched to Northumberland. He bore letters in cipher to the earl of Derwentwater, to Mr. Forster, the Lord Widdrington, and to my friend and former patron, Colonel Errington, an-

nouncing my arrival from France, with documents of credence, from "the House of Stuart and Company, English and Polish merchants," and requesting them, "per bearer, to arrange a meeting somewhere, for the more rapid despatch of business."

"And now, until Will returns," said Sir Lennard, as we saw him gallop through the park-gate, "you must be content to ruralize here, and share the hospitality of Hollywood Hall."

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### WHICH TREATS OF MY PREVIOUS HISTORY.

LADY ARDEN was a delightful old gentlewoman, though her thoughts, sympathies, and memories were all of a past age. She was old enough to remember the murder of the archbishop of St. Andrew's, in Scotland, and Blood's attempt to steal the crown of England. She spoke of King Charles the Second's death in 1685 as an affair of yesterday. She remembered the plague in Liverpool, and the old city shows in Chester, the abolition of which caused such discontent among the citizens thereof in 1670; she remembered the drowning of ten young girls in the Dee on Whit-monday '91, and a pedlar being ducked in the same river for being a Scotsman. She could recall the unparalleled excitement caused by the erection of the first dissenting meeting-house, a few years after, and how, on receiving a note from Dr. Gastrell, the bishop, old Sir Humphry Arden had all his men on horseback, with sword and pistol, to arrest the work and punish the workers, had the mayor abetted him, and had not the drowning of his youngest son, Oliver, in the Mersey, fortunately given him other things to think of. She remembered the apparition of soldiers on white horses, which appeared in the city of Chester on Friday, the 10th of July, 1691; and when beaux used to wear a jewel in one ear, as we may still see in Vandyke's treble portrait of Charles I.; and when the French hood, the buffin gown, and green apron, went out of fashion in London, like the wheel fardingale and yellow starch, which fell into disgrace when Dame Turner was sent to the gallows.

She was ever surrounded, as it were, by solemn omens,

indications, and mysterious predictions. A pullet's *first egg* she considered the most lucky gift in the world ; and never saw the new moon, or heard the cry of a cuckoo among the groves of Hollywood at night, without uttering a wish, and turning all the money in her purse, provided there were no *Georges* therein.

She devoutly believed in Friday being a day of misfortune.

"On a Friday my second boy was born," said she, on one occasion ; "on a Friday he was baptized ; and on a Friday he was drowned in the Mersey—for so the Lord giveth and taketh away."

She never passed a spider or moneyspinner, without throwing it over her shoulder, to the no small annoyance of those who might be near. She had a high sense of duty and the right divine—I fear me now a superstition like some of the foregoing. She had also the highest veneration for the Church of England as established by law, and for all the doctrines thereof, as expounded by her old friend and gossip, and (as she sometimes hinted) former admirer, Doctor Francis Gastrell, then bishop of Chester, who, she averred, followed the footsteps of the apostles, but did so comfortably in a well-stuffed carriage, with all its pleasant accompaniments, and to whose cathedral she regularly rode once in the year, on the anniversary of King Charles's martyrdom, attended by Miss Lucy Arden, Sir Lennard, and a train of armed serving-men, with crape scarfs, and all on horseback ; and to see old Dame Arden, of Hollywood, arrive thus at the cathedral porch, was one of the periodical sights in the quiet old city of Chester, like the twenty-five guild companies doing homage to the mayor, by marching before him to St. Oswald's, with all their banners, on the 29th of May.

With all her little peculiarities and odd old-fashioned fancies, the Lady Winifred was one of the most amiable and lovable of God's creatures ; a being without guile—motherly, gentle, and full of ancient English simplicity and kindness ; thus, for twenty miles around the Hall, every poor man blessed her—yea, every woman and child too.

With a huge watch, antique and embossed, she carried, as I have said, a bunch of keys, a huswife, and pincushion, at her girdle, just as the wife of a yeoman might have done.



She was mistress of all the art and mystery of home-made wines, home-brewed ale, and cider made from her own orchard ; of bread made of her own wheat, ground in her own mill. She was always busy about bottles of balm, cowslip and elderflower wines, and cherry-brandies ; while, for the use of the tenantry, she kept a laboratory of simples and decoctions of her own compounding, numerous enough to have killed or cured the whole parish.

She was vain of her descent from Howel-ap-Owen Voil, a terrible breaker of heads and helmets, who, in the reign of Edward III., was lord of the adjacent manor of Latchford, then a row of little mud wigwams. She doated on the veracious histories of Guy of Warwick, of Argalus and Parthenia, believing them to be the most stupendous efforts in literature ; though the young ladies preferred the more recent romances of Scuderi, or the lively and charming papers of the "*Spectator*," which were then beginning to attract considerable attention. She had by heart all the sermons of Atterbury and Clarke, the two most eminent divines of Anne's reign ; the former full of grace and elegance, the latter rigorous, exact, and phlegmatic.

On this forenoon, while Willoughby was in the congenial atmosphere of the dog-kennel, while the young ladies (with whom I would rather have been, as I fear I ever preferred youth and beauty to elderly goodness) were engaged at the spinnet, and while the two baronets were adjusting some country business in the library, she requested me to sit beside her, in one of the embayed oriels which overlooked the beautiful park, for she never seemed to grow weary of asking questions about the court of the exiles, and of the broken English gentlemen and outlawed Scottish chiefs and Irish lords who lingered there, almost hopelessly, in the cold shadow of faded royalty ; and with a curiosity that perhaps was pardonable enough, she generally led me to speak of myself, a subject which, from many circumstances, I would rather have avoided.

"You seem to have seen much of life, Mr. Errington," said she, after a pause ; "and to know a great deal more ; and at your age——" She paused.

"I am only, so far as I know, about four-and-twenty, madam."

"Only four-and-twenty ?"

"I believe so, madam ; for I know not with certainty."

"By your manner and bearing, I could imagine you to be much older."

"Very probably, madam ; for I am, in mind and thought, a man beyond my years."

"And why is this?"

I sighed and paused.

"Why is this, my young friend?" she continued, patting my hand with kindness.

"Because my life has been a strange and wayward one. I have been early disciplined, and hardened by misfortune and adversity."

"Such has been the unmerited lot of too many in these late years of political tumult, since Dutch William revolutionized England in '88."

"Yes, madam," said I ; and was about to change the conversation, in the hope that she would not question me further ; but country folks are, without meaning to be so, often remarkably inquisitive.

"But your parents," she resumed ; and immediately paused, while I felt the deepening red mount to my temples, and I cast down my eyes, feeling, in the presence of one so highly born, and occupying so firm a position in society, all the agony and anguish of most unmerited shame—the false shame of obscurity. The good old lady saw that she had made a mistake, but knew not how to withdraw from the topic.

"Though you were educated in France, your parents were English, I presume?"

"I believe so, madam."

"You *believe* so?"

"Ah! madam," said I, sinking my voice, while my colour continued to rise, "you unintentionally probe a wound. Give me a promise, kind Lady Winifred, that you will keep my secret if I confide it to you—that you will keep it from your son, Sir Lennard—from all—and more than all, from Mr. Willoughby ; for, were it known, my influence upon those with whom the king wishes me to confer would be lessened—yea, perhaps lost!"

It was now Lady Winifred's turn to colour, and she began to apologize ; but I urged her, saying,—

"Promise me, madam."

She pressed my hand in both of hers.

"Well, madam, I am a foundling ; and ought to care less for saying this to you, whose ancestral coats armorial everywhere meet my eye, than if you were some wretched *parvenu* whom the sun of Whig ascendancy had warmed from a worm into a butterfly. Some seventeen years ago I was found by a gentleman, when a wandering boy—a child, indeed—in the streets of Dunkirk, weeping, cold, and hungry. Beyond that period all to me seems dreamy, dark, and vague ; though fantastic visions of faces and places, of persons and voices, come back to me at times like old or half-forgotten dreams."

"Poor child ! your secret shall be kept."

"Thanks, lady."

"But whence your name of Edward Errington ?"

"It was given to me by my patron, being his own ; and by my language I was known to be English."

"So they who found you named you Edward Errington ?"

"Yes, madam."

"Errington is a good old English name."

"He who found me thus was Colonel Errington, of Beaufront, in Northumberland ; a brave gentleman, who served in the Mousquetaires of Louis XIV. He protected me, for his heart was moved to hear me lisping in his mother tongue ; and he became my patron, my protector, my second father, indeed."

"But how came you to be there—so far away as Dunkirk ?"

"Heaven only knows, Lady Winifred ! I have no distinct recollection of those days, and only tell you my early history as it was told to me. Colonel Errington joined his corps at Paris ; there was peace then, for the treaty of Ryswick had just been concluded. He humanely took me with him, and committed the care of my youth and education to the reverend fathers of St. Sulpice."

"Who are they ?"

"The priests and professors of a seminary founded at Paris upwards of seventy years ago, by M. Olier, a good and pious churchman, whose life has been written by M. Giry. My boyhood passed there drearily enough, for my life was then almost monastic. I had simple food—not always enough of it—but plenty of hard study for some years, until the Mousquetaires marched into Flanders to serve in the war against Marlborough ; and in taking farewell of me, Colonel

Errington presented me to Mary d'Este of Modena, the mother of——"

The old lady touched my arm and looked hastily round.

"Fear not, lady," I resumed; "I have learned discretion. The mother of the Chevalier, who did me the honour to retain me about her person at St. Germain as a page or little escudero until I grew too tall for an employment so frivolous, and the prince said to me, 'Go, Errington, and join the French army; learn to handle your sword like a man, and become a soldier, for a day is coming when I may need, in Britain, all the service you can render us.' So, madam, in my sixteenth year I joined the brave Irish brigade as a volunteer. Before I left St. Germain the prince presented me with a handsome sword. I carried a musket under Marechal Villars in that army which entered Germany and penetrated to the banks of the Danube. I was wounded and left for dead upon the field when we forced the German lines at Stalhoffen, and should have been murdered by the brutal peasantry but for the courage of two Scottish gentlemen who served the emperor."

"Unfortunate child!"

"Indeed, madam, I was then but little more than a child; yet on that day I won my gorget and epaulettes in the regiment of Fitzgerald, with which I served, when Marechal Villars advanced to the relief of Douay, then besieged by the allies under the duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy. We crossed the scarpe at the point of the bayonet, and advanced within cannon-shot of the place; but in consequence of the strength of the position, a failure in attacking which would have perilled the whole army of France, we wisely relinquished the attempt. I carried the colours on that day, the 5th of May, 1710, and was surrounded by a body of the enemy; but my Irish comrades fought like lions, and brought me off in safety, though my colour-staff was broken by a grape-shot and half the silk was shot away. Yes, yes—but for these brave lads I had found a grave in the trenches of Douay."

"And you are now——"

"Lieutenant in Count Fitzgerald's regiment of the Irish brigade," I replied, lowering my voice, "on two years' leave of absence, being here in England on *special service*."

"And so they chose *you* for the desperate task of organ-

izing an English insurrection," said Lady Winifred, with an expression of compassionate interest in her kind old face, "and of restoring the king by expelling the German elector : one so young is surely unequal to an essay so arduous and so subtle."

"True, madam, they chose me——" I paused.

"Why?"

"Because, though deemed skilful, talented, and enthusiastic in the Jacobite cause—having already performed a most important service to the Princess Clementina,—I am penniless and unknown. If I perish at Tyburn-tree, on Tower-hill, or on your Rood-eye here at Chester, the name, the estate, the title of no noble family will be involved or lost. By my death, no mother will lose a son ; no man a brother ; no woman a lover or a kinsman. The obscure and unfriended Jacobite emissary would only be styled or stigmatized as a plotting papist, a *protégé* of the poor fathers of St. Sulpice, who had perished in his treason ; a lieutenant in a regiment of Irish outlaws, for so your people style my exiled comrades,—men who, in the path of honour, fealty, and religion—yea, and in the ranks of war, give place to *none* ; and whose valour is daily adding new glories to the crown of France."

"My brave boy!" said the old lady with enthusiasm.

"And have you no recollection of your father?"

"None."

"Or of your mother?"

"None."

"Alas!"

"And yet, Lady Winifred, out of the dim darkness of years, a kind face at times comes to me,—the face of a young and pretty woman, who smiled on my infancy and watched over my cradle. Who this woman was—where she now is—whether on earth or in heaven, I know not ; and now, madam," I added with something of bitterness and regret, for the unwonted communicativeness into which I had been betrayed, "you know all I have to tell of my history."

"It is both sad and singular," said she, pressing my hand kindly again.

At that moment, I became aware that Miss Arden had joined us in the recess of the oriel, and that her fair friend

had left the hall. That this young lady had heard the whole, or the conclusion, of my story, I did not doubt; for she gave me a glance of commiseration from under her long lashes,—a glance that sank deep into my heart. Her eyes seemed for a moment to suffuse; but, of course, less at my actual story than the ideas it suggested to her tender mind, for she, too, had been an orphan from her youth. Lady Winifred spoke again.

“You mentioned that you had performed a most important service to the Princess Clementina, then the betrothed of—of——”

“His Majesty King James III.—yes, to one who shall yet, I hope, be queen of all the British Isles!”

“I envy you!” exclaimed Sir Lennard, who had just joined us; “and this service?”

“Happened thus—and it has made me a *marked man* in the ministerial tablets, and in the memory too of the Hanoverian Elector.”

But this service, and the history thereof, is so important as to deserve an entire chapter to itself.

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## CHAPTER XIV

### THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINA.

“You are aware,” said I, “that the Princess Clementina is one of the richest heiresses in Europe; that she is cousin-german to the Queen of Spain, and to Charles VI., who, as Emperor of Austria, is also King of Bohemia; that she is a daughter of the brave Prince James Sobieski, and is indeed a bride worthy to share the throne of the Stuarts. Jealous of her projected union with the Chevalier de St. George—a union which promised such mighty political results, and which was more influential and noble than any that had ever been made by the House of Hanover, which for ages has married and been given in marriage among those petty princelings who flourish like blackberries on the banks of the Rhine—George I. and his Whig ministry resolved to obstruct it, foreseeing that it would convey to the exiled King of Britain all the interest of Spain and the Empire, and moreover, that by this marriage he might have an heir to his house

and to his hopes. Hence, last summer, when this fair princess, accompanied by her mother, was journeying towards Italy, where her marriage was to be celebrated, the spies of the Elector conveyed intelligence of their route to Vienna, though they travelled in secrecy; and urged by those spies, and by the British cabinet, the Emperor was weak and servile enough to order the imprisonment of Prince James Sobieski; who was accordingly committed as a captive to the monastery of Breig, which crowns the summit of a high bank above the Oder; while the princess, his daughter, in passing through the Tyrol, was rudely arrested, like a fugitive felon, by a party of imperial soldiers, at Inspruck, where she was placed in a convent; and all these outrageous proceedings ensued at the instance of the Protestant Elector who has lately been chosen king of these realms; and in that convent, the unfortunate young lady was kept so strictly, that a party of the Austrian Garde du Corps occupied even the apartment adjoining her bed-chamber."

"We heard of these unjust proceedings," said Lady Winifred.

"And they made the heart of every true English gentleman fire with indignation!" added Sir Lennard.

"But the princess escaped?" said Miss Arden.

"By *my* instrumentality," said I.

"Yours!" she exclaimed, while her fine eyes dilated with surprise.

"By mine. Thus: I was one day in attendance upon the king——"

"What king?" asked Miss Arden.

"There is but one who is indeed a king to us," said I, with a smile; "and perceiving that he was sorely oppressed by the tidings from Inspruck—the more so, as he felt himself powerless without money, men, or influence, to effect the liberation of his affianced wife—my soul was moved for him.

"‘Sire,’ said I, ‘trust this matter to me, and I will relieve the princess, or perish in the attempt.’"

"‘I do trust to you, Errington,’ he replied despondingly, ‘but fear me that you will fail, and in failing lose me one other brave heart. Yet, go; and, whether successful or not, wear this in remembrance of me.’ And taking from his neck the Order of the Bath, he placed it upon mine."

"So you are a knight of the Bath, as well as of St. Louis!" said Lucy Arden.

"I have that honour, madam. Mounted on a good horse, lent to me by Colonel Errington, of the Mousquetaires, with my sword and pistols, and duly furnished with false papers purporting that I was an Irish Catholic, desirous of obtaining military employment in the service of the Emperor, I departed from the king; and, travelling day and night, like a knight-errant of old, entered the Tyrol and reached Inspruck, where I soon discovered the convent of St. Norbert, in which the poor princess was confined.

"Inspruck is the capital of that large Austrian province named the Tyrol,—a land of dense forests, vast mountains that start abruptly to heaven, in lofty peaks and perpendicular precipices that overhang valleys unmatched in beauty and fertility—a combination, of the sublime and terrific with the rich and beautiful,—for when the roses are blooming at Inspruck, the summits of the hills are crowned by eternal ice and snow. Southward of the city stands the famous monastery and convent of Wiltheim, belonging to the white canons and canonesses of St. Norbert. The buildings are of great antiquity, and the convent is surrounded by a wall sixteen feet in height: tradition avers that it was built by Hayman, a gigantic Tyrolese warrior, whose grave is shown close by. This tomb I measured one day, and found to be fifteen feet long, which gives us rather a favourable impression of this gentleman's stature. He had slain a monstrous and fire-vomiting dragon, which came out of the woods each night to demolish the work erected by the masons during the day, so that the building of the monastery, like the web of Penelope, never seemed to proceed, until the sword of Hayman solved the problem; and in corroboration of this, the monks still show the dragon's tongue, which is three spans and a half long, and is deemed the most valuable relic in their treasury.

"I left my horse at an auberge near the chancery in the city, placed my loaded pistols in my girdle, and walked to the convent of St. Norbert; and there the loftiness of the boundary wall, the grated loopholes, the iron gates, and the number of grave and severe-looking porters, gardeners, and lay-brothers, whom I saw lounging and prowling about the vicinity, made me already despair of success. But then my



word was pledged to the king ! and this circumstance made it imperatively necessary that I should essay something for the rescue of his betrothed.

"A body of the Austrian guards (a hundred, at least, in number) occupied the porch of the convent, and their sentinels were at every angle of the wall. Thus the poor princess was doubly a prisoner, under the eyes of the military and ecclesiastical authorities. I walked, slowly and thoughtfully, twice round the walls, without arriving at any conclusion or mode of operation, but finding that already the eyes of the suspicious sentinels were upon me, I returned with a heavy heart to the auberge, and sought to find inspiration in a stoup of Rhenish wine. Fortunately, I found the host very communicative and garrulous on the subject of the imprisoned princess, the more so, as his daughter was employed every day in the convent.

"‘Your daughter !’ I exclaimed ; ‘has she the *entrée* of this closely-guarded place ?’

"‘Yes, daily ; she is employed by the nuns in flower and needle-work, and in painting shells and feathers.’

"‘And has she seen the princess ?’

"‘She sees her daily in the convent garden.’

"‘Indeed—in the garden ?’

"‘Which is within that very high wall.’

"‘Ouf ! I have seen it,’ said I.

"‘Yes, and the princess has done my daughter the honour to conceive a very great regard for her ; because the girl is said to be singularly like her in face and in figure—but here comes Cunegonda to speak for herself. She returns home every evening, for, at present, so strict is the watch kept upon the convent that none but the white canonesses are permitted to remain at night within its walls.’”

"Here was at once a medium of communication with the princess, and I had some difficulty in concealing the joy this discovery gave me. I at once applied myself to study the character of Cunegonda, who was indeed a remarkably handsome girl, but simple as a child ; and I sought every means to make her subservient to me, and useful in the cause of my king. I found her to be trustful and affectionate ; a devout believer in the wonderful miracles of St. Norbert, and full of pity for the young princess. A few presents, chiefly of a religious kind—such as a rosary, a little gilt case of relics, given

openly in presence of her father, won her confidence ; and thus, a day or two after, 'Cunegonda,' said I, 'do you know why the princess is imprisoned here ?'

" 'Because she was about to marry a handsome young man of whom the emperor disapproved.'

" 'Who told you so ?' I whispered.

" 'The princess herself.'

" 'Exactly—it is so.'

" 'Well,' said Cunegonda, shaking her pretty head impressively ; 'I think the emperor very wicked and cruel, and wish I were near him to tell him so. If this princess—and oh, she is beautiful——'

" 'And so like you, Cunegonda.'

" 'Well, if she is in love, what business is it of the emperor's. But tell me pray, who is her lover—whom was she about to marry ?'

" 'Swear by this cross, Cunegonda, that you will never reveal it, if I tell you,'

" 'I swear,' putting her rosy lips to the gilt cross at her rosary, while her fine dark eyes beamed with pleasure at the expected revelation ; 'well—how you pause—she was about to marry——'

" 'Me.'

" 'You !' she exclaimed, while her voice trembled.

" 'Yes—is there anything wonderful in that ?'

" 'Oh no, mein Herr—but yet it seems so strange that you should be here in our poor *auberge*. I thought you were a lover by your eyes.'

" 'By my eyes ?'

" 'Yes—you seem so sad and thoughtful ; and you are here in disguise ?'

" 'I am her cousin,' said I, resolving that my little plot should not be marred by lack of plausibility ; 'we were reared together, when very little children, Cunegonda—we had the same nurse, and I have been told that we often slept in the same cradle. We grew together, like twin plants or tendrils, and we learned to love each other with a tenderness that grew with our years. Oh, you cannot think how much we love each other, Cunegonda ; nor can you know all I suffer in finding her thus secluded—thus hopelessly separated from me.' I acted my part so well, that the eyes of poor Cunegonda actually filled with tears.

“‘How much I should like to have a cousin—one such as you—who loved me thus. To-morrow I will tell her that you are here.’

“‘Thanks, dearest Cunegonda. I am a wealthy prince from the Black Forest of Thuringia, and will make you the happiest woman in Inspruck for this.’

“‘Oh, mein Herr!’ said she, blushing with pleasure to find herself the *confidante* of one so high in rank.

“‘Oh, yes; I shall tell the dear princess that her cousin—What is your name?’

“‘My name is Norbert.’

“‘The same as our saint!’

“‘He was a relation of our family. At my castle in Thuringia, we still possess the ball of fire which fell from heaven for his conversion.’

“‘Then, I shall say that her cousin, Prince Norbert, from the Black Forest, is here in disguise, at our auberge, and—and—what more shall I say?’

“Conceiving that the princess might not express a corresponding degree of delight on hearing of this new lover and relation, I deemed it better to intrust Cunegonda with a letter, enclosing one from the king; and she, enchanted to be the medium of communication between two lovers—a real princess and a prince from the Black Forest, a locality of which she had a very vague idea—consented to do so at once, giving me at the same time reiterated assurances of her fidelity and secrecy. Poor Cunegonda! she seemed so happy, so handsome, and was withal so good and honest a girl, that I felt sincere compunction when thus deluding her into a dangerous conspiracy; but I had already gone too far to retract.

“In my letter, I told the princess who I was, from *whom* and from whence I had come; and that I was at the auberge near the chancery, waiting to free her, at all hazards, from the thralldom to which she was so lawlessly and unworthily subjected. I begged to lay before her the credential of my king; and I suggested that, as she and the bearer Cunegonda were said to be somewhat of the same height and appearance, they should, on a convenient opportunity, exchange their dresses, and thus enable an escape to be achieved.

“This letter I sealed by a private signet lent to me by his majesty the king, and I saw my pretty messenger depart with it, next morning, and enter the guarded convent.

I waited the event with anxiety, and not without fear, lest some false step of Cunegonda might betray the plan and destroy me: the hours of that day seemed as if they never would pass—the hands of the great cathedral clock appeared literally to stand still, as if frozen on the shining dial, and momentarily I expected to see Austrian soldiers visit the auberge, to announce that my project had failed, and the spy of the English Pretender was to be seized.

“At last the day began to close, and evening came. With joy I watched the red and golden hues of sunset rising from the green and wooded vale of Inspruck, to linger on the mountain slopes, and give place to the shades of evening, until the last rays of the sun died away upon the snow-clad peaks, and left their cold blue cones in dark outline against the starry sky. I walked towards the convent, which was separated from the city by a spacious meadow, and there I saw Cunegonda, in her picturesque Tyrolean peasant costume, with a huge basket of needlework on her head, coming hastily from the convent gate, and tripping on heedless of the white-coated Austrian sentinel, who whistled to her, and, in a rough spirit of fun or gallantry, begged that she would speak with him. My heart beat like lightning, and I sprang towards her.

“‘Cunegonda!’ I exclaimed, and threw my arms round her; ‘you have delivered my letter!’

“She turned abruptly; and, to my astonishment, I saw—not Cunegonda—but the pale, beautiful face and black eyes of the Polish princess—the betrothed Queen of James III.—she whom I had come to rescue! Oh, in a moment, I knew that lovely face and high-born bearing; for I had often admired her portrait in the cabinet of the king.

“‘Monsieur,’ she said, in French, ‘you are——’

“‘Lieutenant Errington, of the regiment of Fitzgerald—O mademoiselle, pardon me!’ I exclaimed, clasping my hands; ‘I dare not raise my hat, for the Austrian sentinels are watching me.’

“‘Thanks! a thousand thanks to you, monsieur, and to that honest girl, who lent me this dress, and who is also to make her escape to-night when the guards are changed. At last I am free, after three months of severe and degrading captivity.’

“‘We have not an instant to lose, mademoiselle; for the

moment your flight becomes known, all the troops at Inspruck will be under arms ; the whole Tyrol will be on the alert !’

“ ‘I commit myself to your care—to your honour, monsieur ; for with you it remains to complete the loyal task you have undertaken——’

“ ‘In your cause, mademoiselle.’

“ ‘And the king’s ?’

“ ‘True,’ said I, bowing low ; for in truth her beauty was beginning to dazzle me.”

“I fear you are very inflammable, Mr. Errington,” said Miss Arden ; “a moment ago, I was quite prepared to hear that you had fallen in love with Cunegonda.”

“Leaving the princess in the porch of a church to await me, I rushed to the auberge, feeling almost giddy at this sudden and unexpected triumph of my undertaking. I paid my bill, called for my horse, examined my pistols, and, in the dark and quite unseen, left Inspruck with the Princess Clementina seated *en croupe* behind me. Oh, what a moment of glory was that ! But we had not been half an hour on the road, when the boom of heavy cannon and the blaze of rockets in our rear announced to all the city that the bird was flown—that the Polish princess had escaped ! The commandant of Inspruck despatched dragoons and couriers upon all the roads to arrest us ; and we had at least twenty hair-breadth escapes.

“A courier fleetly mounted overtook us on a solitary path which passed through a forest ; grey dawn was just breaking, and my fair companion was becoming weary, cold, and pale, while my horse was failing, too, with his double burden. The foe perceived in a moment that we were the identical fugitives of whom he was in search, and for whose apprehension he was bearing orders to the officers commanding on the frontiers. Though I was encumbered by the princess, this ruffian snapped both his pistols at me ; but luckily they missed fire, and by one shot from mine, I broke his right leg, tumbling him from his horse, of which I immediately possessed myself. I then rifled him of his hat and capote as a disguise for the princess, whom I placed in his saddle. I searched his pockets for his credentials and papers, of which I immediately possessed myself, and then, dragging him a little off the highway, left him to his fate,—a cruel alternative,

certainly, in a place so wild and solitary ; but you must bear in mind, that had we been retaken, our king had lost his bride, and I had been broken alive on the wheel, in the market-place of Inspruck, so surely as my name is Edward Errington ; and as for the poor courier, I only fear me that the Tyrolian wolves would soon end his pain after we rode on."

Lucy Arden clasped her hands and shuddered.

"Day and night we travelled, almost without a halt, and after sixty hours of incessant toil reached the frontier, where I delivered to the Austrian commandant the orders for my own detention ; and passing onward unquestioned and unsuspected, as a courier of the Emperor, with a travelling companion, we entered the states of the Church, and reached in safety the city of Bologna, where we were received by a Scottish noble, the Lord Dunbar, to whose care I consigned my precious and well-nigh exhausted charge, whom soon after he married at Rome——"

"Married !" exclaimed Lady Winifred.

"As *proxy* for King James," I continued, with a smile ; "and his majesty has never forgotten the service I rendered him in freeing his bride from the tyranny of Austria and the machinations of the Elector of Hanover."

Thus ended my story, which was not without interest to the listeners.

"And poor Cunegonda," said Lucy Arden, "what became of her ?"

"She effected her escape that night from the convent, in the garb of a monk ; but Inspruck became too hot to hold her ; she fled, to escape captivity or worse, and at the expense of the Pope himself was sent to the princess, whose principal and favourite attendant she has become ; but I fear she can scarcely forgive me the trick I played her."

The old lady now asked me to accompany her to the keeper's lodge, with a basket of phials containing drugs and doses for Will Lutterel's youngest bantling, which had been ailing for some time past, and of whose health there had been very alarming accounts that morning, as Gammer Thorley, the old family nurse, reported that a bird had tapped with its bill on the lattice of the sick child's room.

"A sure sign of evil, Mr. Errington," said the Lady Winifred, as she assumed her silken hood and long gold-headed cane ; "for I remember well that before the death

of my husband, the late Sir Humphry—rest him God!—a robin tapped thrice with his bill on the window of his bedroom.”

As I carried her little basket of medicines across the green and sunny lawn, I thought, with a smile of wonder, how different had been my occupation on that very day twelve months before, when I had been among the stormers of a castle on the Rhine.

In this lawn were a number of beautiful green circles, the charming verdure of which attracted my attention.

“We attribute—or rather our forefathers attributed—these to the elves, who carefully watered the grass of the fairy rings for their moonlight dances,” said Lady Winifred.

The young ladies now hastened to accompany us, and this pleasant accession made my satisfaction complete.

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## CHAPTER XV

IN WHICH I BEGIN TO DETECT “A GREEN-EYED MONSTER.”

AT dinner that day I had the pleasure of sitting beside Miss Arden, to the evident annoyance of Mr. Willoughby; and I was somewhat concerned to observe this, as I had no idea of interfering with his views, interests, or attentions to the young lady. While remembering the arduous task I had undertaken, and the high trust reposed in me by the Jacobite party, I had every honest and earnest desire to conciliate all, and make as many friends to our cause and for myself as possible.

The dinner was served up in the old English style of plenty and profusion. The first course consisted of two pigeon pies, a fricassee of rabbits, and a haunch of roasted venison; in the second course were roasted wild fowl, chickens, fried fish from the Mersey, collared pig, eggs in gravy, tarts and plum-pudding, with ale, sack, and canary, in tankards or huge green glasses. Old Sir Harry Leigh sat on the right hand of Lady Winifred, who did not appear to find his conversation very amusing.

In that secluded district Lucy Arden had seen few, perhaps no other gentlemen, than her cousin Sir Lennard and his country neighbours, who were, almost to a man,

rough, deep-drinking, high-playing, hard-riding, swearing and gambling, fox-hunting squires—men who spent half their days in the field, the stable, or kennel, and half their nights at the table, or *under* it; consequently, the *suave* politeness with which I treated her and the other two ladies made me more than a favourite; and thus it was, as the reader may already have begun to suspect, her interest in me, and mine in her, soon gave place to a deeper, kinder, and more tender sentiment—one that was to be more enduring.

While the girls, with the natural curiosity of those who live rather a secluded life, pressed me to tell them of the persons with whom I had spoken on the Continent, the places I had visited far away from quiet Hollywood, Willoughby would insist on Chatty Leigh hearing him detail the late great cricket match in the Artillery Ground at London, “when the county of Kent played against all England, and beat it. There were present the king——”

“The Elector, you mean,” said Sir Lennard, in an undertone.

“The Earl of Rocheford——”

“William de Nassau, a Dutch Whig of the Revolution time,” said Sir Lennard.

“The Earl of Grantham and the Marquis of Harwich——”

“Zounds! the first is a renegade Frenchman, who got a pretty slice of Lincolnshire.”

“May he be choked in the fens thereof,” concluded Willoughby, tearing with his teeth at the wing of a chicken.

“Amen! say I,” added Sir Lennard. “The second is a Schomberg, whose father came over with William.”

“All rumpers and Hanover rats, whose names shall one day, please God, be struck from the rolls of our English nobility,” said the squire.

I thought all these opinions of the leading Whig nobles alike free and unwise, when so many servants were present. Then Willoughby related to the ladies how, on that morning, he had blown the d—d brains out of his pointer Spot, because he had blinked a bird, or failed to point at it; and then, by raising his voice to enforce the attention of all, he gave them a long and noisy narrative of how the hounds had run over Hoole Heath on a certain occasion, how old Sir Harry hallooed and tumbled headlong over a sunk fence,



how the chase was the finest ever seen in Cheshire, and well worth going a hundred miles to see. Sir Harry, who was rather fretty and irritable, insisted on talking of the market price of corn, and how farmer Beckett, of Clodpole Farm, on his estate, had "zold his old ricks at twenty marks a bushel over the market price ; how Thorley and the landlord of the Three Talbots were the most notorious poachers in England, and zet znares in his park, and how zix brace of plump partridges shot by them had been found in his marl meadow ; how his housekeeper had bought from Gammer Becket an Alderney cow, that gave six gallons of milk per diem after the calf had been sent to the kitchen," and so forth, with much more agricultural news and local gossip of equal interest and importance to the world in general.

From this every-day style of conversation, which bored her, Lucy Arden turned again to speak with me of Versailles, of Paris, of Lyons, and of the little court of plots and intrigues, of yearning hearts and broken fortunes, at St. Germain en Laye ; but on these subjects we had to converse in an under-tone, for Sir Harry Leigh was a determined Whig ; and this same under-tone which his presence compelled us to adopt, proved in itself a source of suspicion and offence to Mr. Willoughby. But, pleased by the preference of Miss Arden, dazzled by her beauty, which seemed to grow upon my fancy more and more, won by the sweetness of her manner, I forgot all about this rough and dissipated squire ; and yielding to the impulses of the moment, continued to converse with her during dinner ; for we could speak of a thousand subjects of which he knew not even the name.

I had to describe the palace of the Tuileries, with its handsome courts, its beautiful gardens, and the theatre built by Cardinal Richelieu for tragedies, but now made an opera-house ; the gallery of the Luxembourg ; the palace of St. Germain, with its magnificent terraces, its curious wall and square pavilions ; Versailles with all its splendours ; Marli, which Louis XIV had just completed as a country palace for amusement ; and St. Cloud, where I had once slept, in the same room in which Henry III. was stabbed by a friar.

I could tell them that I had twice the honour of conversing with Madame Maintenon—she by whose tears and entreaties Louis was prevailed upon to proclaim the son of the late King James by the title of James III. of England

and VIII. of Scotland,—a measure which only seemed to make more firm the alliance between Great Britain and Holland. I had seen the Grand Monarque at the head of forty thousand soldiers, the finest in Europe ; I had seen Villars, Villeroy, Count Tallard, the minister Torcy, and all the great Frenchmen of the time, when on military duty at the royal palaces. I could amuse the girls, too, with the lighter topics of the French comedy, the opera, the masquerade, the camp, the army, and the gallant fellows of the Irish brigade—the regiments of Dillon, Clare, and Fitzgerald—of duels and the Bastille,—all subjects which these simple country people happily, perchance, knew only by name : but the ladies listened to me with attention ; so the usually loquacious and noisy Willoughby found himself—to his own astonishment and perplexity—reduced to the condition of a mere cipher ; and until the wine circulated freely, he was very sulky and reserved.

Sir Harry Leigh was in the habit of boasting that he “woundily hated voreigners and everything voreign ;” and, consequently, he would have despised a Racine, a Raphael, a Galileo, or a Tycho Brahé, and would have preferred “Arthur O’Bradley” to the sweetest song of Corinna. Hence he shared with Willoughby a sense of annoyance at “all this palaver about voreign parts ;” for I observed him regarding me from time to time with a cloudy expression, which reminded me of my unpleasant introduction to him at the hunting-lodge, under the auspices of Samuel Thorley and his rabble. But now toast and tankard went round, and fortunately I drank thereof immediately after Lucy Arden, from a huge silver cup having four embossed handles and a scutcheon graven with the three wheatsheaves. When dinner was over, and the board cleared, before Lady Winifred, her fair visitor, and niece, retired, the latter prepared a tankard of favourite punch for the old baronet, by squeezing with her pretty white hands four Seville oranges into a quart of water, sweetened with fine sugar ; and to this she added a pint of sack, with a dash of brandy.

As the ladies withdrew, I gazed after them with a longing to follow to the drawing-room ; but this was impossible, because to have done so would have disgraced me for ever in the eyes of such men as Sir Harry and Squire Willoughby ; if not, perhaps, in the eyes of Sir Lennard too. Thus I

remained, and with no small repugnance prepared myself for a night of deep drinking, such as I had been a stranger to in France.

Sir Lennard desired us all to fill our glasses, and standing up, he exclaimed, as he tossed off his wine,—

“Liberty, loyalty, and the long head of hair!”

This toast was long famous in the counties along the Welsh border, and referred to the long flowing locks of Charles I. and his cavaliers.

“I am, God be praised for it, a Vig, sirs, a stanch Vig; yet I don’t care if I drink it with you,” growled Sir Harry. “The white rose has cost zome of my volks dear enow in ancient times.”

“True,” said Sir Lennard, laughing; “but it is a long time since the year 1399, when Sir Piers Leigh, of Lymme, steward of Macclesfield and of Delamere Forest, was beheaded at Chester, as an adherent of the house of York.”

“I hope it may be quite as long again before another of the vamily loses a head in these games,” muttered old Sir Harry, into whose somewhat empty cranium the fumes of Miss Arden’s sack posset had mounted. Thus, he gradually became jolly; his frigid manner thawed even towards me; and he proceeded, in rather coarse terms, to rally Squire Willoughby about Anna, the pretty ballad-singer, with whom he averred he had seen him more than once, toying in the bar-parlour of the King’s Head at Chester.

“Zounds!” said Sir Lennard, “is it so, Dick; take care how Lucy hears of this! I think you might find a more choice object to toy with than the cousin, and, as some aver, the mistress of that rascal Thorley, who seems to unite the pleasant occupations of robber, smuggler, and poacher, with that of a butcher, in Chester.”

“But the girl is handsome enough to be a countess,” urged Willoughby.

“A Hanoverian countess, perhaps.”

“Nay, an English countess! have you ever seen her, Arden?”

“No; but I have heard much of her beauty and modesty, though I never believed in either.”

“Yet,” said Willoughby, with a half jocular and half

malicious manner, "I found our friend Mr. Errington and Sam Thorley tilting at each other's throats about her, the other night, in Chester."

"In Chester!"

"Yes—at Tom Tapster's door; there was a brawl—a regular row; and Thorley got the worst of it, I promise you!"

Sir Lennard turned to me; and I briefly related the story of my interference to save the girl from Thorley's insolence, and how he had vowed *revenge*—a word that stirred a chord most strangely in my memory.

"And this took place in the Pentise?"

"The most populous part of the city; in front of the King's Head," I replied.

"It was formerly the Queen's Head," said Sir Lennard to me; "but now a portrait of the Elector replaces that of her late majesty of happy memory."

"So the world wags," laughed Willoughby.

"True; and the spirit of selfishness and compliance, of which that trifle is an example, will be the chief enemy we shall have to encounter," said I; "to quote the player, Sir Lennard,—

" 'I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano—  
A stage where every man must play his part,  
And *mine a sad one!* ' "

"Come, come, Sir Harry!" cried Willoughby, giving the old baronet a punch on the back, which made him start from a doze, into which he had been gradually subsiding; "fill once more, and drink with us——"

"Not to the long head of hair again?"

"To the tow wig of the Elector, if you like; but why not the other?"

"Dash it! once, squire, is quite enough for me."

"Pshaw! thou incorrigible old Roundhead; art thou really so dull as not to see that something great is at hand?"

"Great! what do you mean—at hand—where?" asked the other, opening wide his ferret-like eyes, and gazing round the hall.

"Willoughby, do be wary," said Sir Lennard, angrily.

"Zounds!" continued the heedless squire, "the land is

full of omens. My aunt Judith's cock macaw hath layed an egg; and all our hens at Weston have been crowing of late."

"And volks do zay, that in Warrington steeple the bell tolled of its own accord, on the zixteenth of last Zeptember."

"Hallo!" bawled the squire, "what anniversary is that?"

"King James II.'s death, at St. Germain's," said I.

"It is quite plain we shall hear of a rising in Scotland ere long, or of the Pretender landing."

"Yea, squire," hiccuped Sir Harry, who was fast becoming literally drunk; "vor volks zay, the Earl of Mar hath gone north in bad humour; and we all know what a pestilent zet these Scotsmen be."

"Yet he kissed the king's hand at St. James's before he went home," said I.

"Yea," added Willoughby in a tragi-comic tone—"home to raise the Highland clans; and *when* they rise, we shall exclaim with the player in 'King John,'—

"Speak, citizens, for England—who's your king?"

Sir Lennard gave me a deep glance, and drained his glass, over which I felt assured he had breathed an unuttered toast.

Sir Harry Leigh surveyed us all in succession with an aspect of tipsy perplexity and ill-concealed anger lurking in his eyes, till suddenly detecting something of our meaning, and knowing well the secret political sentiments of his host, he staggered up, and exclaimed, while striking his clenched hand on the table,—

"Every hog hath his own apple! I have no wish to meddle with this ticklish ware—not I. I am no Jacobite-or gunpow-ow-owder plotter either; and value no man a brass varden—here's confusion to 'em all!" and snatching a large tankard full of wine or strong ale, I know not which, he drained it by one effort, and then fell flat on the tiled floor exclaiming,—

"Down with all voreigners and papists—to the stocks or to Tyburn with 'em! I am a vree-born Englishman, worth twenty thousand a year, and value no man a Queen Anne's zix—zixpence, no zink me—not I—Yoicks—tally ho! tally

ho!" And sprawling out his hands, after a snort or two, he lay still and quiet, till three footmen bore him off to bed.

"Shut the door, Willoughby," said Sir Lennard, "now that our irritable Whig friend, old square-toes, has gone to roost, we may without fear tread on an orange, and drink to our own king, or to the little gentleman that works under ground."\*

"Bravo!" replied the squire, tossing off a bumper of port; "may the white horse break its neck over a mound of his own making."

"The best mound for that will be the National Debt, for which we may thank William III., with his Dutch wars and foreign sympathies."

"Yoicks," said Willoughby, filling his glass again; "we shall send the debt and the devil home to Hanover together."

"Come, Dick — a song," said Sir Lennard; "for I know thou hast as many as thy friend the little ballad-singer, whom we all know of."

Without preamble or other accompaniment than clanking his tankard on the oak table, Willoughby, who had a loud, manly, and rather musical voice, struck up a loyal old catch of the Cromwellian days.

## I.

"Ho, Barre-boy, roar agen;  
We will drink like English men;  
For every tankard bring up ten.  
And I hope this is no treason;  
For he that is  
In a land like this,  
Must lay aside his reason.  
Jug! jug! jug! Gluggity jug! jug!

## II.

"Then, let us drink a health to *his* fame,  
Whom for our heads we dare not name;  
Who for a throne  
We dare not own;  
So bring in your wine to fill up our pots,  
For the day is at hand that shall end our plots.  
And I hope this is no treason;  
For he that is  
In a land like this,  
Must lay aside his reason.  
Jug! jug! jug! Gluggity jug! jug!"

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\* Alluding to the molehill on which the horse of William III.

Such a ditty as this sounded strange to me, who had been accustomed to the refined music of the French opera, where I had heard "*Les Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus*," the "*Alceste*," and the "*Armide*" of Lulli, whom Louis XIV had just made *secrétaire du roi*; but if the squire's song required melody, it had plenty of noise and jollity in it; and there we continued to linger over our wine in that quaint old English hall, till the light of the August evening faded away in its latticed windows, and their massive mullions cast deep shadows on the tiled floor, as the moon rose above the copse-wood; and there till the hour waxed late did we ponder and talk of the coming strife, and gain imaginary triumphs, fight victorious battles, drink loyal toasts, and rear up palaces full of light and joy, glory and conquest.

At last we retired to rest; but sleep was long in coming to me; for the sweet downcast face, the long eyelashes, the quiet, soft, dark eyes and winning voice of Lucy Arden hovered before me, and she was the object of my last thought as I went to the land of dreams.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### A WEEK AFTER.

AT HOLLYWOOD a happy week glided away without our hearing tidings from Will Lutterell, for whose return from Northumberland the baronet now looked daily with some anxiety. During that week I seemed to have entered upon another state of existence from that to which I had hitherto been accustomed: my mind became imbued with new ideas, new impulses, new hope and anxieties. In short, it was impossible for me to live under the same roof, to sit at the same table, and hourly to enjoy the society of such a girl as Lucy Arden, without experiencing a soothing and seductive charm in that intercourse, and learning gradually to esteem and to love her; for she was the most estimable, lovable, and certainly the most winning girl I had met. Moreover, I had been so long in the land of dark women and sallow skins,

stumbled and threw him, thereby causing his death, in January, 1702. It was a favourite Jacobite toast.

that the fair complexion and pure bloom of an English girl were all the more attractive to me.

The time I spent with Sir Lennard or Squire Willoughby over billiards, cards, and backgammon, whist or primero, in shooting over the heaths and meadows, in fishing along the Mersey or in the meres—even the hours spent in making arrangements for the projected rising in arms—I deemed spent worthlessly, and time lost, in fact; and I always hastened to rejoin the ladies, and more particularly Miss Arden. Having come straight from the French camp and from the vicinity of a court, where Madame Maintenon reigned supreme, and where I had seen the painted, patched, frivolous, and unreal women of Paris, I found in the society of these pure, high-minded, simple, and beautiful country girls, a charm which filled my heart with tenderness and happy aspirations.

Chatty Leigh was brilliantly fair, and her blue eyes seemed to sparkle with roguery as her breast vibrated with fun and frolic. She appeared to be the favourite of Sir Lennard, as if from very contrast to himself; for he was often grave, even sombre, though at all times courtly and polite; and I considered it remarkable that a coarse old man like Sir Harry, with a visage empurpled by venison, sack, and exposure to the weather, had a daughter so pretty. She was his only child, moreover, and heiress of the Leigh, a fine old manor worth twenty thousand per annum.

Lucy Arden, I have said, was dark-eyed, quiet in spirit, gentle in manner, and more equal in temperament than her friend; and Squire Willoughby, who appeared to be a privileged and somewhat permanent visitor at Hollywood, and who spent half his time in loitering about the stables or smoking in the parlour, and much more than half his nights in drinking claret and buttered ale, was understood to be her acknowledged admirer; but beyond seeming sulky, and at times even unmannerly, when he found me much with her, he had manifested as yet no very decided preference for "neighbour Lucy," as he named her. However, it was impossible to foresee what the presence of an enterprising rival might stimulate him to attempt; and one fact was certain, the names of him and Lucy were constantly linked together by the friends and servants of the family, who appeared to behold in her the future mistress of his dilapidated hall at Weston.



The household were all usually astir by six in the morning, when the grey-haired butler rang an antique copper bell that swung on the battlemented portion of the manor-house. At seven, prayers were read by Miss Arden or Lady Winifred to the whole inmates, who were assembled in the hall; but Dick Willoughby was never present at "this devilish dreary business," as he termed it; for he usually spent the morning about the stables, blowing vehemently on a hunting-horn to accustom the nags to it, taking a round of the kennels, or in training young dogs to hunt vermin by trailing a piece of rancid bacon about a hundred yards before them over the dewy lawn, and in similar occupations.

The peace and plenty, the affection and love, in which this household dwelt in their picturesque old English home, surrounded by its dear domestic and old historic memories, and by their pastoral lawns and dark ancestral woods, affected me much, for I was one who had never known a home nor aught of kindred ties; and often, when I saw the pale-faced and noble-looking Lady Winifred, in her high commode, her wheel-hoop, and diamonds, seated in the bay of a deep oriel, with the two graceful girls on little tabourettes by her side, reading, sewing, or quietly conversing, I prayed in my inmost heart that the coming civil war and misfortune, of which I, alas! was perhaps the ill-omened harbinger, might never visit the house or race of Hollywood, and bring a blight upon the even tenor of their simple but happy and contented existence.

Once in the year Lady Winifred had an anniversary, known in the family as her *dark day*. On these occasions she appeared but little, and then habited entirely in black, and she usually spent many hours in meditation in her own apartment, or in the little oratory which adjoined the mansion.

This dark day was the double anniversary of her husband's death and of the drowning of her youngest son in the Mersey; and as this boy had been her last and favourite child, on finding me a polite, if not a willing listener, she detailed every circumstance connected with the young imp's demise so minutely, again and again, that, at times, when anxious to rejoin Miss Arden on the terrace, in the lawn, or at the spinnet, I was wicked enough to wish internally that Master Oliver Arden had departed this life in a drier and more airy manner; as in that case it would have been less frequently recurred to.

In her own chamber, the walls of which were hung with tapestry worked by one of her predecessors, and painted with moral sentences (although she was said to have been a favourite of Charles II.), she kept a casquetful of the child's toys, which she viewed as a devotee does his relics—a lock of his hair, which was fair and golden, as the hair of English children usually is; and with it she kept that, which interested me much more,—a tress of dark brown that was seamed with silver-grey: on the envelope was written, in the handwriting of Bishop Juxon, “Cut from the head of that true saint and Protestant martyr His Sacred Majestie King Charles I., att Whitehall, on the 30th Jan: 1649.”

“The day of his execution!” I exclaimed, while surveying this relic with deep interest.

“Yes, Mr. Errington,” said she; “I obtained it from the Cholmondelys, of Vale Royal Abbey, who were kinsmen of the Juxon family. The 30th of January was King Charles's dying day, and this lock,” she added, while a hectic crossed her pale and wrinkled cheek, “I keep in my reliquary, with the mementoes of my lost little one. When he was drowned, I treasured the poor child's garments long, and kept them hanging in my room, for little Oliver was my favourite—yet a child foredoomed to evil, for he was born on a Friday, and the rain fell in torrents on his baptismal day. He was my pet—a sweet, curly-headed, plump, and lovable little pet. But the baby-garments soon mouldered, and had to be destroyed; for it is said that the clothes of the dead decay sooner than those of the living.”

“Strange, if true,” said Willoughby bluntly, as he joined us. “Faugh! Lady Winny, these old stories are enough to give one a dose of the dolours. Harkee, butler, get me a stoup of brandy; and be quick.”

“Are you about to leave us?” said I.

“For the stables only,” said he, with a cold smile. “I have to see the bay filly fired, Miss Lucy get her tail docked, and my cob, Bobby, get a warm mash, his feet washed, and his nose sponged.”

Now, as elderly people like an attentive listener, however prosy they may be, having more politeness than Willoughby in this respect, I rose in the estimation of the old lady exactly in proportion as the brusque squire of Weston sank; and, at the same time, I detected in Miss Arden, and even

in her companion, a desire to please me by reading those books of which they had heard me speak, by seeking from me explanations of obscure and difficult passages, and by practising those pieces of music which I had casually praised or mentioned as being the chief favourites in Paris (where the compositions of Lulli were all the rage), or at the little court of the exiled king; though Willoughby, and more especially Sir Harry Leigh, railed at "all such voreign rubbish," as being in no way to compare with "Llewellyn" (a pretty Welsh air, certainly), "Jumping Joan," or "Old Sir Simon the King."

"Heed them not, I pray you, Mr. Errington," said Lucy Arden in a whisper to me one evening, when I felt somewhat nettled by the coarseness of their remarks, which became almost personal to myself.

"Your advice, or your wish, is a law to me," said I, charmed that by this whisper she should establish, even for a moment, a secret understanding between us.

"I repeat, heed not such remarks,—those of Willoughby especially; and you must forgive old Sir Harry Leigh, who has scarcely ever been out of Cheshire. When you described Paris and Versailles to him, the poor man looked as puzzled as if you had spoken of Damascus, Samarcand, or Diarbekr."

"I thank you for your advice, Miss Arden, and will ever be happy to obey you."

"Then you remember the evening I refer to, when the sunset was so beautiful, and you paid such a poetical compliment to the stars——"

"By comparing them to your eyes; but I only quoted Racine," I added with a smile, as I perceived that she laughed aloud, and seemed to know fully the exact value of so extravagant a compliment. Then she coloured a little, and cast down her eyelashes. At that moment I thought her prettiness became absolutely lovely; for when Lucy spoke, her eyes seemed to speak too, and the form of her mouth was perfect. With all her modesty, reserve, and purity of thought, she had the most admirable self-possession, which, when united to softness of manner, is very charming in a beautiful woman.

One day, when speaking of ladies' dresses, I happened to remark that gold or maize was ever the most becoming

colour for a dark-eyed or black-haired woman. On that evening, at dinner, I remarked that Miss Arden wore a dress of maize-coloured silk, trimmed with black lace and black ribbons; and really, in this costume, with her high head-dress, her beautiful dark hair being turned over a cushion, and with her pure but brilliant complexion, she looked like a queen. Willoughby was enchanted with her appearance, and remained from the kennel for a time; but he knew not by whose recommendation, or to please whom, that striking dress had been adopted. My heart beat happily and with new courage; as in that little act I read still more her innocent desire to please and to appear with advantage before me. Oh, it was a charming conviction this!

Thus, the motion of a feather will show how the wind is setting in.

"'Zounds, neighbour Lucy," said Sir Harry Leigh, who had just ridden over to Hollywood, where he often came in the evening to smoke a pipe in the oak parlour, "thy portrait by Sir Thingummybob should have shown thee in this dress. 'Slid! but the hussy is handsome! I would that my lass Chatty were a Charley for thy sake, or I were some twenty years younger."

"When sitting for that portrait, papa, she *then* preferred her green flowered suit with Mecklin lace," said Chatty, with a sly smile in her blue eyes.

"Green suit, hey—that was the dress I brought her from London, as a New-Year's gift," said Willoughby.

"And I wore it," said Lucy, "to please——"

"Me?"

"No—the painter."

"Thank you, Miss Arden, you are plain—deuced plain, neighbour," replied Willoughby, sucking as usual the bone handle of a huge hunting-whip.

"But that portrait of you is the most attractive piece of furniture in Hollywood," said Sir Lennard, who seemed to dislike the turn this conversation had taken.

"And, neighbour Lucy," said the old baronet, who, with all his constitutional crustiness, found himself compelled to thaw under the influence of a young and handsome girl, "is it not droll to think that this portrait may one day be looked on as the likeness of some young imp's old grandmother?"

"A young heir of Weston Hall, perhaps," was Willoughby's coarse addendum in an under-tone, as he lashed his boots with his whip.

Chatty Leigh laughed, as she did at everything; but Lucy, while endeavouring to smile, blushed red with anger, and retorted, by saying,

"Nay, I assure you, Mr. Willoughby, there is no chance whatever of *that* being in futurity."

She then asked me to open her spinnet, and presenting her with my hand, I led her across the apartment. She gave me one timid glance, as if she had, perhaps, said too much, and as if dreading to betray her secret interest in me, or her real emotions, before her proud cousin, his dissipated companion Willoughby, or, more than all, before her penetrating friend Chatty Leigh. The anxious, nervous glance we each exchanged would have been apparent to more keen observers; such might have remarked how, for a moment, I retained her hand in mine, and how she permitted it to linger there; but such delightful signals of intelligence—these momentary actions that indicate a sudden gush of secret tenderness—were then equally lost upon them all. Of love, they never seemed to suspect us. Yet the soft pressure of her lingering hand and the intelligent glance of her beautiful eye sank deep—oh, how deep—into my soul! But had either Sir Lennard or Willoughby suspected me of the passion I was nursing, they would, perhaps, have run me through the body with as little compunction as they might have baited a badger.

Seating herself at the spinnet, to change the subject entirely, Miss Arden ran her fingers over the keys, and commenced the "Lover's Vow," a song of the loyal Bishop Atterbury, who had composed it in honour of Lady Winifred, whom he then celebrated under the name of Sylvia:—

"Fair Sylvia, cease to blame my youth,  
For having loved before;  
For men, till they have learn'd the truth,  
Strange deities adore."

A song for which old Sir Humphry once, in his cups, swore, if the Bishop would exchange his lawn sleeves for a buff jerkin, he would spit him like a lark.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## STRUGGLES OF THE HEART.

I MADE many wise and honourable resolutions to struggle with and to repress this love, this charming passion, that day by day was growing in my heart, and weaving itself with my very existence, for this enchanting girl, in whose society I was hourly thrown ; but such resolutions were formed in vain, or no sooner formed than dissipated by the sound of Lucy's voice, by a word or by a smile from her dark eyes ; and so time glided on. Our messenger to the loyal gentlemen of Northumberland and Yorkshire had not yet returned, and ere one more week elapsed, I felt myself Willoughby's rival for life, and found that I was in love—helplessly, and perhaps hopelessly in love—with Lucy Arden !

To tear myself from the charm of her presence and of her society, circumstanced as I was then, became an impossibility ; for until the messenger of Sir Lennard returned,—and his delay caused us many fears that he had been intercepted, in which case sudden and irrevocable ruin would fall on us and all our projects,—it was, I say, impossible ; for whither could I have gone, and where else could I have resided with security ; for the commission I bore, and the service on which I had come hither, rendered me a proscribed and outlawed man.

Hollywood Hall had been indicated to me as my proper head-quarters, my base of diplomatic operations, my *point d'appui*, as Madame de Maintenon had told me when I passed through Paris on my way to England ; and there I was compelled to remain until the loyalty of the English Jacobites was tested, and their lagging ardour fired by the intelligence which I daily expected from Scotland ; to wit, a rising of the reckless Cavalier clans, under the noble earl of Mar, of whose mission to the northern kingdom I was better acquainted than the new monarch, George the First, to whom he had lately bidden a respectful adieu in the palace of St. James.

Thus I was fixed at Hollywood Hall by circumstances beyond my own control ; moreover, lured as I was by Lucy's presence, how could I leave it, or how avoid the temptation

of loving her,—I who was then but four-and-twenty? I knew my poverty, and the still more fatal crime of obscurity which attached to my name—a damning fault in the eyes of those who set great store on painted scutcheons, gilded crests, and such fantastic rubbish. I knew that all I possessed of fortune, honour, and reputation, were my crosses of the Bath and of St. Louis, with my commission in the Irish regiment of the exiled Fitzgerald. I knew that in time Lucy Arden might be wooed and won; that she might, like Desdemona, “love me for the dangers I had dared;” but how would Lady Winifred, whose ideas were formed on the whimsies of a past and prouder age, or how would Sir Lennard, whose cold and somewhat aristocratic reserve was at times, to my restless and irritable spirit, rather galling, view such a love as mine—dare I say *ours*?

These were the bitter convictions and sorrowful reflections which damped my growing passion; but any attempt to stifle it was futile. I had not the hardihood to say that I loved her, for I trembled at the chance of a repulse; but that Miss Arden, with all a woman’s intuition on such a subject, read and knew the secret of my soul, I had no doubt; yet my demeanour towards her was far from being either marked or intrusive: nor need a lover’s bearing ever be so; for, as a most pleasing English writer has remarked, “a continuation of quiet attentions, leaving their *meaning* to the *imagination*, is the best mode of gaining a female heart;” and such quiet attentions were my study.

In the quiet and retirement of that old secluded hall; in our rambles among those beautiful lanes, so peculiar to the district,—leafy alleys, bordered by thick, wild hedgerows, where the sombre holly, the green hop, and the creeping bramble, all grew in matted masses of varied green, under rows of aged elms and still more aged oaks; in places such as these, when the red sun was sinking in the west, and the shadows of Hollywood, of its groves, and of the deer that stalked under them, were thrown far across the velvet lawn; when a golden gleam rested on the ruined height of Halton, and on the ripples of the Mersey that ran towards the sea, opportunities for such “quiet attentions” were not wanting.

But unfortunately in these rides and rambles we were often accompanied by Sir Lennard, and more often than we

desired by Willoughby, who, in his buckskin breeches tied at the knee by those tagged leather laces named from an adjacent village Congleton points, a green frock embroidered with faded silver, and a hat of the hunting cock, was fond of displaying all the mettle and graces of his favourite bay filly; and then we were never without a couple of armed valets, mounted on stout heavy horses ambling close behind us. These we sometimes contrived to elude by the old stratagem of proposing a race or scamper, and riding on for a mile or two, till we distanced them, or by darting down a cross-road; but Squire Willoughby, being well mounted, and having all his wits sharpened by a jealousy and suspicion of me, was neither to be baffled nor eluded thus; moreover, he knew every by-path and lane as well as a Macclesfield pedlar. Our rambles extended all over the country, and Lucy Arden was my guide and cicerone; for Willoughby knew as much about the past history of the land as the bay filly he rode, and cared quite as much.

I was shown the old church at Warrington, wherein are the cross-legged effigy of more than one Crusader, the marble tomb of a knight and lady who were slain in a castle two miles distant, and the statue of a faithful servant who saved their son and heir from the Puritans of Cromwell; and at Hillcliff I was shown a secluded burial-place, wherein tradition averred there lay a thousand Scots of Hamilton's Cavalier army, who had fallen in the conflict at Warrington Bridge. I was shown the haunted pool of Bagmere, near which stands Brereton Hall, an old house of the Tudor times; and in this pool, as Lady Winifred told me with the utmost good faith, when one of the Breretons was about to die, an ancient tree was observed to rise and float for three days, or until the dead man was buried; and then, as his body was lowered into the grave, so sank that mysterious tree in the water, and was seen no more, until another scutcheon powdered with heraldic tears hung on the gate of the old brick hall.

One day we rode to Nantwich, a pretty town situated in a luxuriant valley watered by the Weever, and there Lucy presented me to the widow of Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost." She was the daughter of a Cheshire gentleman, remotely connected with the Ardens, and there she continued to reside until her death, which occurred about ten



years after this time. In youth she had been a woman of a proud spirit, a sharp and fiery temper ; but age and decay had softened such asperities, and she was in second childhood when I saw her. In these rambles we occasionally encountered scenes which, though familiar to English eyes in general, seemed somewhat odd to me, who had been schooled at St. Sulpice and in the French camp.

We once met the entire population of a parish assembled to behold the ducking of a scolding wife in the Mersey, where she was dipped again and again, while tied to a stool at the end of a long pole on wheels, until she was completely subdued and her tongue at last silenced. At Lyme, a beautiful little village which lies at the bottom of a deep, dark, wooded dell, and has a remarkable market-cross covered with curious sculpture, we found a man in the stocks at its base, having a Bible tied to his neck. This poor fellow, who was well-nigh dead from the effects of the decayed eggs, mud, and stones with which he was so liberally supplied by the enlightened denizens of the place, had been found guilty of being—like the soldier who received nine hundred lashes at Chester—a Papist or Methodist, I know not which.

On another occasion, at a cross-road near Chester, we were shocked to find a crowd of rustics, with a parish constable—in fact, no other than my former acquaintance, Mr. Timothy Spry—superintending the interment of a poor suicide, coffinless, with a stake of elm driven through his body,—a barbarity performed by a great brawny fellow whose bare arms swung a sledge hammer. In this official I recognized the ruffian Thorley, whose hands seemed ever ready for any atrocity ; and he uttered a coarse mocking laugh as Lucy and I rode hastily past.

After these daily rides, in the long August days, through this land of milk and cheese, of verdure and fertility, we always returned with evening to the Hall, and closed the night with music on the viol, the harp, and spinnet, or a dance on the old tiled floor. Though Lady Winifred and Sir Harry Leigh adhered rigidly to Roger de Coverley, *viz* sometimes danced the new minuet, a graceful measure, consisting of the high step and balance, first ascribed to the people of Poitou the melody having two strains, which, from being repeated, are called reprises, each containing eight or more bars.

In all the thousand opportunities which this intercourse afforded me, I had never spoken once of love to Lucy Arden : but had she not read in my voice, my eyes, my manner, this secret so difficult of concealment ?

I felt assured that she had, and yet had neither avoided nor repelled me ; a conviction that went far to encourage the brightest hope in a lover, even one who had so little to offer with his love as I. Yet, with all this, I found it impossible to repress the usual restless anxiety of a lover, who, while almost hopeless of success, is ever desirous of being with and beholding the object of his love—an intercourse that ever fatally serves to confirm, while it fails to satisfy, the passion.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### LUCY.

ONE day we had ridden to Wynwick, a rustic village of quaint old tumble-down houses, that cluster about a mound, on which, with three old yews shading its buttressed walls, stands a venerable church with a high slender spire. Therein, under their tombs of brass and marble, lie the Leighs of past generations ; and Miss Chatty showed me, with a smile of pride and drollery, the quaint and hideous effigy of an ancestor, "Sir Piers Legh, of Lyme," who was made a banneret at the siege of Berwick by King Edward IV

On leaving this place, among the labyrinth of green lanes which intersect the neighbourhood, Miss Arden and I, by some means, missed or lost Sir Lennard and Chatty Leigh ; after which we gave the whole party the slip by putting our nags to racing speed, which soon placed such a distance between us as to preclude all chance of our being overtaken, for some time at least. This achieved, we gave our horses the reins, and allowed them to walk or amble quietly side by side, while Lucy, still laughing at the success or folly of this escapade, endeavoured to recover breath and answer me when I spoke ; and really at that moment, when she drew her bridle, when her complexion was flushed by excitement, her hazel eyes sparkling, her dark hair, her long feathers and blue riding-habit streaming behind her, I thought I never, even when on guard at the court of Louis XIV., had seen a

more beautiful girl; so much will exercise and vivacity of expression enhance the natural beauty of a young female face.

"I envy you, Miss Arden," said I.

"In what do you envy me?" she asked, with surprise.

"The possession of so much serenity and happiness."

"Nay," said she, laughing still; "I am far from happy, I fear."

"Not happy! Whose face is ever more placid, save when lighted by a smile, than yours; and whose laugh is more gay?"

"Chatty Leigh laughs twice as much as I do, and assuredly thrice as loud."

"You are not happy! It is an enigma."

"My imagination goes beyond the present hour. Thus fancy always mars my present happiness by the fear of future sorrows which we cannot see."

"But sufficient for the day—I hate proverbs, and you know the rest."

"Yet the schemes in which my cousin, Sir Lennard, Mr. Willoughby, and—and——"

"Sir Harry Leigh?"

"No, no—*yourself*—are at present engaged; in short, the lowering of the political clouds around us here is enough to chill my heart at any time."

"I regret," said I, sighing, "to hear such anticipations of evil, especially from *you*, Miss Arden."

"Indeed, Mr. Errington, I am weak enough to confess that the nightly dreams and evil omens seen by my dear old aunt Lady Winny are beginning to impress even me at last."

It was now my turn to laugh; and on philosophical grounds I endeavoured to explain away the absurdity of a belief either in dreams or omens. She listened to all that was advanced, with an attention that was flattering, and remained silent when I ceased, either because she was convinced or puzzled by what was said; and then I began to see the absurdity of talking philosophy to a pretty girl, when a more pleasant topic could be found.

"What think you of all this, Miss Arden?" I asked.

"I know not,—it is very strange; you are but four-and-twenty, and yet you speak, act, and think, as one might do who was many years your senior."

"Adversity in youth is a sure and severe maturer of the heart and mind," said I sadly.

"Adversity !" she softly reiterated.

"Yes, Miss Arden ; for in my earlier days I have known much—but too much of it ; however, these memories of the past are better forgotten now ; let me dream on here, and if possible, be happy while I may—happy while I am permitted to be with *you*."

She was silent for a minute, and the colour left her cheek.

"I do not agree with you in every instance," said she ; "to me, there is a sad but tender pleasure in recalling the faces, the features, the expressions, and the voices of those whom we have loved or lost."

"True—true, I too can feel this. Thus, at times, there come back to my memory strange and vague visions of my infancy,—of a kind female face that was wont to smile upon me—to kiss and to bless me ; of her voice too, that used to sing me to sleep, when I was put to bed at night in a huge dark room, with a canopied couch. By St. Louis ! I think I should know that couch and room again ; there was above the mantelpiece a strange grotesque face, that was an object of childish awe and terror, as it seemed to mock and jabber at me, in the twilighted summer evenings."

"This lady was, perhaps—nay doubtless, was your mother," said Miss Arden in a tone of sympathy.

"If so, where is she now—on earth or in heaven? If the latter, in more than one day of battle and danger, in more than one hour of trial and sorrow," I continued, with an emotion which I found the impossibility of controlling, "I have prayed her to watch over me as an intercessory angel, till I remembered that this might be all an illusion."

"An illusion!—how?"

"Because in heaven, there could be no joy, if spirits there were cognizant of the hapless lot of those they had loved and left on earth."

"Now you are about to become philosophical again."

"Pardon me if I weary you ; but to this imaginary guardian I often prayed when a poor lonely boy, in the gloomy cloisters of St. Sulpice, and, in riper years, when a soldier on the banks of the Danube ; yea, and that she might watch over me on this dangerous errand which led

me to England,—an errand which may make or mar the fortunes of our king ; an errand which gave me the happiness of knowing you, and has kindled in my heart a hope that can die only when that heart grows cold."

Lucy coloured, and grew pale again, at these words. Then she said hurriedly,—

"You have been somewhat infected by the superstition of the Irish soldiery, among whom you have been reared , so, after this avowal of an illusion, which I believe to be a very beautiful sentiment, do not laugh at me for being, in spite of myself, impressed by the dreams of my aunt Winny. But, Mr. Errington, doubt not that that lady *must* have been your mother. Oh ! how provoking,—how sorrowful is the mystery that is here !"

"It is a painful one to me, Miss Arden," I continued, with some depth of feeling ; "if indeed she was my mother, it is long since her birthday kiss, her morning smile, or nightly blessing, has been bestowed on me ; for many, many years, I have been a waif, as it were—a very outcast. Oh, no—assuredly that gentle woman could not be the wife of one of those brutal smugglers among whom I was discovered !"

"*Smugglers !*" reiterated Lucy, colouring deeply.

"Yes, Miss Arden," I replied bitterly, while resolving that no part of my history should be concealed from her,—that I would not stoop under false colours to gain even *her* favour. "One night in Dunkirk, some smugglers, rough and brawling outlaws, the memory of whom seems like a misty dream to me, became involved in a scuffle with the government troops and citizens. Two of the latter were stabbed and slain ; but four of their assailants were taken, and broken alive on the wheel ; while three escaped, leaving me a child, adrift in the streets ; for it seems that I—I was their companion."

"You—you, a child ?"

"I, Miss Arden ; and I see how your colour heightens, and how your proud blood blushes for me."

"Nay, nay——"

"Even as I blush for myself."

"Nay, I repeat, do not speak thus ; for it is impossible that you can be the son of any of these people."

"I thank you for the doubt ; but still it is only, after all,

a doubt. I was assumed to be the son of one of them ; whether of one who escaped, or of one who perished on the wheel in the citadel of Dunkirk, matters little now. Colonel Errington, who, as I have already mentioned, served abroad, found and protected me ; for his heart yearned to the language of old England, though lisped by the son of a—smuggler.”

“ Ah, Mr. Errington ! ”

“ By some mysterious impulse, intuition, or impression, arising I know not from what source, I have begun to link the image of Thorley with those days ; but let me think no more of this, or of these adventures ; for there are times when perplexity of thought fills me with an agony of shame and curiosity.”

Miss Arden kindly placed her ungloved hand in mine, saying,—

“ Take courage, dear Mr. Errington, for Heaven may one day unravel all this.”

“ I take the interest you are pleased to express in me as an augury of better fortune,” said I ; “ you perceive, Miss Arden, that at least I am candid and honourable, and that, however highly I may carry my head to Mr. Willoughby and others, I conceal nothing from *you*.”

“ And for this candour, which I fully appreciate, I thank you.”

I pressed her delicate white hand, and she did not withdraw it, hurriedly at least.

On our arrival at Hollywood from this evening’s ride, we found that Chatty Leigh, her father, Sir Lennard, and Willoughby, with the servants, had all returned an hour and more before us ; and I was annoyed to find that, while Chatty was disposed to be rather quizzical, and to dwell with drollery on the subject of our *again* missing each other so *very* oddly ; and while the squire was “ gloomy as Ajax,” and sullen even to the verge of rudeness, the baronet was more cloudy and reserved than I had ever seen him before. This unpleasant aspect of affairs, and the ideas I deduced therefrom, compelled me, for the remainder of the evening, to keep more aloof from Miss Arden than I might otherwise have done ; but even our seeming reserve and distance of demeanour had in them somewhat that was suspicious to an observant eye.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE SQUIRE AGAIN.

WITH all his avowed intentions, and, shall I call it love, for Lucy Arden, Squire Willoughby, when not in the kennel or stables, spent much of his time (never a very valuable commodity to him) in drinking and smoking in the parlour of Hollywood. This propensity had considerably increased since my arrival, for he evidently disliked my presence ; and thus, while retiring in moody revenge to the parlour, left me more with the lady, whom he intended, when he had fully made up his august mind to propose, should one day be mistress of Weston Hall, a dilapidated and half-furnished old manor-house, a few miles from Hollywood, on the Chester road.

The parlour, his favourite resort, especially after dinner, was a large room, wainscoted with oak, and paved with square red tiles. As these were always strewn with bones, the parlour was also a resort of the hounds, terriers, and spaniels. There, in one corner, the housekeeper's cat had invariably a litter of kittens, in an old full-bottomed wig of the late Sir Humphry's. The other corners were filled with old hunting-poles and spears, bows, muskets, masks, foils, hunting-whips, odd spurs, boot-tops, and other sporting *débris*. Here, too, appeared occasionally an old tattered broadsheet of news, a Chester journal, or a playbill, pinned by the butler to the wall, in the faint hope that the whole household might be franked to the performance by Lady Winifred, who never penetrated into this sanctum of dogs, bones, tobacco, and beer. One evening I was inveigled there by Chatty Leigh, who was searching for her favourite spaniel, and I found pinned above the mantelpiece a playbill, to the following effect :—

“On Tuesday will be acted, by His Majesty's servants, in the Wool-hall of Chester, the tragedy of King Richard III., written by Mr. William Shakspeare, with the bloody and murderous massacre of the two innocent young Princes in the Tower of London, the tragical murder of the good King Henry by the aforesaid bloody-minded King Richard, who will thereupon marry the Lady Anne, and straightway break

her heart. The whole to conclude with the desperate and bloody battle of Bosworth, wherein Richard and the bold Earl of Richmond will fight fiercely with real swords, till the former is run through the body, and dieth natural as life.

“N.B.—Gentlemen must not take it amiss if they cannot come behind the scenes, owing to the great hurry and bustle of this warlike and historical tragedy.”

Off this little parlour opened an alcove, which had once been a little oratory; but now, it was never without a small tun of beer, a gammon of bacon, and a great pie, with cards, dice-boxes, &c.; so here Willoughby could sit at his ease, and smoke himself into a state of beery stupor, or sullen anger at me; and here he could chat with the butler or head stabler, about the local *on-dits* of the turf; of the famous horse, thirteen hands high, which ran a hundred miles in fifteen hours; or his own fine bay, that had so often won the *bell* on the Rood-eye of Chester; of the new method of worming dogs and bleeding cattle; or the most recent cases of parochial scandal, known to the doctor, the curate, or other gossips of the neighbourhood—all mysteries in which the squire was deeply versed and interested.

And now, with the reader's permission, I shall devote one or two paragraphs more to describe this gentleman, whose rivalry and treachery were yet to cost me dear before the year 1715 had passed away.

Love of society and neighbourly intercourse made him almost a daily visitor, a privileged and permanent hanger-on at Hollywood, where he was always welcome, for he had considerable flow of frivolous conversation, and had seen more of active life than the rough squires of the neighbourhood. He was, as his name imports, descended from a good old English family, but one sorely reduced; and thus, if times mended—*i. e.*, the ministry who were *out* got *in*, and “the king enjoyed his own again,”—a penniless orphan like Lucy Arden might, even with all her beauty, “have worse offers than the hand of Dick Willoughby, of Weston;” and, in his cups, he had been heard to affirm this more than once.

Willoughby was wild, rakish, and dissipated: he had lived for some years in London, and there, among jockeys and gamblers, at hells, bagnios, and gaming-tables, had occasionally spent more in one week than the good old squire his



father, with all his retinue of servants and poor relations had spent in a year : he had been seen, again and again, in public with the prettiest *bona-robas* in town—at Punchinell and Paradise, eating syllabubs in the New Spring Gardens and dancing to the organ and tongs in Moorfields : he had the pleasant reputation of having had several intrigues with pretty married women, whose husbands he had coolly ducked or run through the body, for having the impertinence to interfere with him : but with this *fama* attached to his name, Willoughby was less than ever likely to fascinate a girl such as Lucy Arden.

On his left cheek he bore a long scar, obtained, he said, in a duel in the Mulberry Gardens ; but scandal averred it was won in a night brawl in Bloomsbury, or at the Cock in Bow Street.

At that time, Mayfair, in London, was the place frequented by prize-fighters, highwaymen, courtezans, and all such loose characters ; and there the wild and reckless Willoughby had spent much of his time and money ; until that locality became so obnoxious that, by a proclamation of the late majesty Queen Anne, it was forcibly suppressed, and its denizens rooted out, after a violent and desperate riot, in which Willoughby was said to have pistolled one of the Scots Foot-guards, a regiment which for the first time had just arrived in England ; so that he narrowly escaped an execution at Tyburn.

After this, he left London more quickly than he had entered it, and tried the hot well at Bristol ; *not* to drink the waters thereof, but to seek some love-sick heiress. The search proved futile ; and thus impaired in health and fortune, he had returned to his lonely old manor-house where for a time he vegetated, brooding on the ruin he had made, and feeling unavailing regret to see from his windows the broad fields traversed by the Weever—acres once his own—now trod by other masters. Thus, because he was impoverished, Willoughby was seriously discontented and being ready to engage in any desperate scheme, from a marriage-ring to a Jacobite revolt, he easily fell into the plans of those who proposed the latter ; but there, in that rural and delightful county, among leafy woods and the richest verdure, he sighed in secret for the smoke, the noise and excitement of London,—for the assemblies, the opera

and the masquerade. Even the melodious yelping of the kennelled dogs, and the equally musical twanging of the hunting-horn by break of day, had few charms for him, when compared with those he had been compelled to relinquish; and thus even a fox-hunt or a steeple-chase failed at times to excite one who had too often sat till daybreak rattling a dicebox, or over whist and *rouge-et-noir*, watching the changes of fortune on cards, as if life and salvation itself depended on their chances and their colours.

As if to illustrate the vanity of fostering the hopes—the secret love—he too correctly suspected me of nourishing, Willoughby was in the habit, especially after imbibing more beer or wine than usual, of endeavouring to impress upon me the ancient lineage and baronial grandeur of the Ardens, that these might, doubtless, form a contrast to my own nameless obscurity,—to one who had nothing in this world but his sword and his epaulettes; and that the passion I dared scarcely yet acknowledge to myself, might thus be crushed for ever.

I can still remember, but with a smile, the emotions of angry pride he roused within me, when, over a tankard of sack prepared by Lucy Arden, and between each whiff of a long pipe, with a calmness that was provoking, after having read the tomes of Leycester for the subject, he would run on thus, until I could have horsewhipped him, for the *meaning* of his communications.

“Sdeath, sir! yes—they are a fine old family, these Ardens, and were in these parts some two hundred years and more before mine. They are a pure old English race, with none of your foreign taint about them—proved to be descended from the old blood of the land, and not from Norman Billy’s band of housebreakers, for such I take those folks to have been when they came over here with their iron breeches and cursed crackjaw names. Why, zounds, sir! the first Arden hereabout came from the old Warwickshire Ardens, who trace their ancestry beyond the time of Edward the Confessor. They were the swordbearers of Hugh Lupus.”

“Excuse my ignorance: who was *he*, pray?”

“I have to excuse many things,” bluntly rejoined the squire, who had evidently (as we used to say at St. Sulpice) been ‘reading up’ to overwhelm me. “Hugh was Lord of the palatinate of Chester, appointed by the Conqueror; and

his parliament consisted of eight barons : Nigel of Halton, Robert of Montalt, William of Nantwich, Hamon of Dunham, Vernon of Shipbroke, Nicholas of Stokeport, and one Saxon thane, Arden of Hollywood, who was bound, in time of war with Wales, to find, for every knight's fee, a horseman with his horse and armour, and, like every baron in Cheshire, had power of life and death over his own people."

"Bravo, Willoughby!" said Sir Lennard, laughing; "what archæological demon hath possessed thee! You give our lineage better than old Sir Peter Leycester himself could have done."

"So none may mate with an Arden that is not of gentle blood—an old Cheshire proverb," added Willoughby, colouring a little on finding that Sir Lennard had overheard him. "We remember these things, for we are old-fashioned folks in this county."

Then, as if he had said all that was necessary, he proceeded to whistle the "Black Joke," while knotting a new lash to a hunting-whip, which I would fain have found an excuse for laying across his shoulders.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### IN CHESTER AGAIN.

CHATTY LEIGH once brought upon me the readily-excited wrath of old Sir Harry, her father; and it occurred thus:—

On the afternoon of a day which we had spent very happily at Leigh Park, I happened to mention the style in which Madame de Maintenon, and other ladies at the court of France, dressed their hair; and added, that notwithstanding its peculiarity, I admired it for imparting a stateliness to the bearing of a handsome woman. My observations were not made in vain; for at dinner both Miss Arden and the waggish Chatty Leigh appeared with huge and towering commodes of ribbons and hair rising above their white temples like the cap of a horse-grenadier. Chatty's was greatly overdone in magnitude, yet she seated herself with demure gravity immediately opposite to me.

"Zounds!" exclaimed Sir Harry, relinquishing his tankard in a gust of indignation almost too great for utterance;

“’Slid !—’Sbodikins ! here have neighbour Lucy and my girl Chatty come out each with a Chester steeple on her head ! Where the devil didst get that vashion, hussies ?”

They blushed, and my heart beat rapidly ; for though Chatty had caricatured herself, in Lucy’s dress I discovered again the secret desire to please.

“ Mr. Errington admired the style of hair-dressing at the court of France,” urged Chatty.

“ I thought Mr. Errington was an English gentleman and not a Vrench barber,” sputtered out the baronet coarsely ;—“ well, slut ?”

“ And, papa,—he—he——”

“ Persuaded you, I warrant, to enact this tom-voology,” he added sharply.

“ Yet,” grumbled Willoughby, “ Miss Arden would not wear three patches to please *me*, when we rode to Warrington church last Sunday.”

“ Zhame on you, hussies !” said Sir Harry, shaking his enormous wig ; “ doth this Vrenchified vashion become decent Englishwomen ? I trow not ! Get you each a cap and bells like the motley vools of our grandvathers’ days ; or get you gone to the Wool-hall of Chester, where there be a gang of players, and where you may vigure for a shilling per night, in broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt, as Nell Gwynn used to do ; yea, you may take my buckskin breeches too, if you like ‘un. And now for *you*, neighbour Errington—harkee, sir !” continued this rural tartar, who, not content with bringing tears into the eyes of both girls, proceeded to lash himself into an unseemly rage, by clenching his hand and striking the table, while his weasel-like visage became purple with passion and port together ; “ it won’t do for you, or zuch as you, to attempt to change uz quiet English volks here in Cheshire, and make uz give up our good old country vashions for those of voreigners ; and dang me if I like it a bit ! I am a vree-born Englishman—’slid ! an upholder of the Church and Protestant zuccession as established by law—and won’t zubmit to nothing voreign what-zumdever !”

“ Except the Dutch rule, or the Elector of Hanover,” said Lady Winifred, coming to the rescue with a merry laugh, and hoping to intercept the probable *scene*, just as I felt my anger rising, when this ungovernable old man dashed down

his tankard again in a vulgar fit of undisguised anger, and Willoughby seemed to enjoy heartily the rough rebuke under which I smarted ; and which respect for the old baronet's years, his daughter's presence, and his well-known eccentricity, prevented me from noticing or resenting. But poor Chatty's usually laughing eyes were very full of tears.

"Damn!" muttered Sir Harry, putting his wig on one side, and scratching his head, with a clownish air ; "there thou hittest me hard, neighbour Winifred."

"Would that I had a good heavy fan here, that I might hit thee harder still, Sir Harry, for being so scant of reason and politeness," she continued, still laughing, to restore good-humour. "Dost remember the old song of 'The Vicar of Bray?' I hold it applies well to thee, thou most incorruptible of Roundheads!" And then the old lady sang, very pleasantly :—

" When George in pudding-time came o'er,  
And modest men looked big, sir,  
I turned a cat-in-pan once more,  
And so became a *Whig*, sir ;  
And thus preferment I procured  
From our new faith's defender,  
And almost every day abjured  
The Pope and the Pretender."

"Slid ! neighbour Winifred, but an thou wert not an old zweetheart of mine, I would quarrel with thee, for that zong is rank treason," muttered the baronet, adjusting his napkin, and proceeding to perform that which was usually the greatest work of his life—to wit, to dine ; and so the affair passed over.

As a pair of pistols presented to me by the Princess Clementina before I left St. Germain's were too small and handsome for the rough service on which I daily expected to be engaged, and as rumours of a probable rising in Scotland became hourly more general and prevalent, like that lowering of the sky which precedes a tempest, I rode one day to Chester, which was about twenty miles distant, to procure a good pair of holster-pops, with ammunition for them. The ancient market-town of Warrington, near which lay Hollywood, was then little more than a village, where no such weapons could be procured.

Before leaving the Hall, I invited Willoughby to accom-

pany me—not that I loved his society, but was loth to leave him with Lucy. However, he coldly declined, and bade me adieu with a *smile*, which I afterwards remembered, on discovering the deadly and desperate account to which he meant to turn my absence and my journey.

When my horse was brought by a groom to the porch of the Hall, Miss Arden begged me not to venture so far that day, as a storm was certain to come on. Her aunt, Lady Winifred, was conscious that there would be thunder—she felt it in the air; and (like the Emperor Tiberius) she never heard that dread sound in the firmament, without providing herself with that infallible preventive, a bay-leaf; for it is a superstition venerable as the days of pagan Rome, that a laurel shall never be struck by lightning.

“Do not ride forth to-day, dear Mr. Errington,” urged Lady Winifred, who was also at the door; “thunder never cometh but as the forerunner of a dire event.”

“A plaguy nuisance!” added Sir Harry; “I don’t zee what use it be vor, unless to zour honest men’s beer.”

“A dire event!” said I, mounting and gathering up my reins; “why think you so, Lady Winifred?”

“I have heard my father tell, that when that vile regicide Oliver Cromwell lay upon his death-bed, there came a dreadful storm out of the east; that the air was full of green lightning, and the thunder growled heavily.”

“And what did all this portend?”

“That the air was full of devils.”

“Rather alarming that,” said I, laughing.

“So said Bishop Juxon.”

“Of devils?” I reiterated.

“Each struggling to possess the soul of him who slew the Lord’s anointed. I have heard this since I was a child, learning my cris-cros row on the hornbook.”

“Fear not for me,” said I, laughing, as I kissed my hand to the ladies and dashed down the avenue towards the Chester road; but I had not ridden many miles before the increasing darkness of the sky at noon, the stifling heat and oppression of the atmosphere, the gloom that seemed to spread over the scenery, making the green fields and greener hedgerows dark, and the foliage of the trees like masses of bronze, together with the dim and dusky hue of the clouds that gathered heavily without a breath of wind, all warned

me that the storm of which I had been foretold was coming on ; that the warnings of Lady Winifred were true ; and I dashed along the level and far-stretching highway at a racing speed, which soon brought me to the gates of old Chester ; and just as I drew up at the King's Head, in the Pentise, and threw my bridle to Master Tom Tapster, the rain began to pour in torrents, as if the windows of heaven had, indeed, been opened again, and another deluge was at hand.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE BROKEN-CROSS GANG.

ON finding myself again in Chester, the same old recollections of the place which had haunted me on the night of my first arrival, came floating dimly through my mind again ; and on hearing the bell of the cathedral tolling for evening service, it sounded like a familiar voice, and stirred some chord of fancy or of memory ; and while I listened, my heart trembled with astonishment and solemn perplexity.

Where, *when*, how had I heard that sound before !

"What can all this mean, and whence can it spring ?" thought I. "To the observer, life itself is full of mystery ; but how can I fathom, how discover, the source of these strange and fantastic memories by which I am surrounded when here ?"

Despite the rain, muffled in my rocquelaure, I sallied into the streets, bent on procuring my new pistols and a present or two for the ladies.

I dined alone, and missed, you may be assured, the charming society to which I had been accustomed at Hollywood ; but missing none so much as Lucy Arden ; and until that first day of absence from her, I knew not the full strength or depth of the passion my heart had nourished. This day proved to me, by bitter anticipation, how insupportable a continued separation from Lucy Arden would be ; and my heart sank at the idea.

The lowering day wore on ; the shadows and the puddles lay deep together in the unpaved streets of Chester ; the rain continued to lash the quaint old wooden walls, the steep roofs and deserted galleries of the houses, till a poor Jacobite who

was locked in the pillory for tossing off a bumper to "our king beyond the sea," was well-nigh dead or drowned ; and now the longing to return to Hollywood, and to the society of her who seemed to shed round that old English home a glory that outshone all the heraldic honours of her fathers—the glory of beauty, youth, and perfect innocence, became uncontrollable ; and to the blank amazement of master Thomas Tapster, who, with eyes half shut, was enjoying a quiet pipe and warm tankard of ale in the snug bar, with his gossip Timothy Spry, the parish constable, I called for my riding gambadoes, and ordered my horse to be brought round to the door.

All day the rain had poured, he urged, and in ceaseless torrents too ; the water-courses would be rivulets by this time, the rivulets would be rivers, the bridge of the Weever would probably be swept away, and Frodsham Marsh—a plaguy hole at all times—would no doubt be a sea, with ships sailing on it.

"All this is my business, bully host," said I ; "and, believe me, I have seen a heavier shower in the bivouacs of Villars on the Danube ; and go I shall."

The landlord, I am inclined to suppose, less from interested motives than from pure kindness, still urged me, with solemnity, to remember how many highwaymen, flashmen of Macclesfield, pools, pitfalls, meres, and broken bridges, might lie between me and the Mersey ; adding, that if I tarried overnight at the King's Head, he would crack a bottle of his finest old port ; and that I might see the company of players, who were performing in the Wool-hall, the plays of *one* William Shakspeare, with the laughable comedy (every night) of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which was well worth hearing, 'ods bodikins ! were it only for that brave song of the most Reverend Father in God, honest John Still, the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, who departed this life in the year of Grace 1607.

" Back and side go bare, go bare,  
Foot and hand grow cold ;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough—  
Jolly good ale, and old !"

It may easily be believed that all these brilliant inducements were but trifles when opposed to the thought of Lucy Arden, with her dark, quiet, thoughtful, and puzzling



eyes (for Lucy's eyes were her greatest beauty, and her most dangerous weapon) ; thus, when the cathedral bells were tolling curfew, I set out on my return to Hollywood, and had scarcely passed through the embattled gate of Chester, when the rain ceased, the wind lulled, the murky clouds began to part, and a pale yellow haze marked where the sun had set and cast its fading amber tints upon the thousand pools of water that glittered in every furrow of the drenched fields and hollows by the wayside ; for the most level parts of Flanders are not more flat than the country around Chester.

I thought of Miss Arden—when did I cease to think of her?—and pondered on my chances, so faint and far, of winning her. Ah, how slender, how vague, and how desperate they seemed !

Lucy !

I felt there was nothing too wild, nothing too rash, nothing too mad, that I would not do for her love, for her sake, for her smile, for her favour. She was the world, and more than all the world, to me. She was the first and only love of my youth ; a being made to be loved and petted, and in my inmost heart I doted on her. It seemed as if a time could never come when I would weary of gazing on those beautiful features, of toying with those tiny delicate hands and soft pretty hair ; yet I had never touched the former ungloved, or the latter once. She had won me from myself,—from the dark, distracting thoughts of politics, of plots, of desperate schemes for civil war and battles yet to come !

I sometimes imagined what my feelings would be if Lucy were lost to me ; if she were the bride of another,—of Willoughby, or even dead ; but the blank desolation of such a state of being was too dark for contemplation. I thrust the morbid thoughts aside, and strove to think of brighter things and better hopes ; for I felt that the love of Lucy and my life were one, inseparably one.

Full of these ideas, and in reverie—a state of dreams,—I rode but slowly on ; and as I rode, the darkness closed around ; and there being neither moon nor stars visible, it was with very great exertion and some observation, that I was enabled to keep upon the main road ; and I could obtain little or no information, as few persons were abroad after

such a storm, and every cottage door and window were made more fast, on the inmates discovering that a solitary horseman—a highwayman, of course—was inquiring his way. This seemed ever to suggest the idea of a fellow with a pistol in hand and crape on his face ; thus, at two different places, I was warned away by having a gun levelled at me from an upper casement.

Hoole Heath, Frodsham, and the northern extremity of Delamere Forest, were soon passed, and before me lay the broad Weever, swollen by rain, and fed by a hundred tributaries, rolling in full flood, and bearing along drowned sheep, large branches of trees, household implements, and uprooted shrubs. Halton's castled rock was next passed, and then I saw the whole country bordering on the Mersey, from Warrington Bridge to the narrow channel at Runcorn, where the ruins of Ethelfleda's Castle were still at this time (1715) visible, under water to all appearance. The swollen Mersey was twice its usual breadth, while its waters had invaded and overspread all the low or level land beyond its banks. Under the cold, gray motionless vapour which shrouded the whole sky, and beyond which the half-hidden moon was shining, the river, and those new sheets of water which now formed a portion of it, were all of one uniform and dead white colour, amid which the long lines of hedge-row, the motionless trees and windmills, the copsewooded knolls and thatched houses, stood in dark outline. From other places, such as fields and hollows which the rain had drenched, the dense white mist of the district was rising slowly, surely, and thickly, to add to the general obscurity of the scenery, and to increase the perplexity of any unfortunate wight who, like myself, might then be abroad.

At a solitary part of the way, the cry of a female came suddenly and shrilly on my ear, breaking the hitherto oppressive silence ; and on turning an angle of the path, through the moon-lighted haze I saw two figures struggling. They were those of a man and a woman. The former was dragging the latter violently towards his horse, which was fastened to a tree.

"Help !" shrieked the woman ; "for God's sake, help !"

Three bounds of my horse brought me to the spot where the woman was writhing in the grasp of a man who wore a hanger, and, in addition to having a mask of crape, or some

other dark material, on his face, had his cocked hat unflapped over his eyes. He released her on my approach, and drawing his hanger, came fiercely towards me. I also drew and dismounted.

"Now who the devil may you be?" he demanded; "some highwayman or footpad, who has stolen a horse, I warrant—some——"

He suddenly paused in his rough surmises, and then added, in a changed or feigned voice, while sheathing his sword,

"Zounds! I find I have made an awkward mistake here—my service to you, sir; may our next meeting be more fortunate;" and leaping on his horse, he galloped into the mist and disappeared.

"That spark is either Squire Willoughby or the devil!" said I, turning to my new companion, who was sobbing in fear. "Who are you, my good woman?"

"I am but a girl, sir," said she, opening her capuchin hood and revealing a pretty face, with two bright black eyes, which I had seen before.

"You are Anna Smith, the ballad-singer, whom I saw at Chester?"

"At your service, kind sir,—I *am* Anna Smith, whom you have twice rescued from the cruelty of those who oppressed her, because——"

"Because she is pretty."

"And poor," she added.

"And this rascal who molested you might——"

"Oh, question me not about that!" said she, trembling.

"He was Squire Willoughby, of Weston Hall,—I am assured of it; and he recognized me in time only to prevent a more complete exposure of himself. Confess, girl, that your assailant was the squire?"

Still she paused.

"Are you not safe with me? What can the squire be to you, girl? Whence this terror and reluctance?"

"Then give me your word as a gentleman that you will not betray me."

I gave it, and taking her hand in mine, I perceived that her fingers were very delicate and soft.

"And now confess, our masked bravo *was* the squire?"

"Yes, sir, he was," she faltered.

"What was his purpose here to-night?"

"I know not with certainty—we met by chance."

"And what followed?" I asked suspiciously.

"He dismounted, and insisted on kissing me."

"But you resisted?"

"Sir, I am a poor girl, yet an honest one—but I did not resist that."

"Indeed!—why?"

"Because he offered me a crown for the kiss. Now a crown is a great deal of money. I may sing for three days through Chester streets, and not earn a crown; so I gave him a kiss for the coin."

"But you seemed to be struggling with him?" I continued, amused and pleased by the girl's candour.

"He then insisted that I should go to a place called the Chamber of the Forest, in Delamere Wood, and ask Samuel Thorley to meet him to-night at an alehouse called the Three Talbots; but I refused."

"Why?"

"Can you ask me, after that scene at Chester?"

"But you are Thorley's kinswoman, I understand?"

"Alas! besides, the place is so wild and dreary; and I am but a girl."

"True," said I, remembering that this so-called Forest of Delamere, though of old it abounded both with oak-trees and fallow deer, was now but a bleak and extensive waste of deep sand and sterile heath, inhabited only by wild birds and rabbits, and having a few stunted trees marking the centre of what was once the woodland, but is now named the Chamber of the Forest; "but what was the squire's object in proposing to send you there?"

"I have said it was to bear a message to Samuel Thorley; the Broken-cross Gang have a meeting there to-night."

"After all this rain!"

"What care they for rain;—less than the deer or cattle in the fields."

"But who are these people, and what are they?"

"Sir, they are wanderers, somewhat like gipsies, who take their name from a place near Congleton; they frequent all the fairs, where they play as jugglers with cups and balls, thimbles and buttons, enticing simple folks to lose their money by gambling. When nothing is to be done in that way at fairs, they rob, snatch cloaks, and pick pockets.

The flashmen of Macclesfield are the same kind of people."

"Oho ! so these, and such as these, are among the acquaintances of our squire ?"

"At times they are ; and it would not be safe for you to be met by any of them to-night."

"I have my sword and pistols."

"But they are never without pistols, bludgeons, and hangers to boot."

"And what of yourself, my pretty little one ; how would it have fared with you, had you gone on the squire's errand ?"

"There was little fear for me, sir," said the girl, bitterly.

"My cousin, Samuel Thorley, is the chief bully of the gang ; and though he often beats me——"

"Beats you !"

"Oh yes, sir ; but he never allows others to meddle with me. As he was to have been at the meeting to-night, I should have been safe from all but him perhaps."

"But here is the rain coming on again," said I, as some hot and sulphurous drops plashed in the pools beside us, while the lightning began to gleam afar off at the level horizon, casting rays of sudden light across the flat and distant landscape ; "my way lies to Hollywood ; but, unaided, I can never reach the Hall to-night, when all those devilish swamps and marshes are under water ; and the country seems quite strange to me."

"I can guide you, sir ; that is, if—if you will permit me."

"*Permit* you !—why that word, my dear girl ?"

"No one was ever so kind, so gentle, or so lovable to me as you, sir ; nor have I forgotten that day at Chester, when you stood forward so boldly to protect me, a poor girl, whom every one despised ;" and with a sob she attempted to kiss my hand.

"Nay, nay, Anna, by Jove this will never do !" said I ; "if kissing is to be, it must be on your own cheek ; and now let us be off ; you shall be my guide ; but to where, and which way ?"

"No place of shelter is nearer than the Three Talbots."

"Indeed ; I like that place but little ; yet as the rain is coming down apace, there is no help for it to-night."

I lifted her from the ground, and placed her before me on the holsters at my saddle-bow. Her figure was light and graceful, as her face was pretty and her manner winning. She sat like a lady.

"Now, Anna, I must trust to your black eyes instead of my own," said I, grasping the bridle.

"Fear nothing ; I know every hedge and tree in Cheshire."

"'Tis quite an adventure, this !"

The country was enveloped in mist ; meres of shallow water, formed by the rain, lay in every meadow and hollow. I was afraid of my horse stumbling in the wayside pools ; and where there were hedgerows, I guided him between them. When these ceased, or disappeared, as we approached the then open waste, known as Stockton Heath, I had to trust to Providence ; for Anna was often at fault, the mist being so dense and opaque. At last we saw lights ; then we heard voices, and found ourselves close to that very respectable caravanserai, or roadside inn, known as the Three Talbots.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### SUSPICIONS.

I REMEMBERED the account given of this establishment by Sir Lennard Arden, who stated that it was believed to be a harbour for smugglers, footpads, and flashmen ; yet I had no alternative but to halt there, or face more certain danger. I knew that although the way across the waste known as Stockton Heath, which was then uncultivated, was pretty plain, beyond it lay swamps, which at all times were liable to inundations of the Mersey, and were now laid completely under water ; thus, after such falls of rain as those of the past day, the river at Latchford was certain to prove dangerous. Amid all these doubts, my wisest alternative seemed to be a halt at this solitary inn, till day dawned or the weather cleared.

In the landlord, who came to the door, lamp in hand, with more alacrity than an honest man might have exhibited in that sequestered district, and at such an hour, I recognized the same worthy with the scratch wig, and the cunning, cold gray eyes, who had figured in my brawl with Thorley, and in

that absurd accusation which served for so peculiar an introduction to my friends at Hollywood.

As we entered, I perceived in the common drinking-room two men like wayfarers, having sticks and bundles, asleep, or nearly so, over their jugs of ale ; and lying close by them was a well-furred rocquelaure of red cloth, which, if it did not belong to Dick Willoughby, was most suspiciously like one he was in the habit of wearing.

"Harkee, landlord," said I ; "is the owner of this garment here ?"

"Here, sir," he reiterated, thrusting his wig aside and surveying me with a cunning leer.

"Yes, here, at the Three Talbots ; answer me quickly, and do not repeat my words to gain time in arranging replies."

"No, sir, he is not."

"Then how came this mantle here ?"

"It was found on the road about a mile off."

"How long ago ?"

"About an hour since, master."

This seemed probable enough ; but Anna whispered to me soon after,—

"The rocquelaure is quite dry, yet the rain has been falling for more than an hour."

"True—you are right."

"Be on your guard, dear sir, I pray you."

I pressed her hand.

"And now, landlord, what can we have for supper ?"

"But sorry fare, I fear, master, — sorry fare, I mean, for gentlefolks ; yet if a rasher of good bacon and a jug of brown ale——"

"Right ;—let us have the ale and the rasher by all means, and as quickly as possible."

By dint of sundry blows, the landlady roused a shock-pated lad, who slept near the fire.

"Rouse thee, Giles," said she in a strong Lancashire accent ; "look to the gentleman's horse, — dost hear me, thou sturdy drone—thou fat and idle booby."

"Thank you, gammer," said I ; "let my nag's coat be well rubbed down, for the rain has been heavy ; and as soon as supper is over, show this girl and me to our rooms ; for I must be gone by daybreak."

"We have two rooms, but only one bed to spare," said the

landlord, looking at Anna with a comical leer, which made the poor girl blush scarlet and cast down her eyes.

"Well, sirrah," said I sternly, "give the bed to this young girl,—you can perceive how weary she is, and see that she lacks nothing. I can sleep on a bench, a couple of chairs, or anything ; I am not particular."

Anna, with eyes full of tears, was about to protest against this arrangement, when the landlord muttered,—

"A bed for her, indeed—quotha!"

"Off with you, fellow," said I, "or, by heaven, I will stuff your wig down your throat!"

The girl, my new companion, could not be prevailed upon to partake of supper ; but with many timid half-spoken thanks, and with a blush on her soft cheek which made the light of her dark eyes more beautiful than ever, this creature, whose slender form, delicate skin, and soft hair were so little suited to her station and tattered attire, withdrew for the night, while I finished the plain repast prepared for me by the landlady, — a woman of grim and repulsive aspect. I then drained the jug of mulled ale, and feeling somewhat drowsy after my day's riding, desired the landlord to show me to my room, and retired sooner than I might otherwise have done, in consequence of the arrival of five sinister-looking country fellows, whose garments were soaked by rain, and who were vulgarly and noisily clamorous for ale.

The chamber allotted to me was of squalid aspect, and three or four chairs, with coats, cloaks, and a deer-skin spread over them, formed my couch. The walls were stained by damp discolorations. The window was an iron lattice that opened outwards. Several of the lozenges were broken, and stuffed with straw or rags to exclude the wind, which still howled over the common, and the rain, which still hissed and plashed on the thatched roof, and in the pools that lay under its eaves. The worm or rat-eaten floor was pierced by many holes, and I shrugged my shoulders, on setting down the lamp after this unsatisfactory survey.

"Ned Errington, courage, *mon ami* !" said I ; "you have been often worse lodged when serving with the wildgeese of the old brigade."

I then secured the door by a bar which crossed it transversely, placed my sword and pistols beside me, blew out the light, and in five minutes was sound asleep.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

How long I had remained in this blissful condition, or whether I dreamed of Lucy Arden, whose soft cheek was on her pillow, four miles distant, I know not ; but a sound, or rather a confusion of sounds, roused me. I awoke with a nervous start, as one is apt to do after a day of severe exercise, and roused me to listen. The moon was shining brilliantly now, and its light cast the shadow of the lozenge lattice in black diagonal lines across the worm-eaten floor. I heard voices near me, but they seemed to come from below. I also heard some one making gentle but unsuccessful efforts to open the door of my garret.

"Oho!" thought I, "mine host of the Three Talbots, is this your nightly game, and this your mode of securing the reckoning?"

Cocking my pistols, I advanced resolutely to the door, lifted the bar from its socket, and opened it ; but instead of the repulsive-looking landlord in his scratch wig and canvas frock, armed, as I expected, with knife and bludgeon, the moonlight fell on the pale and excited face of the pretty ballad-singer, who clasped my hand in hers, imploring me in whispers to pardon her for disturbing me.

"Pardon the intrusion!" I reiterated, as some very odd ideas began to occur to me. "By Jove! my dear girl, I never heard one so pretty ask pardon for so delightful an intrusion before."

"Oh, be silent," said she impressively ; "your life depends on it."

"What the deuce is the matter?"

"Shut the door, please."

"There, now, you see it is shut."

"But the bar?"

"It is barred, and none can interrupt us," I replied, uncocking my pistols.

"Give me your hand, sir." Her voice trembled.

I took her hands in mine, and could not refrain from pressing them, for they were very pretty little hands indeed. She led me to a corner of this miserable garret,

where a ray of light, which I had not perceived hitherto, shone upward through a cranny in the floor ; and through this aperture she desired me to look down. On doing so, I had a complete view of the lower apartment, or drinking-room, of this hostelry. It was filled by men of a shabby and ruffianly aspect, and about twenty in number, at least. Their visages were all indicative of the worst passions,—cunning, crime, brutality, and intoxication. Their triple cocked hats had in some instances been bound by bullion lace, which was all torn off or worn away. Others wore their beavers unflapped, and hanging over their shoulders. Their wigs were in wild disorder, and were matted, by the rain of the night, like the wool of a mountain sheep. Many of them wore coats that were patched or in tatters. Three were gaily dressed, and armed with hangers ; but brass-butted pistols, worn openly by these fellows in the pockets of their square-skirted coats, announced them to be gentlemen who gained their livelihood upon the king's highway. In a thickset and brawny ruffian in his shirt-sleeves, and wearing a calf-skin waistcoat having huge brass buttons and large pocket-flaps, and who had a red bandanna knotted round his head to conceal a cut from which the blood was still oozing down his unshaven face and muscular neck, I recognized Master Samuel Thorley. He was drinking from a great brown mug, which rested on his thigh ; while, seated on the dirty, sloppy table, he kicked his heavy heels to and fro with rustic ease, and conversed with a gentleman who wore a red rocquelaure, a hat edged with feathers, long jack-boots with gilt spurs, pistols in his girdle, and a handsome sword by his side. On this gallant looking up from his chair to address Thorley, I recognized Squire Willoughby !

“Ha !” said I, “now the plot becomes interesting.”

“Hush, for heaven's sake, and for our own !” whispered Anna.

I kissed her hand, and she crept close to me.

These two recent acquaintances of mine were nearest me ; and though the vile rabble of the Broken-cross Gang—for such these fellows were—made a frightful noise at times, I could still overhear the conversation of the squire with Thorley, who seemed to have found an exciting topic, and one having great interest for me—to wit, *myself*.

“My service to you, squire. We have him all right, and

safely too!" said Thorley, winking over the tankard, from which he was taking a deep draught; "but say all that over again, for I am a little confused at present."

"Sir Lennard Arden was an arrant fool to introduce such a fellow into his house. Could he not have foreseen the effect of having such a guest?"

"But on what errand is he here?" said Thorley. "Is it not some mission of the Pretender? If I thought so, I would soon have the worth of his head in gold at Chester Castle gate."

"Not at all," said Willoughby, changing colour at this question. "He is nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, but what is he, then?"

"Some runaway *valet de chambre*, dressed in his master's clothes, I believe," said Willoughby, grinding his teeth.

"Nay, squire, he is *not*," said Thorley, laughing and swinging his huge feet to and fro; "I know better than that."

"He is some misbegotten sprig of Colonel Errington's."

"He is *not*," replied Thorley in the same tone.

"How the devil should you know whether he is or is not?" asked the squire roughly.

"Look ye, squire," replied Thorley, lowering his voice, while his eyes gleamed like those of a rattlesnake, "I hate him as much as you can do,—hate him, yea, by——"—and here he swore an awful oath. "Were this brown jug filled with his blood instead of ale, or the blood of all his family, I would drain it to the last drop—*thus!*"

"For what do you hate him?"

"The wrong his father did me," replied Thorley, through his clenched teeth; "for his father hunted me like a wild beast, squire, from county to county, in foreign parts too,—as I, please God or the devil, shall one day hunt his whole race."

"His father!"

"Yea, his father," reiterated Thorley, biting his huge under-lip.

"You knew him, then?"

"Yea, and his mother too, for the matter o' that. It was strange, squire, very strange, that on the evening he punched my head at Chester about Anna Smith, I should have recognized in that stout sunburnt man, the ill-omened brat who cost me so much trouble in other years."

"Come, come, Sam Thorley, fair play and old England for ever! It is scarcely fair to keep the poor devil in ignorance of all this; yet what is it to me?"

"Hell's fury! is it fair play, squire, that brings *you* here to-night among us fellows, in your laced togs and gilded gambadoes? No, faith; you hate this stranger, this Mr. Edward Errington (for so he names himself), as much as I do; so let us come to terms at once about what you want, without any more of this d—ned talking, which only makes one thirsty; so now, squire, I am listening—fire away!"

So Thorley knew me! He knew my father—my mother—their names—their history! He knew and could reveal the strange, dark secret of my life; nor could I for a moment doubt the avowal made, as it had been, for Willoughby's ears alone. Hence, doubtless, my dreamy recollections of Thorley's hideous visage, and deep malignant eyes, which awakened within me a childish terror. The career of this repulsive wretch was thus, in some mysterious manner, woven up with mine; and while I surveyed him, I felt bitterly how perplexing and how degrading was the thought.

Were there no means, legal or illegal, by which I could bribe, buy, or compel this paltry person to reveal to me all he knew of me and mine? Alas! no. The very sentiment of vengeance he had at that moment vowed against me, and against *my father* too, forbade me in the least to hope.

"And so Master Errington is crossing you in love, squire?" resumed Thorley, in a bantering tone, while replying to some remark of Willoughby, who was now very tipsy.

"Crossing me!—no; but, 'sblood! I'll teach this Frenchified fellow, this beggar's brat, this foundling page of St. Germain, to whisper his sentimental nonsense into the ears of our English girls. He bows and scrapes like a French count, takes rappee, and wears his hair *en queue*—bah! and is dressed in particolours like a motley of old, or a buffoon at Bartholomew fair. 'Sblood, yes! and yet that poppet Lucy Arden, and that gillfirt Chatty Leigh, seem to like him too! D—n him, could he find no one else to play his tricks upon but Lucy? And she, the milksoy, the lump of sugar, to melt thus whenever he came near her!"

"Then he *does* cross you, squire, after all?"

"Well, well! egad, I've a mind to rouse the fellow in his garret up stairs, and see what a hunting-whip with good Cheshire bone and brawn will do."

"Then you will only see what you won't relish, squire."

"Or, if it is more to his taste, a foot or two of cold iron," said Willoughby, rising.

"Sit down, squire," said Thorley, forcing him into his seat again; "there you would be wrong again, and a greater fool than ever I thought you; for he can fence like a master, and you cannot. He might amuse himself by cutting every button off your coat."

"And then?"

"By running you through the body when he grew tired of the sport."

Willoughby ground his row of sharp white teeth.

"Zounds, a cudgel then!"

"It would be wrenched from you in a twinkling, and cracked about your own shoulders. I know his strength, for he once knocked *me* down like a nine-pin at Chester; but I shall have revenge for it, if you pay me well, squire."

"And if I do not?"

"Then I have it for nothing."

"A plague on that slut Anna! what put her into the dumps, and made her refuse to go on my errand to-night?"

"Slid! if I know," growled Thorley; "but I begin to think she loves that young fellow herself."

"What, Anna!" said Willoughby, laughing.

"Yes; for she hath done nothing but talk of him ever since he gave me that douse on the chops for her sake at Chester."

At these words the poor girl by my side trembled violently; and certainly I felt my own heart beat quicker. She suddenly relinquished my hand, and then taking it timidly again, crept close to me,—so close that my arm went almost involuntarily round her.

"To the point, Thorley," I heard the squire say; "how much money do you want for this business?"

"Ten guineas, squire, and it is a bargain."

"Ten guineas are a great deal of money, Sam!"

"There will be five of us ; so they are but two guineas per man. We shall waylay him as he leaves the house to-morrow ; say, as he is mounting his horse."

"When one foot is in the stirrup, the other can easily be knocked from under him."

"Then we all tumble and roll over him ; and somehow, in the accident, his nose will be left slit, and his ears shred off. Is that what you mean, squire ?"

"Exactly," said Willoughby, in a fierce whisper.

"Ay, ay, we shall carve his figurehead in such a fashion that my young lady of Hollywood would not touch him even with a pair of tongs."

"Good—there is the rhino ; take his nose and ears, but not his life, Thorley—not his life."

"As yet," replied the other.

"*You hear all this ?*" whispered my trembling companion.

"Yes, Anna," said I, while my heart swelled with fury on hearing them coolly arrange this plot for a barbarous mode of mutilation and revenge, which, by the frequency of its occurrence, had disgraced England, like many other such Dutch customs, since "the glorious Revolution of 1688."

"There—'tis a bargain !" said the squire, as Thorley pocketed the money. "Zounds ! am I, Dick Willoughby, of Weston, to be circumvented by the brat of some runaway Jacobite refugee !"

"He is no Jacobite brat, I tell thee, squire," said Thorley, with a malignant laugh, which sounded like a succession of snorts ; "but I would rather dangle on Chester gallows than say *what* I know of him, or tell *who* he is."

"Now for the road, landlord," shouted Willoughby, assuming his mask, and rolling about on each leg alternately ; "bring us something more to drink. Have youught good in the house ?"

"Yea, squire, I have three ankers of right Nantz which have never paid duty to the king."

"What king ?"

"I neither know nor care. King George, I suppose ; but 'tis liquor that might make a cat speak, as the saw says."

"Oho !" said Willoughby, staggering about with an air of mock dignity ; "you say this to me, who am in the commission of the peace for the county palatine of Cheshire !

Well ; up with a stoup of thy Nantz, and give us a jorum all round—quick, or may the devil take thee !”

The brandy went freely round, and it completed what Willoughby's past potations had begun, by sending him to sleep across the table ; and meanwhile I saw Thorley quietly examining the edge of a long clasp-knife, while conferring with three or four men in tattered attire, and of most sinister aspect.

“These four to whom he is speaking,” began Anna, in a breathless whisper.

“Well—who are they ?”

“The very worst of all this desperate gang.”

“I think there would be a difficulty in choosing.”

“Your only safety lies in immediate flight, before they can waylay or surprise you.”

“Flight ; but how—by breaking through them sword in hand ?”

“Oh, no, no. Drop from this window ; then assist me down, and I will show you where the horses are.”

All this was executed almost as soon as resolved on. The iron lattice of the chamber opened outward, and its height from the ground was not more than twelve or fourteen feet. I twisted my rocquelaure into a species of rope, and lowered down Anna first. She reached the ground in safety. I then followed, until the points of my fingers were my sole support, when I dropped to the ground easily and without noise.

“This way, dear sir,” said Anna ; “this way. Here are the stables.”

“Fortunately the moon has waned.”

“But daylight will soon dawn. See, there is a streak of light in the east already.”

“I will take the first horse that comes to hand. We have no time to lose ; and if once in my saddle, I may defy the whole Broken-cross gang, and the flashmen to boot, to overtake me.”

In the wretched booth which constituted the stable of the Three Talbots, I found my horse standing among half a dozen others, ready bitted and saddled ; for the shock-pated drudge who acted as ostler, had gone quietly to sleep among the litter, leaving the poor nags to shift for themselves. I mounted, and urged Anna to accompany me to Hollywood, where I could insure her a shelter and some

employment more congenial to her tastes and character than the vagrant life she led ; for I knew that Lady Winifred and Lucy Arden would take pity upon her ; but her dread of Thorley and his companions, of whose haunts and secrets she was cognizant, was too great, and she shrank from me in tears.

"To Hollywood ; no, no—oh ! never to Hollywood," said she. "I must creep back to my garret unseen ; for if these men knew that through my aid you had escaped them, I should never be safe ; they would kill or maim me for life."

Finding that entreaties were unavailing, I offered her some money ; but she threw it on the ground.

"You are a strange girl ; a perfect enigma," said I.

"I am, I fear, a rude and wayward one," she replied, while hurriedly picking up the five gold-pieces I had proffered, and replacing them in my hands.

"You take money for your songs, Anna ?"

"I do ; it is my daily bread."

"Then why not for a service so important as this ; the saving of a life perhaps ?"

"I might have taken this gold from another ; but not from you. Oh no—not from *you*," she added, in a touching accent ; "but I hear voices—away, or I shall be discovered."

I stooped from my saddle, and kissed her twice, and putting spurs to my horse, galloped him fast from this dangerous vicinity, feeling in my heart a pang of compassion and regret for the poor girl I left behind me,—a creature whose beauty and gentleness were so unsuited to the people among whom her lot in life had been cast. At that time my heart was too fully occupied by the image of Lucy Arden to read the tender secret which poor Anna treasured in her humble heart.

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## CHAPTER XXIV

### CONSULT SIR LENNARD.

ON riding off, I had no sensation of being weary or unrefreshed, though I had neither undressed nor could have had more than one hour of sleep. What a whirl of thought poured through my mind ! How much of agony and perplexity did the words of Thorley and his strange avowal



to the villain Willoughby cost me ! In that perplexity of thought, and the reflections it gave rise to, I almost forgot the deadly snare I had escaped, and sought only to pierce the dim obscurity of the past, and the still more vague uncertainty of the future.

Thorley knew me, and knew my secret,—the secret of which I was yet ignorant ;—he, the smuggler, the outlaw, the bravo of the district ! He could tell me who were my parents, and how it came to pass, that when a child, I was so strangely abandoned in the streets of Dunkirk. But might all this knowledge not be a pretence ; a mere swagger ; an assumption and a falsehood ?

His manner said *no* ; it was too natural to be unreal ; and when he made this revelation to Willoughby, it had all the air of truth ; while the fact of his having some knowledge of me, was almost corroborated by his general bearing and hostility to myself, and by the vague memories of long-past childish terror, which the sound of his voice and the sinister expression of his eyes excited within me. Impatient to probe all this mystery, and to reach Hollywood Hall, I dashed madly forward, through yielding swamp and swollen water-course ; thrice my horse sank panting to its girths, and thrice I extricated him from the mire, and spurred him on again. My object, on reaching the Hall, was to rouse Sir Lennard instantly ; to have as many men as we could collect armed and mounted ; with these to return to the Three Talbots ; to surround the house, and make prisoners all who were there. Willoughby I had resolved to fight or pistol without mercy on the spot where first I found him ; and Thorley ! already in imagination I had that personage by the throat ; already I had a cocked pistol at his head, and was forcing him, on peril of having a shot sent through his brain, to reveal all he knew of my parentage and past history. My horse's headlong speed scarcely kept pace with my fiery thoughts, as I lashed and goaded him on.

The long road of brickwork and arches by which Warrington is approached from the south, and which is known as Wilderspool Causeway, was almost under water ; for the Mersey had spread like a sea on every side of it, covering all the level ground. Amid the sudden inundation I saw the little village of Latchford, rising sheer from the surface of the water ; and beyond it lay Warrington, the quaint

houses of which reminded me of the old villages of Rhineland, and on the square church tower of which the red morning sun was shedding its earliest ray.

In the days of the Romans there was a ford at Warrington, at some distance from the site of the present bridge, entering Latchford near a swamp called the Wash. Sir John Butler, Lord of Warrington (an ancestor of Willoughby) in the time of Henry VII., levied a toll on all who passed the Mersey there; and this imposition yielded him a hundred marks per annum; and even Henry VII., when visiting his mother at Latham in 1495, was forced to pay this impost, and had thereafter to splash his royal way through the marshes beyond, as the town was then destitute of the causeways by which it is approached on the south and north.

The discomfort of all this made the Earl of Derby erect a bridge and make a road,—two proceedings which Sir John resented so highly that he rose in arms to force people to the ford as of old, and to levy his lucrative toll; but an act of the English legislature made the bridge free to all men, and in the seventeenth century a causeway of arches was built through the morasses on the Cheshire side of the stream.

On reaching the head of this causeway, I turned off to the right by a narrow path, and after twenty minutes' smart riding found myself at the gate of the Hall. The sun was now up, and shone brightly as I rode down the cool shady avenue, where the branches of the gnarled oak and ivied elms, with those of many a dense umbrageous holly, mingled together overhead. The outline of the ancient hall seemed striking and picturesque, as its broken masses and quaint details were brought out in strong relief in the clear sunshine and dark shadow of the morning. A flag was waving on the summit of the old keep, because this was the fiftieth anniversary of Lady Winifred's birth; and I observed that already the blue silk curtains of Miss Arden's sleeping-room were withdrawn,—a sign that she would soon appear.

The young deer were gliding about; the birds were carolling and twittering from twig to twig; laden with shining dew, the gossamer webs, spun from branch to branch by busy spiders since the storm had lulled, came coldly against my face as I rode through the leafy copsewood and approached the terrace of the Hall. Several of the servants

were already loitering about the quaint portal; the mul-tioned windows were open, and the singing housemaids were busy in the huge dining-hall, preparing it for breakfast, when I dismounted, and throwing my reins to a servant, sent a message to Sir Lennard, praying that he would speak with me on a matter of the first importance; and he, conceiving that my imperative business could only refer to the expected tidings from Scotland and the English borders, sprang from bed and dressed in such haste that in less than ten minutes he joined me in the parlour.

"Sir Lennard," said I, hurriedly, "I have now discovered beyond a doubt, that which I have long suspected in Mr. Willoughby; so we may now know that person to be a villain—my enemy, and that my position here in Hollywood is most precarious."

This was scarcely the best mode of addressing a man of Sir Lennard's haughty spirit. He frowned, and asked briefly, "How, sir! what is the meaning of all this?"

"I am in peril."

"What, in *my* house?"

"Yes, here in Hollywood!" I continued impetuously.

"Mr. Errington, excuse me, but I do not understand you."

"My meaning is this——"

"I am glad that you *have* a meaning; for, upon my honour, the drift of your remarks is to me somewhat puzzling," interrupted Sir Lennard, considerably piqued and ruffled.

"I mean, that knowing the papers of which I am bearer; knowing my purpose and character as the king's envoy here in England, he may denounce me."

"He—Richard Willoughby, of Weston! He is one of ourselves."

"Yes, he!"

"Impossible, Mr. Errington; though he is careless, reckless, and at times absurd, you must not forget that he is a gentleman, and comes of a good old Cheshire stock."

"Gentlemen, come of what stock they may, do not consort with thieves and footpads, with smugglers and assassins, with such as those among whom this person Willoughby openly bandies the name of Lucy Arden, of Hollywood! He is a *gentleman* whom, within the last two hours, I heard,

with my own ears, proffer gold to a gang of ruffians at the Three Talbots."

"For what purpose?"

"To waylay and mutilate me; but I shall pistol him, and without mercy, were he the last Willoughby in all England!"

Sir Lennard stood for a moment silent and confounded by my anger and energy; at last he said,—

"This quarrelling must not be: it will prove the ruin of the king's cause, of ourselves, and of everything we essay! You must—you shall be friends!"

"I have already taken his hand at your bidding; but after the events of the past night, such can never be again."

"Will you do me the favour of quietly relating what the devil all this means? You are a good fellow, Errington; but—but I—have you no idea of what can cause this remarkable hostility in Willoughby to you?"

"No—none," said I, colouring at the evasion; but as my eye wandered to the portrait of Lucy Arden, the baronet detected that glance or something else in the expression of my face, and his proud brow flushed.

"Well, well," said he coldly, "it matters not what may be the reason; another week may see us all in the field, and then all such petty quarrels must and shall be forgotten in the general unity necessary for the success of the great and common cause."

"I shall never forget my cause of quarrel till my sword is through his body!" I exclaimed passionately.

"I begin to think that the girls here, Chatty Leigh, and Lucy in particular, have been doing their best to spoil you. Some miserable love affair is at the bottom of all this."

"Pardon me, Sir Lennard; would that I could flatter myself the ladies felt so much interest in me! But hear me with patience."

I related to Sir Lennard all the events of which the reader is already cognizant, and he heard me with considerable pain and alarm; for his whole heart, and every thought and hope, were for the Jacobite cause; and to find dissension among the few who had been bound together to promote it, proved to him, who was so single in soul and so devoted in purpose, a source of sincere regret. Thus, for a time, he remained long in deep and angry thought.

"What would you have me do?" he asked, at length.

"Ride at once to this hedge alehouse, and seize all whom we may find in it."

"The Broken-cross Gang are too many to remain there by day."

"But we may find Willoughby or Thorley, and force an explanation from them."

"Right! that villain Thorley has been the evil genius of the Ardens, since my father almost brained him on Hounslow Heath with his riding-whip; but it is difficult to believe that one so base and vile as he can know the secret of your family, or knowing, could retain it thus. Yet there would seem to be in your own mind some strange fancies which corroborate his mysterious assertions."

In five minutes after this, we had mounted and left the Hall, accompanied by six liverymen on horseback, armed with hangers and holster-pistols.

Quitting the park by a wicket, we took a short route across the fields and heath to the Three Talbots, where we arrived at a rapid pace, just as the worthy and most reputable proprietor was opening the door and taking the shutters from his lower windows.

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## CHAPTER XXV

### THORLEY CAPTURED.

THE face of the fellow expressed some terror on seeing Sir Lennard Arden, whose character for sternness and strict probity was well known, attended by me and six other men, all mounted and armed.

"Surround this den of thieves in the king's name," said Sir Lennard.

"And shoot down any man who attempts to escape," I added.

"Have a care, my masters,—have a care," said the landlord; "I am not to be bullied in this fashion. An Englishman's house is his castle."

"Was, you mean; but since we got a German king we have changed all these things, my fine fellow," said I.

"I'll have the law of you for all this, sirs."

"Will you, sirrah ; then see what you will make of it at the Chester Assizes," replied Arden, dismounting and taking a pistol from his holsters. "Mine host of the Three Talbots, even with the Broken-cross Gang at his back, would scarcely effect much in opposition to Sir Lennard Arden of Hollywood, especially when the cause of the latter is just."

"I am but a poor man, earning my bread in a humble way," whined the fellow, who felt our strength ; "so what, in God's name, do you seek ?"

"Is Squire Willoughby of Weston here ?" asked Arden.

"No," was the confident answer.

"But he *was* here at daybreak ?" said I impetuously.

"I am speaking to Sir Lennard Arden, and *not* to you," was the insolent reply of the innkeeper, who thrust his tongue into his left cheek.

"Reply to this gentleman as you would to me, fellow, or I shall make you a prisoner, and despatch you at once to Chester.

"On what charge, master ?"

"Keeping a den of thieves and assassins."

"Oh, that alters the case entirely," answered the fellow, giving us a cringing but clownish bow ; "the squire *was* here ; he tarried to drink a glass of ale, nothing more, and then rode on to Weston."

"And where are the scoundrels whom he met here, for your lower rooms seem empty ?"

"Scoundrels ! Sir Lennard——"

"The Broken-cross Gang, and Samuel Thorley,—that pest of the county ?"

"I know nought about the gang, sir ; but Sam Thorley be now asleep before the kitchen fire, and there ain't a more peaceable man when he is let alone."

Without waiting to hear this rascal eulogize the other, I rushed into the kitchen, followed by three of the armed valets ; and in the same corner where I had last seen Thorley conferring with some of his comrades, while examining the edge of the long clasp-knife, for the intended use of which he had received the ten guineas from Willoughby, I found the knave in a sound slumber. We secured his arms by a cord before he could resist,—an important measure, as he was a man of great muscular strength ; and then we dragged him forth upon the roadway.

"Search his pockets," said I, "and you will find in them ten guineas given by Mr. Willoughby to have an assassination committed."

The servants uttered exclamations of astonishment.

"A hard name, Master Errington, for a little cropping about the sconce," said he, while eyeing me, but chiefly Sir Lennard, with a glance of malignance and ferocity.

One of the valets examined his pockets, but not a farthing was found therein. The expression of his features changed to rage, and his eyes glared at the landlord, who stood near twisting his dogskin wig to and fro, with an expression of assumed stupidity.

"Oho!" shouted Thorley; "you thought to rob me, Mr. Errington, but you have been anticipated; I have been played a fine trick here over-night in my sleep." Then turning fiercely to Sir Lennard Arden, and gathering courage from the circumstance of the golden bribe being absent, "I demand the reason of all this—why am I seized?"

"Because you are a vagrant, and worse."

"Of what am I accused?"

"Of taking ten guineas to waylay and mutilate this gentleman."

"My pockets, you see, are empty; where are the ten guineas?"

"That is your affair, not ours," said I. "Your infamous plot was overheard; the money was placed in your hands by Willoughby, and I saw you confer with four villains, each the counterpart of yourself; and then dropping from the window, I reached the stables, took my horse, and escaped."

Thorley laughed, with amazing coolness and impudence.

"The ale must have been stronger than I ever found it; but am I to be accountable for the dreams of a tipsy fool?"

"Insolent!" I exclaimed, full of rage; "were it not that I know you to be the possessor of a secret which is of vital interest to me,—that you know who I am, and who were my family,—I would peril life itself to put the contents of this pistol through your head."

After a pause, "So you heard *that* too," said he with a glance of malignant triumph; "well, one day I may tell you that secret without a threat on the one hand or a bribe on the other."

"When?"

"When you come to Tyburn tree; for if rumour be true, you and some others whom I could name will be dancing there ere long."

"You perceive the result of Willoughby's folly or knavery," said I to Sir Lennard. The latter gave me a rapid glance, and his temples flushed with passion.

"Away with him to Hollywood," said he; "place him in the vault under the tower, and there let him be kept secure till I make out a legal warrant for his committal to the castle of Chester; and there, fellow, you should have sojourned long ago, but for the sake of your poor mother, whom I know to be a woman as honest and good as any in the shire."

With the valets guarding the prisoner, who was still bound by a rope, we crossed the heath and proceeded leisurely towards Hollywood. Sir Lennard was silent and moody, for the details of this affair were alike distasteful and alarming to him, as he could not foresee the end of a quarrel which he knew too well arose from our mutual regard for his cousin. Willoughby's character appeared now in a new and more doubtful light, but still he shrank from attributing to him the dangerous hints so artfully or unfortunately thrown out by Thorley. These were all subjects for reflection; but in less than an hour after this, the captured bravo, with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of spring water to regale himself on, was securely locked up in the arched stone vault of the tower, which formed the most ancient part of Hollywood; and as the door was of oak and iron, and the only other aperture was a grating close to the pavement of the terrace, we deemed him as safe as if he had been built into the wall.

"That fellow is in possession of some deadly secret," said Sir Lennard, as we sat at breakfast; "I am convinced of it!"

"Think you it relates to me?"

"I mean not that—but to the matter in hand."

"I fear so too. — Heavens, if we are in the power of a wretch like this!"

"His hints about Tyburn were marked in the extreme."

"A pleasant association of ideas—loyalty and Tyburn."

"Who can have proved false? or what fool in his cups



can have permitted his tongue to wag too freely? Will Lutterel—no, no; Will is true as steel and silent as the grave. Oh yes,—I'll vouch for honest Will. To send Thorley to Chester with a warrant, which I of course can sign as a justice of the peace, may prove dangerous for us all; for we know how capable that fellow is of revenge, animosity, and artful falsehood; and this is no time for trifling."

"Then keep him in the vault here, until we need no longer fear him or any one else," said I.

"Nay—nay, that would be illegal; you forget that Hollywood Hall is merely an English manor-house, and not the moated *château* of a French noble, or the castle of a Scottish chief; and, happily for us, we have no such vile instruments here as a *lettre de cachet*, by which a man, whether innocent or guilty, may be immured in secret and left unheard to die."

The secret concerning myself, the knowledge of which Thorley seemed in possession, was becoming of more vital importance to me than the real or pretended cognizance he had of the coming struggle in Britain; but how to wrest that secret from him! In my burning eagerness, a hundred times I was upon the point of visiting him in the vault; but the hopelessness of extracting anything but ribaldry and defiance from a wretch so hostile to myself and so depraved in spirit, made me pause; besides, as Sir Lennard urged, without other proof than his mere assertion, made under any circumstances, by bribery, torture, or terror, could anything he said be relied on? Some documentary or other evidence, more solid than his confession, was requisite; yet he might furnish me with some clue, if he were not too wicked and too wary.

To Miss Arden and Lady Winifred I related my late adventures, all at least save those concerning Willoughby, which Sir Lennard begged me to conceal; and I could perceive, when I spoke of Thorley's *secret*, that the colour came and went in Lucy's changing cheek, while her eyelashes drooped with an expression that made my heart beat quicker with joy.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## HOPE.

THE quiet tenderness and unobtrusive attention Lucy Arden experienced in her daily intercourse with me, were much more acceptable and in unison with her own sentiments than the coarse compliments, the deliberate and open courtship, paid at times by young Willoughby, whose whole bearing was withal most unloverlike. He never contrived to have a quiet walk, or solicited an interview with her alone; he was seldom by her side, and was never at hand when she really required those little services which a lover, or any man of gallantry, is ever so pleased to render; but in her presence he occasionally hinted about their probable marriage with a coolness and confidence which brought the crimson colour rushing through her delicate skin, till it suffused her temples, as emotions of anger and impatience rose within her by turns, or together.

On the afternoon of the day following the adventure at the Three Talbots I was seated thoughtfully in my own apartment, which, by the bye, was the same that had been occupied by the famous Doctor Sacheverell, who was hospitably entertained at Hollywood by Lady Winifred, when on his triumphant progress to Salop, after his deliverance from the persecution of the Whigs in May, 1710.

I was seated in this room, reflecting on what had passed; considering the best means of unmasking and punishing the cold-blooded Willoughby for the wicked mutilation he had intended me to suffer, and also weaving plan after plan for wresting my secret from our prisoner Thorley; when the soft voice of Lucy Arden and the merry laugh of Chatty Leigh attracted my attention. They were conversing in an adjoining room, which was separated from mine only by a partition of rickety and worm-eaten panels, through which every sound was distinctly heard. To have knocked thereon, and warned them of my vicinity, might have seemed a liberty; to remain and overhear their conversation was still a greater liberty; and to withdraw from this perplexing dilemma was almost impossible, on hearing, by the repetition of my own name, that *I* was the subject

which occupied the attention of these two charming girls ; so I lingered irresolutely for a few minutes in my room.

"I maintain," said Lucy Arden emphatically, "that Mr. Errington *is*!"

"Is what?" queried her lively friend.

"Every way superior to Willoughby."

"Granted, in some respects, my dear girl."

"Thank you." My heart beat like lightning.

"He is stouter, taller, and more handsome ; a good fencer, dancer, and horseman ; and, perhaps, not a bad shot with a pistol, though I never tried him myself."

"You, Chatty?"

"Yes, I ! am I not as good a shot with the bow as any in Cheshire ? But think you he, with a commission in the Irish Brigade to offer, with, perhaps, a camp-bed and a wet tent, on one hand, and Willoughby, with all his expectations and snug old Weston Hall, with its cornfields, lawn, and coppice, a stud and glass-coach, on the other——"

"Chatty, you are quite unmerciful !" said Lucy, in a tone of pique ; "beware of what you say !"

"Oh, I will keep your—or *his* secret, rather ; I gave you my word ; so fear me not."

*Gave !*—they had been speaking of this before.

I peeped through a chink in the partition, and saw Lucy seated at a window, with her head leaning on her hand. She wore a smart little French commode, with lappets of Mechlin lace, a suit of dark-blue silk, trimmed with white ribbons, a short hoop, and brocade apron. She looked very lovely, and the soft expression imparted to her face by her long and downcast lashes was not the least of its beauties.

"My poor Lucy," continued the waggish Chatty, tapping her arm with her ivory fan ; "and so you are in love?"

"In love !" reiterated Lucy, growing pale ; "with whom, pray?"

"This Amadis of Gaul."

"I do not understand you !"

"How excessively dull we are this evening ! Shall I speak more plainly?"

"If you please, Chatty," said Lucy timidly.

"Well, you are in love with this young Frenchified Englishman !"

"Chatty!" exclaimed Lucy, in a tone of expostulation and alarm, while her colour deepened.

"Yes! with this pale and solemn Errington, who, I fear, has come among us for no good purpose."

"Solemn, yet Frenchified; you are paradoxical, and contradict yourself, Chatty; and you talk more of him than I think cousin Lennard would quite like; for I believe Lennard could be made fearfully jealous. But why think you that Mr. Errington's visit to Hollywood may be productive of evil?"

"Is he not the envoy of——"

"An English merchant, who now resides in France."

"The envoy of an English merchant, quotha!—a distinguished office! And think you," continued this gay girl, whose knowledge or suspicion of my purpose made me tremble,—“think you, if he were but a mercantile traveller or supercargo, he would have all in Hollywood Hall, stud and kennel, park and preserve, at his disposal? I trow not, my pretty friend. The Whigs are very suspicious; the Leighs are the oldest Whigs in Cheshire, and I am the most wicked and suspicious of them all."

"Chatty!" implored Lucy, whose eyes were full of tears, and expressed no small degree of terror; "Lennard would never forgive you if he heard you talking thus. Have you no idea of risk—of danger?"

"There are times when I am not without suspicions that he may be the Pretender himself; yet, he is not in the least like the engraving of his sister, Queen Anne, in the smoking-parlour."

"Chatty Leigh," said Lucy, with increasing pique, "you know that for him whom you stigmatize as a *pretender*, many of our dearest kindred are ready to lay down their lives on the field."

"Or scaffold."

"Alas!" said Lucy mournfully, as she cast down her beautiful dark eyes, "it may come to that, too."

"What are you talking about, girls?" said a third voice, which, with the rustle of stiff-hooped brocade, and the jingle of keys at a chatelaine, announced Lady Winifred.

"We were talking of Mr. Errington," said the ever-confident Chatty, whom it was impossible to abash.

"Or his secret rather. We would give the world to discover it," added poor Lucy, blushing at her friend's avowal.

"Ah, marry, so would I," replied the old lady, as she seated herself, and entirely enveloped a huge chair by the amplitude of her skirt and hoop; "and fortunately we have the master of that secret—if a secret there be—safe in the vault; while Lennard is writing a warrant for his committal to the Castle of Chester. He has concluded on doing so at last."

"Poor wretch!" sighed Lucy.

"Poor rascal, you mean, niece,—a scurvy rogue, who, I hope, will never cross the Dee again till he sails for the plantations, where many a better man went in King Charles's time. But what of Mr. Errington, girls?"

"We were only drawing comparisons," began Miss Leigh.

"Between him and whom, Chatty?" asked the old lady, surveying them keenly through her spectacles.

"Mr. Willoughby, dear aunt," replied Lucy, changing colour again, while her fine hands trembled as she nervously arranged her hair; and I grew almost giddy with delight at those indications of the interest I had in her heart.

"The squire is no more to be compared to him than—than I know not what," said the old lady, at a loss for a simile. "Errington is as thoughtful, reserved, and unassuming, as the squire is noisy, self-important, and frivolous. His eyes are clear and honest in expression, and his voice is gentle in tone. Every way he resembles your uncle, Sir Humphry, as much as one man may another."

Lucy laughed at this remark, and so did Chatty; while I felt far from flattered.

"Judging by the burly aspect of my late uncle, Aunt Winny, and the width of his sword-belt which hangs in the hall, I could scarcely conceive there could be any resemblance between him and our—our French visitor."

"French?"

"Mr. Errington, I mean."

"Yet, niece, let me tell thee, that when Sir Humphry married me—which he did after I refused him thrice,—there was not in all the seven hundreds of Cheshire a sweeter singer of old madrigals, or a handsomer cavalier than he; though in after-years he did become so stout——"

"That he broke the back of his favourite horse in the charge at Sedgemoor," said the waggish Chatty; "I have heard of that, Lady Winifred."

"But not until he had unhorsed your uncle, Captain Piers Leigh, who fought for the traitor Duke of Monmouth—you should have heard *that* too!" replied Lady Winifred, with a smile, and yet with some asperity.

"Now you are not to become political," said Chatty, springing upon the old lady, and kissing her from ear to ear; "I can stand anything but politics; for, like religion, they always make people angry."

"Yea, my poor husband was the stateliest gentleman in all the palatinate of Chester!" said the old lady, still reverting to the former thought.

"And what says our old proverb, aunt Winny?" asked Lucy Arden playfully.

"That the lads of Cheshire are *the chief of men*," replied Chatty Leigh, in a tragi-comic voice.

"Thou art right, neighbour Leigh," replied the old lady proudly; "and they have ever been stanch to royalty since Richard II. had two thousand Cheshire men for his guard; and never were the gentlemen of the Palatinate divided in faith to the throne, till the battle of Bloreheath, when, as the old rhyme has it,—

" 'There Arden Arden kills, and Done doth kill a Done—  
A Booth a Booth—a Leigh by Leigh is overthrown.  
O Cheshire! wert thou mad of thine own native gore?  
So much until this day thou never shed'st before.' " \*

"The last time I acted the reputable part of eavesdropper, I heard a less pleasant conversation," thought I; but finding the old lady's arrival had altered the theme of the girls, and matters were being introduced in which I had no concern whatever, with a heart that beat lightly with a new delight and joy, to find the name of Lucy linked with mine, even in raillery,—a raillery for which I felt grateful to the gay and heedless Chatty, I left my apartments and hastened to the terrace, with the intention of inviting Sir Lennard to confront me with Thorley, whose secret I was determined to leave no means untried to possess. On the spacious paved terrace that lay along the western front of Hollywood Hall, I perceived Sir Lennard promenading thoughtfully to and fro, with his walking-sword on, and in his hand a paper which he perused from time to time.

\* Quoted by memory from Drayton's "Polyolbion."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## STRANGE DOUBTS.

BEFORE I could join him, he was met by a stranger. This was a woman, who sank on her knees before him, with her hands clasped in an attitude of entreaty, and her head bowed before him. This unusual action surprised me, and I paused at the distance of a few yards, irresolute whether to advance or retire, as this person seemed to be entreating Sir Lennard to grant some favour, while he was beseeching her to rise.

The woman was aged, and her face was wrinkled; her gray hairs were smoothly banded under her capuchin, and she wore the old-fashioned costume of a past age, a tightly-sleeved gown, with cuffs like those of a man's coat, reaching above the elbow. She had long knitted gloves, and a high, stiff, formal stomacher. Her attire was poor and coarse, yet scrupulously neat and clean; for though tattered and worn, her little apron and kerchief were white as driven snow.

"You will spare him, Sir Lennard," I heard her say imploringly, "spare him for my sake, and for the sake of my husband, who fell by your father's side at Sedgemoor; yea, and for the sake of the love I and mine have borne the house of Hollywood in times long past and gone,—in times, Sir Lennard, far happier and better than the present."

"For your sake alone, I would spare him, my good old Gammer Thorley; but I owe a severe duty to society, and a debt to the friends he has injured."

"To all that, I have but one reply—spare him!" continued the old woman vehemently, while her tears fell fast.

"For the old love and faith you bear us, Gammer—a love that belongs to the past, rather than the present selfish days of England,—I would spare your son, all unworthy as he is; but there is another to be consulted in this matter."

"Another!" exclaimed the old woman, starting.

"Yes, another; but rise you must, my good old nurse, and rise you shall; for I cannot have you speaking to me thus; nor is it becoming that you, on whose breast I have hung in infancy, should speak to me in a position so humble as this."

Thus urged, the woman rose, and Sir Lennard, taking her

by the hand, led her to one of the stone seats which were placed at intervals round the terrace.

"Mr. Errington," said he, "this is the mother of our prisoner—a worthy and kind-hearted soul as any in the shire ; an old adherent of our family, for she was our nurse in youth ; and when she married Gaffer Thorley, our forester, my father, Sir Humphry, gave her away with a purse of gold, as a bride, in yonder chapel, and danced with her thereafter in the old hall, where he held the bridal feast. Ah, we were honest folks in old England then, Gammer !"

The woman answered only by her tears.

"Well—her husband, a stout English yeoman, as the old rhyme says,—

" A honest man button'd close to the chin,  
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within,"

was killed when saving my father's life at Sedgemoor, and left her with two sons ; one of these, when a child, was kidnapped by gipsies from one of the gates of Chester, while the other grew to manhood and to become the pest of the surrounding country—in short, to be that Samuel Thorley whom we have now under lock and key. Now, you as well as I have some interest in his life and liberty ; but what say you, when a mother intercedes with us for her son—her only son, Errington ?"

While the baronet spoke to me, I had scarcely heard all he said ; the face and voice of this old woman stirred within me the same mysterious emotions I had first felt on finding myself in Chester. Both seemed familiar to me ; and, while gazing on her features, so aged, wan, wrinkled, and unpleasing, I strove through the mists of memory to remember where, or when, or under what circumstances, she and I could have met before. To solve all this was impossible.

"Did you hear me ?" asked Sir Lennard, with surprise at my silence.

"Pardon me—I was in a dream."

"Then, what say you to this affair ?"

"That I will consent freely to his release ; but on one condition only."

"Name it, kind sir—name it !" said Mrs. Thorley.

"That he will reveal to me all he knows concerning



myself, and give up that secret which I heard him boast of possessing to Willoughby of Weston."

"A secret, sir! What secret can he possess?"

"The story of my birth, the name of my family; for it seems that he knows both, which is more than I do."

"This is only just and proper, Gammer Thorley," said Sir Lennard, still retaining kindly her hand in his.

"Oh, sir—oh, Sir Lennard, how could one so poor, so humble, and, alack! so wicked, become possessor of a secret such as this?" she exclaimed.

"That is his affair, madam," said I; "I do not ask of him *how* he became possessed of it, I merely require him to disclose it to me."

"A poor lad, like my son, who has been scraping up a subsistence——"

"A lad of forty years, Gammer Thorley!" said Sir Lennard;—"a lad, whose means of subsistence have not been at all times lawful or peaceful; who, by turns, has been footpad, smuggler, poacher, and flashman; a—but pardon me, good nurse," he added kindly, on perceiving that the old woman covered her face with her tremulous hands, and sobbed bitterly; "this paper is his warrant of committal to the castle of Chester; but see—it is gone;" and tearing it to pieces, he cast them away. "Now I leave him in the hands of Mr. Errington."

"Sir, you cannot have the heart to visit my son's transgressions upon me—to oppress an aged widow, a soldier's widow, through her only son!"

Her voice, and the upward glance of her eyes, made my heart vibrate, yet I knew not why.

"Madam, to be the widow of a soldier is your best claim to my sympathy," said I; "for I, too, am a soldier, and, as such, deem myself the protector of all women; but you interest yourself for this great burly fellow, as if he were a lad in his first pair of breeches. I have neither Sir Lennard Arden's power, nor authority to detain him: thus, I can only urge that he should deliver up to me the secret he boasts of knowing, or I shall tear it from him!" I added, as anger got the better of propriety. "Let him be brought forth, Sir Lennard, that I may try the power of threats and of persuasion, before we set him free."

"You may try both, Mr. Errington, and will find that

you might as well have attempted to soften a Kentish flint as Samuel Thorley."

"I fear you are right, Sir Lennard," added the mother, meekly; "yet I thank you both, gentlemen, from my soul, for this unmerited clemency."

She folded her withered and tremulous hands upon her bosom, and cast down her eyes, which were full of tears, while giving each of us a courtesy. As she did so, I perceived that, in the ancient fashion, she had on her marriage-finger a *bone* ring, to which the gold hoop of her late spouse was attached by a narrow black ribbon; and, while surveying her, I struggled with my own perplexing fancies to crush the absurd idea, which again and again forced itself upon me, that her face was once a familiar one.

Two valets were desired to unlock the door of the vault, and bring Thorley, securely bound, before us; but they returned with blank amazement depicted on their faces, to announce that the door had been forced from within, and the bird was flown.

"Escaped!" exclaimed Sir Lennard and I together.

"Gads bodikins, he be!" replied the valets in one voice.

"Impossible!" said Arden.

Yet it was so. By main strength he had broken the manacles which secured his wrists, and, with a portion of the iron bar which secured the loops, had forced the lock of the door. He had then escaped from the vault, unseen by all the inmates of Hollywood, leaving on the wall an ironical and roughly-scratched memorandum of thanks to Sir Lennard for his hospitality in providing him with lodging for a night, and a supper of coarse bread and cold water.

"The next lock I place upon that vault will not be forced so easily," said Sir Lennard quietly; "but this escape is miraculous, and only to be surpassed by the daring and strategy with which he liberated himself from Newgate, when consigned there by my father some eighteen years ago. We shall soon hear of him again, for he will now deem himself a deeply-injured member of society, and one who has a new wrong to revenge."

Sir Lennard consigned the mother of Thorley to the care of the butler, desiring him to see that her wants were attended to; to supply her with money, and see her re-conveyed to Chester by the first wagon passing in that

direction ; for, oblivious of her son's character, this kind English gentleman generously loved and valued the old woman as his nurse, and as a faithful adherent of his family. We then adjourned to the parlour to talk over this affair, through the pleasant medium of brandy and home-made cider ; and had just imbibed a cup each, when the jangle of spurs rang on the tiled floor of the corridor ; we heard the cracking of a whip, and some one whistling loudly as he approached. The door was flung noisily open, and, to my astonishment, my enemy Willoughby entered, clad as usual in his green hunting-suit, and with his usual jolly and devil-may-care brusquerie of manner.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### STRANGER STILL.

"My service to you, Sir Lennard. Mr. Errington, God be wi' ye : how are you ? Delightful day,—i' faith, and glorious brandy and cider, cold as ice, too !" said he, tossing off a bumper unasked, and dancing jauntily round the table. Sir Lennard bowed with marked coldness, while I surveyed him sternly ; but, unabashed, he resumed, "I have just returned from Chester, where I bought some bottles of essence for the girls, with two pulvillio-boxes for Lady Winifred, and a pack of new ombre cards for ourselves."

His invincible coolness confounded me ; but this was only the emotion of a moment, and I started up with my sword half-drawn, exclaiming,—

"Mr. Willoughby, you and I must have a little private conversation, with no weapon but our swords, and where none can interrupt us !"

"About what ?" he inquired, with well-feigned surprise.

"Fury ! the survivor may discover that for himself."

"That is very satisfactory," said he ironically, while seating himself ; "but, sir——"

"No delay or equivocation will serve your purpose, fellow. Instantly follow me, or I shall kill you as you sit in that armchair."

"Harkee, Mr. Swaggerhuff, or whatever you name you

self," said he, starting to his feet ; "let us have no more of this nonsense. I am Dick Willoughby, of Weston Hall, in the commission of the peace for this county, and I will allow no man alive to set upon me thus, especially such a Jack-pudding as thee. Now, art thou answered ?"

"You are a rascally picaroon," I retorted. "I have seen many a braver fellow sent to the gamelle, and certainly many an honester man to the king's galleys at Brest and Toulon."

When thus goaded and taunted, Willoughby, with evident reluctance, laid a hand on the hilt of his hanger ; but Sir Lennard sprang between us, and, unsheathing his walking-sword, exclaimed,—

"You are both my guests, but I will have no brawling here in Hollywood ; and, by heavens ! I will run this sword through the heart of the first who draws or dares to strike a blow in this quarrel. Beware, sirs, for I am master in my own house, I trust. Moreover, Dick, thou art no swordsman ; for Errington, an officer of King Louis, to encounter thee, would be only, as the player says, 'like tossing with a marker to keep his hand in.' After the foul epithets and insults you have exchanged, to ask you again to shake hands——"

"Would be but to encourage cowardice and hypocrisy," said I bitterly.

"Of that I am aware, for your quarrel must be ended by a proper and seemly meeting ; but promise me, on your honours as gentlemen, that until this day six months, at least, you will not recur to the subject of your dispute. Promise me this, sirs, for, by my father's soul ! the hour is at hand that will find us other throats to cut than our own."

"Egad ! this is true," said Willoughby, relinquishing the hilt of his hanger with unfeigned satisfaction.

"Six months !" said I ; "and must my just quarrel be unrevenged for six months ?"

"Sdeath, Mr. Errington," said Sir Lennard, "the love or hate must be poor indeed that will not keep warm for six months."

"There spoke the Welsh blood of Lady Winifred," continued Willoughby, "of old Howel ap Voil of Latchford. But for six months, Mr. Errington, I promise you a truce."

"And I pledge myself to you in the same terms. When

these are expired, sir, you must meet me with sword and pistol, if not in England, on the sands of Dunkirk or any other neutral ground ; and if you fail in that appointment, by Him who hears me ! I will shoot you down like a mad dog on the first opportunity."

"Agreed," said Willoughby, with a bitter smile.

"'Tis well," added Sir Lennard.

"And now to business," said Willoughby. "Any tidings from Tom Forster yet?"

"No ; but I expect Will Lutterel hourly."

"Loitering Will must have found the ale over good and the girls all game in Northumberland, surely ; but the news yesterday in Chester were——"

"What?"

"That the Scots were in arms for King James. A new regiment sent home from the Virginia plantations was added to the garrison yesterday ; it marched into the castle under cloud of night, and had with it four waggons loaded with arms and warlike munition."

"All the better," said Sir Lennard gaily ; "we lack such matters sorely, and to have them in Chester Castle——"

"Will save us the trouble of having them conveyed from the Tower of London," said I.

"That the Scots had risen?" reiterated Arden, ponderingly.

"Such were the tidings in every alehouse within the city walls."

"I pray God it may be so," said Sir Lennard, "for then I shall feel perfectly happy."

"And so should I, did not Thorley's secret prey upon my spirit," said I.

"Thorley's secret?" reiterated Willoughby.

"Oh, do not affect ignorance, my dear sir," said I, with rising scorn ; "he told you in most pointed language last night that he *had* a secret concerning me."

"I cannot conceive what he meant," said Arden.

"Nor I," drawled Willoughby, "unless——"

"Unless, what?" I asked impatiently.

"That *you* are his brother."

I was silent for a moment, for his words overwhelmed me ; and I could only ejaculate,—

"'Sblood, sirrah, what mean you—his brother?"

"Yes ; who was stolen from one of the gates of Chester by the gipsies from Spillmoss—stolen some eighteen or twenty years ago. Many children used to be kidnapped from Chester in those days," continued Willoughby, whose eyes now gleamed with a triumphant malevolence which he could not repress, on beholding my confusion. A deadly chill came over me, and I glanced at the face of Sir Lennard Arden ; but it was immovable. "His brother—I !" My voice faltered as I spoke.

"Impossible and absurd !" said Sir Lennard emphatically.

"For this friendly incredulity, I thank you ; but——"

"It is utterly incredible, Willoughby," interrupted the baronet, who felt for the painful emotion I endured ; "Mr. Errington has the bearing of a polished gentleman—Thorley, all the aspect of a mean and sordid villain."

"Brother of Thorley, and cousin of pretty Anna the ballad-singer," continued the squire, switching his boots with his riding-whip and enjoying the miserable triumph he had won ; "'slid ! may the devil eat me, but it is very comical."

"I repeat that it is incredible !" said Arden ; "and the deep hatred Thorley avows to Mr. Errington controverts the wild idea."

"God grant me patience, and a little time may unravel all this," said I, making a desperate effort to be calm ; "meanwhile, Mr. Willoughby, you are at perfect liberty to enjoy all the pleasure afforded by your wild surmise."

I bowed, turned away, and left the room ; hearing, as I did so, the malicious laugh of Willoughby.

I saw the two girls, Lucy Arden and Chatty Leigh, on the terrace, crumbling bread in their white hands to feed the peacocks that strutted to and fro, or were seated proudly on the carved and antique balustrade ; but I had not the courage to join them, according to my usual wont, for I felt crushed and bewildered. Evening was closing ; the green leafy woods and smooth velvet-like lawns were growing dark, as I left the hall by a back entrance, and, rushing into a gloomy coppice, threw myself on the damp dewy turf, and endeavoured to calm my thoughts by reflection and an exertion of philosophy.

I am weak enough to admit that Willoughby's taunting surmise stung me to the soul ; and all the deeper, that it had been made by a rival, and before one who, like Sir

Lennard, valued so much and so unduly the casual accessories of birth, position, rank, and fortune.

"Heavens, if it should be so ! that I am the son of yonder wrinkled hag, and the brother of Thorley—a sordid villain, steeped in every crime that can make man's nature hateful !"

This was my prevailing and most prostrating thought. It crushed and degraded me, even in my own estimation. To be the kinsman of people such as these, raised at once between me and Lucy Arden a barrier, I believed, never to be surmounted ; and was an origin so mean, so vile, that it seemed to me, educated as I had been among the noblesse of the French army, that death were preferable to life under such a conviction as that, and with such a stigma ; no deed of arms, of loyalty or chivalry, in the coming civil war—and, oh, how I longed for that war !—could gild the blot of such a birth, or sink the memory of having such progenitors !

That night I retired soon to my apartment, humbled and mortified, full of wild anger at Willoughby, and perplexed by the strange and vague memories of persons, places, and faces, that haunted me, and had forced themselves upon me since my arrival in England—memories which seemed strongly to corroborate the surmise of the spiteful squire.

The manner in which Sir Lennard, during our past interview, so completely ignored, or disdained to recognize, the main cause of the quarrel between Mr. Willoughby and me—our love, or rather *my* love, for his cousin Miss Arden—in itself galled and fretted me ; for it was painfully evident that he deemed me too humble and nameless to assume that such an idea would enter my mind ; or if it did so, that it was scarcely worth a moment's consideration.

Oh, how I longed to be far away from Hollywood, even away from Lucy—to be once more with my comrades of the Irish Brigade ; for there we were all alike, homeless and nameless, with no inheritance but our stout hearts and ready hands, our faith and our bravery !

Slumber came at last with night, and with slumber oblivion.

But happily now a crisis was at hand for us all !

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## OUR MESSENGER RETURNS.

NEXT day we had scarcely done with dinner, at which Willoughby and I met without any recurrence to the still rankling quarrel of yesterday, and at which, being Michaelmas, we had a goose served up in all due form and state,—a custom that has baffled the wit of all antiquaries,—the old lady had just closed her book after prayer and betaken herself to her ivory-mounted spinning-wheel, when a horseman was seen galloping down the avenue.

“Will Lutterel, for a thousand guineas!” exclaimed Sir Lennard, starting from the table in high excitement.

“Will Lutterel he is!” added Willoughby, changing colour most visibly; “I would know his seat in the saddle and his old Williamite gambadoes among those of a hundred men.”

“Now, Errington, for tidings from our friends in the north,” said Sir Lennard, with a gleam of fire in his fine dark eyes; “come with us, Willoughby, and you too, mother,—come to the parlour, for the news he bears will make or mar the fortunes of Hollywood for ever!”

We hurried to the parlour, leaving the startled girls a prey to suspense and curiosity in one of the oriels of the hall. Lutterel, a fine specimen of a burly, handsome, sun-burned, and curly-pated Englishman, with the fair hair and clear blue eye that came into South Britain with the followers of Hengist, was in the act of unbuckling his girdle, after imbibing a long horn of ale, when summoned before us.

“Welcome home, Will,” said the baronet, shaking his hand; “thou hast news, my lad?”

“In faith have I, Sir Lennard; the Scots are in arms for King James, and the lads of Northumberland and the North Riding lack but a leader to follow their example in thousands.”

“Then the news in Chester yesterday were correct,” said Willoughby.

“You delivered my letters?” asked Sir Lennard.

“Each to whom it was addressed,” replied Lutterel; “to



my lord the Earl of Derwentwater and to Captain Shaftoe ; to the Lord Widrington and to Squire Errington of Beaufront."

"Gallant Tom Errington, thy friend!" said Sir Lennard, patting me kindly on the shoulder, while Willoughby smiled covertly.

"To Captain Hunter, the moss-trooper?"

"Yes."

"And to Captain Wogan?"

"To all, Sir Lennard."

"But thou hast tarried a devil of a time, Will Lutterel?"

"Because, Sir Lennard, I had great difficulty in discovering all these gentlemen."

"How—are earls, lords, and esquires so obscure?"

"No—but the government, alarmed by the reported rising in the Scottish Highlands, have filled the English border-counties with spies, and have thus detected a correspondence between the Catholic gentry and the Scottish Viscount of Kenmure. On this, measures were taken to prevent an insurrection by seizing the horses, arms, and ammunition of every Jacobite ; and these captures were placed in charge of justices of the peace on whom they can rely."

"As all thy nags are under *my* care, Willoughby."

"Being a justice on whom the Elector may rely!"

"Well?"

"Several were ordered to be arrested ; among others the Earl of Derwentwater."

"Hah! the grandson of King Charles!" said Lady Winifred. "Have they no respect for royal blood?"

"King Charles's blood has run into some strange channels, mother," said Arden, smiling.

"There was also a warrant to seize Mr. Forster."

"Strange news, Will : honest Tom Forster of Etherston and Bamborough, M.P. for the county of Northumberland. By heavens! the parasites of this German Elector are carrying matters with a high hand among us gentlemen of England, Will."

"Having been warned of the new king's kind intentions regarding them, they had all absconded, and when I entered Northumberland, were under hiding—no man knew where."

"Hence the delay?"

"Yes, Sir Lennard. To inquire for them was to excite

suspicion, and to return without delivering your letters would have been but the performance of a fool's errand. At last, after much care, trouble, and no small cunning, I discovered them and many other gentlemen, all loyal and true, at the house of Fenwick of Bywell, a strong old tower of stone, on the margin of the Tyne, among woods that almost hide the adjacent waterfall."

"The devil! Will Lutterel; thou becomest quite artistic."

"There, in the wildest part of the county, they held a meeting, at which I had the honour of being present, as the trusted messenger of Sir Lennard Arden of Hollywood, to whose health they emptied a whole runlet of port."

"Well—well, good fellow, heed not the port or the runlet either; what resolution came they to?"

"Firstly—to commit nothing to writing."

"Wise, indeed," said I.

"As letters were always liable to be intercepted."

"And secondly?" said Sir Lennard with impatience.

"That rather than risk imprisonment and trial for the mere suspicion of being Jacobites, they would imitate the Scots, and rise at once in arms."

"Bravo!" shouted Willoughby; "we will not have a king who cannot speak our language; no Elector,—no German glutton shall riot in St. James's, eating sourkraut and drinking Hanoverian stinkibus—no d—nme!"

"The Lord Derwentwater alone wavered."

"He—deemed the most devoted of our comrades!"

"But the countess decided him."

"She was present, then?" continued Sir Lennard.

"Sirs, she was the life of our meeting."

"The beautiful little countess! I was on the point of loving that woman once," said Sir Lennard; "and now I shall positively adore her; but what said she?"

"Something like this: 'It beseems not the Earl of Derwentwater or English gentlemen to hide their heads in hovels and woods, when the Scottish cavaliers are up in arms for their rightful king; and if *you*, my lord and husband, will not set a fitting example, take *that* and give your sword to me.' With these words, she tossed her ivory fan upon the table."

"And this——"

"Decided the earl, Sir Lennard. and decided all; but

Derwentwater was so stung by the taunt, that, with grief and shame, I saw him clench his hands under his long lace ruffles."

"Ah, indeed!—I like not that emotion."

"Listen, Sir Lennard," said this faithful and intelligent fellow, lowering his voice; "Mr. Forster and his friends will meet you and your followers, on the *Sixth day of October*, at the top of a hill called the Greenrig, in North-umberland, where, like my lord of Mar, he means to hold a *hunting-match*, as the best means of collecting many in one place without exciting suspicion; but as the country is disturbed, he expects that no man will come without his sword, pistols, and whatever other arms he may possess."

"I thank you from my soul, Will Lutterel! Has he not done well, Errington?"

"Admirably well!" said I.

"Good! then with God's help, sirs, we shall not fail Tom Forster," responded Sir Lennard, while my heart glowed at the new prospect of battle and of glory in the cause to which I was pledged and devoted.

It is difficult to describe the emotion I felt at this crisis! I had been in battle before, and under fire many times, but the excitement of those occasions was very different from the joyous, proud, and fiery exultation that swelled up within me, as the hour drew nearer, when we were to *rise* in arms; when we should display a new banner in Britain, and proclaim in her churches and cities, and at her market-crosses, a new king, of that old hereditary race whose right the cavaliers so foolishly yet so fondly believed to be the divine gift of God. And in these dreams of triumphs yet to come, need I say that Lucy bore a place more prominent even than my king!

"Mother," said Sir Lennard, taking in his the hands of Lady Winifred, after Lutterel had withdrawn to the house-keeper's room or butler's pantry, to "gull" the servants by false stories of his absence; "dear mother, this winter I shall be at the palace of St. James, with a king of the Stuart race, as Lord Arden of Hollywood, or a broken and outlawed man."

"With quarters gratis in the castle of Chester, perhaps; a free billet, liberally provided with straw by our old friend Sir Harry Leigh, or some such Hanover rat," said Willoughby.

"Oh, Lennard!" murmured the old lady, with her eyes full of tears, "my heart trembles with apprehension as the crisis draws near, and those dangers, on which, to my sorrow, I have never ceased to urge you, approach your dead father's hearth."

"I know, dearest mother," replied Arden vehemently, "that you have ever considered the cause of King James——"

"Hush!"

"Mother, I *will* speak in my own house. There are no spies here—within pistol-shot at least."

"Well; you would say——"

"That you have ever considered the king's cause as desperate."

"I do, I do! I have ever done so; though I pray Heaven I may be mistaken, and that we may yet see his lawful and sacred majesty seated on the English throne, before I am laid by your father's side in the old chapel there."

"And see this you *shall*, mother, or neither you nor I shall sleep in Hollywood chapel!" replied Sir Lennard, with enthusiasm. "Much may be done when there is the will to do it—much when there are brave hearts and strong hands in the cause. The Scottish Highlanders are rising in the North; *they*, at least, never sold their king or country; and to them we may freely allot the van of battle now."

"My son," continued the old lady, weeping, "it would ill become your father's widow, and one who has in her veins the blood of Howel ap Voil, to give a cowardly or disloyal advice to you;—but—but bethink you——"

"Of what, mother?"

"That you are the only stay and prop of my old age,—the last of your race, Lennard,—the last of the old Ardens of Hollywood; and if—if you were——"

"What, mother?—what?"

"To fall."

"Then I could not fall in a cause more glorious; and better fall in battle, as many of my forefathers have done, at Agincourt, at Cressy, and Flodden, than swing on a gallows, as many must do, if once again the king's banner goes down."

Lady Winifred shuddered, and drew him close to her breast.

"It is in such an hour as this I most regret that your younger brother was not spared us."

"And so do I, dear mother ; for he would have been on more true cavalier to fight for King James III."

"Ugh, if we should be defeated !" said Willoughby, draining a huge horn of wine.

"Still croaking ominously of evil !" said I angrily.

"If we should fail," said Sir Lennard, "you may bid farewell to your small remnant of Weston Hall."

"And my head too—a valuable appurtenance of mine."

"Nay," said I ; "not being noble, I scarcely think the government will be envious enough to deprive you of the which is of more use to you than any one else. You will simply be hanged, sir."

"Simply ! Charming simplicity ! Well, well, do not let us anticipate grief. 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

"Sufficient for the night, too : and this night we start from dear Hollywood ; so look well to thy holsters and spur-leathers, Dick."

"Indeed !" said Willoughby, changing colour : "so soon !

"Yes, to be at the Greenrig in time to meet our friend who, *Deo volente*, will all be there with Tom Forster."

"*Deo* what ?" repeated Willoughby petulantly. "Look, Sir Lennard ; don't speak any foreign lingo to me, for I am a true-blooded Englishman."

"Another month will have proved that," said I.

"Soho, sir !" exclaimed Willoughby, who since Lutterel's arrival had been paying his addresses repeatedly to the brandy-bottle ; "death and the devil ! are you about to put upon me again ?"

I was on the point of making a suitable response, when the door of the parlour was opened, and old Sir Harr Leigh, with his rat-like visage half-buried as usual in his voluminous periwig, his hugely-cuffed coat and long-flapped vest, that seemed, from its enormous pattern, to have been cut from a chintz bed-curtain, hobbled in, striking his horn-handled cane emphatically on the floor, and accompanied by his daughter and Lucy Arden. Their arrival at once changed the conversation.

"Lady Arden, your servant," said he ; "Miss Lucy—little sweet-lips—my service to you. Rare doings, sirs—rare doings in the North, neighbours. News have come that these pestilent Scots are in arms again, and Argyle, with his troops, has fled into England."

"If this be true," replied the unguarded Arden, "ere long we may have a king in England who will have some British blood in his veins—a king who will reign in the hearts of his people."

"And zay you this of a Papist and a Stuart?" demanded Sir Harry, striking his cane on the tiled floor. "Neighbour Arden, I am ashamed of you! Moreover, doth not our king zo reign?"

"Sir Lennard said a king, not *the* king," interposed Lady Winifred, who could not conceal, even in the presence of their Whig neighbour, the exultation she felt at the approaching struggle for the British crown; and this emotion exceeded even her dread and anxiety for the issue of that contest.

"Then, neighbours Arden and Willoughby," said Sir Harry, "you will have to ride with me to Chester, vor there is to be a meeting of the commissioners of the peace, to consult on the state of the country and zend up a zuitable address vrom the Palatinate to be laid at the veet of King George; zo down, zay I, with the Pope, the Pretender, the devil, and the Scots to boot! I hate 'em all, sirs, as I do a zunk fence or a beaker of zour zack; and it is the duty of every vreeborn Englishman to hate 'em and curse 'em to boot! You will take horse with me, gentlemen, this evening," added this coarse old man, surveying us with a keen, angry expression in his deep-set fiery eyes.

"Yes, we shall mount and ride to-night," said Sir Lennard;—"but not to Chester," he added, aside, to me.

At this very moment when we were planning an insurrection, all England was amusing itself with the silly rumour that the little island of Corsica was to be erected to a petty kingdom for the Chevalier de St. George; but old people, who have strange and keener instincts, foresaw that something greater was at hand; for long before the Scottish clans assembled under the banner of the loyal and gallant Mar. there were many who asserted that they heard, even as Lennox did,

"Lamentings i' the air, strange screams of death,  
And prophesying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion and confused events,  
New-hatched to the woful time.  
The obscene bird clamorized the livelong night;  
Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake."

## CHAPTER XXX.

## ADIEU.

I PACKED my valise, prepared my horse-pistols, and with a heart that vibrated between joyous excitement at the coming strife and natural regret for leaving the hospitable roof of old Hollywood, I descended from my apartment with the saddening reflection that I was perhaps doing so for the last time. The time was evening now, and flakes of chastened light fell from the painted casements of the deeply-embayed oriels across the tiled floor, on the panelled walls, on the old oak furniture, the heraldic achievements, and antique portraits and quaint trophies of arms—swords that had been notched, and helmets that had been dented in the wars of other times, when the Scot and Frenchman were England's bitterest enemies.

I paused for a moment, and with a sigh reflected that in the coming tide of war this fine old mansion and the lofty race to whom it had belonged for ages, the home of so many traditions and domestic ties, of old-fashioned prejudices and virtues, might all be swept away. I remembered that yesterday had been the birthday of Lucy ; and a foreboding remark made by the old lady, as we sat round the red glowing fire in the hall, came painfully to my mind.

"I wonder," said Lady Winifred, "if we shall *all* be here, and as happy, this time next year."

"We shall all be here, or in heaven, mother," was the response of her son, while Lucy trembled.

When the birthnight of that dear girl came round again, there was indeed a change at Hollywood !

As I was turning to retire, the edge of a yellow skirt, and the point of a pretty little foot, resting daintily on a velvet tabourette, and just peeping from beneath the envious dress, at the corner of an oriel, drew me towards Miss Arden ; for I knew who this lady must be, and that we were alone—quite alone—within that large apartment, where none could surprise us, and in the twilight too. Sir Lennard was busied with his steward and master stabler, in preparing for his hasty departure and absence for a period unknown and

as this was Lady Winifred's *dark day*, which she spent principally in the seclusion of her own room, there was little or no chance of interruption from her ; so I drew near.

Seated within the recess of that old mullioned oriel of the Tudor age, Lucy Arden was like a beautiful picture set in a walnut frame, as the prismatic tints of the painted lozenges were thrown upon her dark wavy hair, her pure white neck, and her sweet and downcast face ; while, through an open pane was seen the far-stretching vista of the grassy chase, with its old gnarled oaks and ivied elms, its browsing herds of deer, all so much in unison with the proud armorial bearings on the window, and the prouder peacocks that strutted on the terrace ; the quaint stone crests that crowned its balustrade, and the high-toned aspect of this fair English girl, who, oblivious of these, to her, everyday matters, was sunk in reverie, with her soft and white cheek resting on her whiter hand and tapered arm.

My heart beat quickly and strangely as I drew nearer ; and nodding smilingly to me, she drew aside her voluminous skirts, to make a space for me on the cushioned oriel-seat.

"At this time to-morrow, Mr. Errington, you will be far away from us all," said she. "Oh ! how lonely the old hall will seem when you are all gone—my cousin Willoughby, and you ; and even the serving-men, whose faces are as familiar to me as the old clock in the stable court. I think even Chatty Leigh will cease to laugh then."

"I have been so peaceful here, Miss Arden—so peaceful and so very happy,—that my heart sinks at the prospect of our separation ; and yet in two hours my visit here will have ended, perhaps for ever."

"We have indeed been very happy," she replied, with a quivering lip and a drooping eye.

This *we* made my heart beat quicker. I pressed her hand in silence, and, soft as velvet, the touch of that beloved hand was happiness. It is strange how we may be lured to love another, of whose existence we were ignorant a day before ; for it is one of the mysteries of this charming passion, that love in one heart seldom fails to beget love, or at least interest, in another.

"You are entering on a deadly and a desperate enterprise, Mr. Errington," said Lucy, with a tremulous voice. "When the prospect of it seemed distant and vague, I could think



of it with ardour; but now that the hour of trial is at hand, I become a very child, and my heart seems to die within me!"

"In this struggle I go forth with new emotions of pleasure and of regret; and you, Miss Arden—permit me, when on the eve of parting, and perhaps for ever, to say *Lucy*,—are the origin of both."

"I?—oh, pray explain this!" said she, in a voice as low and tremulous as my own, while growing very pale.

"I now experience the delight of knowing that there is one being in this world who values me for myself; that there is one on whose regard and esteem—oh that I might utter a more tender word!—I can rely. Oh, Miss Arden, this conviction is indeed a most joyous one to me, who from boyhood—from infancy—have been so lonely in the world."

"Thank you, Mr. Errington," she replied, while colouring deeply for a moment; "but the regret—you have not explained the regret." Indeed, it was painfully evident that dear Lucy knew not what to say.

"It arises from a fear that I may lose this treasure so lately discovered and all but won; a craven fear that Fortune may neither favour us nor our cause,—for she does not always smile on the brave, the just, or the true. This fear, which I never felt before, fills me with a regret that becomes at times almost a solemn foreboding."

"Oh, do not speak thus, Mr. Errington; your ideas so much resemble those of my aunt Winny. Your past life prompts these dark thoughts. You will—you must be successful and triumphant."

"I can only hope so."

"You shall!" she exclaimed, while her dark eyes flashed with sudden light.

"Well, we *shall*," I added, and pressed her hands.

And now, in words and tones which I cannot recall, I told her that which she long since knew—that I loved her; and she did not repel me, but received the timid and abrupt avowal with a charming silence, that filled me with happiness; yet that present happiness was imperfect, clouded as it was by the dim hopes and mists that overhung the future.

Another long, happy, and dreamy pause ensued, while the sombre shadows of evening fell darker on the wooded chase,

and the clatter of hoofs on the paved terrace announced that the grooms were bringing our caparisoned horses from the stable-court, and that the moment of our departure was at hand.

"Adieu, Lucy," said I, pressing her to my breast, while all my heart seemed rushing to my head. "Dear, dear Lucy! I have now learned, with all my pretended camp-philosophy, how little the heart can be controlled; but it is a relief to mine, when I say how deeply and fervently I love you, Lucy Arden; and yet this avowal is made with a presumption that may bring its own punishment."

"Edward Errington!"—her voice sank into my soul.

"I am a poor exile, a soldier of fortune,—the outcast subject of a crownless king. Such I am to-night; to-morrow I shall be styled a rebel, and stigmatized as a felon."

"All this I knew, Edward, from the hour you came among us."

"Still, would it not be a wickedness to ask you to leave this stately home, to share my nameless poverty, and perhaps hopeless exile? You are silent. I know that it would be a base and ungrateful deed: say, then, that while you pardon the presumption that lured me to love you, you will think with kindness of one who will ever remember you with a love that partakes of adoration."

"Kindness! Oh, Edward Errington, why so cold a word? With more than kindness will I ever think of you—with a regard that is too deep for my own peace."

"Bless you for these words, dearest Lucy; but what of Willoughby?"

"He goes with you, does he not?"

"True—but——"

"Speak not of him at a moment like this; yet, be assured," she added, in a tremulous whisper, "that I would rather die than be *his* wife."

"You mean this sincerely?"

"I mean more. I would rather share your home in a French camp, Edward Errington, than the stateliest hall in England with Richard Willoughby. With him I never could be happy—never!"

"Oh, Lucy," I murmured, overcome by this avowal, "to see you was to love you; and to be loved by you, dearest, was, indeed, to find joy!"

Again I pressed her to my breast, and, with a head that seemed to whirl with happiness, I left her to join Sir Lennard on the terrace, where I had heard him repeatedly calling my name aloud, and where I found him accoutred in his rocquelaure, with riding-boots, gambadoes and sword,—ready, in fact, for the march; and he looked every inch a stately cavalier.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

## ANNA.

IN half an hour after this interview each had imbibed a hearty stirrup-cup of brandy, and departed from the manor-house of Hollywood, just as the last flush of evening died away in the west, and the moon and stars began to shed their tremulous radiance on the wooded landscape and the placid waters of the Mersey. In vain had Lady Winifred urged us to delay our departure till the morrow, as the eve of her *dark day*, the anniversary of so many calamities to the house of Arden, was an ominous time for leaving on such a mission as ours. Sir Lennard's constant reply was that we encountered greater perils by delay, and must march at the appointed time.

We were attended by fifteen stout fellows whose fidelity could be relied on: they were all mounted on strong and active horses, and each had a good hanger at his belt, with a case of pops at his saddle-bow. A few of these wore the livery of Sir Lennard; others were the sons of tenants, whose political principles had never been doubted by the lord of the manor, and were all sturdy young Cheshire yeomen, in plain coats, or canvas gaberdines, with leather breeches and bob-wigs.

We all wore the black cockade of Hanover, which in due time was to be replaced by the white rose of King James. Will Lutterel, the gamekeeper, who could shoe, bleed, rowel and dress horses, was to be farrier-sergeant of Sir Lennard's regiment of horse, which, like the king's crown, and all our patents of knighthood and nobility, was yet in the unfathomed womb of futurity.

In departing on this expedition, I had but one annoyance,—an emotion of mistrust of Willoughby, and repugnance for him; and I found it impossible to forget the deadly

snare which he had prepared for me with a malignance so cowardly. Had it been successful, at this hour of action I had been stretched upon a sick-bed, a mutilated wretch, hideous to myself and to all!

Apart from this, and regret for leaving Lucy Arden for a lapse of time, the termination of which we could not foresee, I had not a thought; but joy, enthusiasm, and hope that in the struggle on which we were about to enter—a contest that might revive on English ground a war like unto that waged by the Roses of old—I might raise myself to a position that would render me worthy of the girl I loved, and, more than all, who now loved *me*; one that might enable me to make the usual proposals with confidence, even to the proud and lofty, though kind and gentle Sir Lennard, of whose aristocratic ideas and overweening family pride I stood, at present, so much and so absurdly in awe.

In the hurried memories of this sudden departure, I have almost forgotten to mention that Sir Lennard, who gave out that he was departing for Chester, had a tender leave-taking with Chatty Leigh, and that pledges and promises were interchanged, for so he told me, beseeching me, if aught happened fatal to him in our future adventures, I should bear back her ring to Hollywood. I sighed as he spoke, and reflected that if I were he, with a cousin so charming as Lucy, no such coquettish rantipole as Chatty Leigh would have won away my love.

And now, a lock of hair, with the memory of a mute and sad embrace, were all that fate had left me of her.

As we quitted the park, I thought my horse's off hind shoe was clattering, and dismounted to examine it. Fortunately, this idea was a mistake; but at the moment I placed my foot in the stirrup to remount and follow my companions, a light touch was placed on my bridle arm. I turned sharply, for a thick hedge and the dark shadows of the spreading elms rendered the roadway sombre and obscure; yet I recognized immediately the soft features and timid eyes of Anna Smith, the ballad-singer.

"You are leaving Hollywood," said she; "and—and going far away, sir."

"To where?"

"If you knew not, I should be happier; but alas! you know too well,—on an errand of death and danger."

"Who told *you* so?" I asked with some alarm.

"Thorley, my cousin, spoke of it."

"When?" I continued with anxiety.

"Last night."

"Last night!—how, and before whom?"

"In the snorts of a drunken slumber, as he lay asleep and grovelling on the hearth in his mother's hovel."

"Where?" I asked with growing anger.

"In Chester," said she timidly, "while his poor old mother sat weeping beside him."

"Your kinsman is a fool as well as a knave. Heed not what he said, Anna; for we go but to hunt the deer on the hills of Northumberland."

"Is it to hunt the deer that the wild Scots are in arms?" she asked sadly.

"Farewell, Anna; I find the conversation is becoming dangerous."

"Farewell, Mr. Errington; but may God's blessing, and the fondest wishes of—of——"

"You, Anna!"

"Yes, of me,—a poor girl who loves you well, follow your steps."

"Who *loves* me!" I reiterated, perplexed by her words, and by an avowal to which I could not respond.

"Yes. Have you not been kind to me, gentle, and a protector from the rough brutality of others? But who am I, to be remembered?" she added with a sadness and wildness in her voice. "Oh! I seek not to lure you from her in saying this."

"Her—who?"

"One who would be proudly jealous if a single thought of your mind, or one throb of your heart, were bestowed upon another, even were that other a queen!"

"You," I faltered, "you mean——"

"Miss Arden!" said Anna, with a torrent of tears: "and with her to love you, who am I, to hope for the remembrance even of a moment?"

These words, and this strange depth of emotion, increased my perplexity; but with a gay air, I said,—

"Nay, nay, Anna, I never forget a pretty girl."

She smiled with bitter disdain, and cast down her fine face in sorrow. At that moment I heard Sir Lennard and Will

Lutterel calling me impatiently. I could not resist the kind impulse of kissing this poor girl, who seemed to feel an interest so deep in one who was quite a stranger to her; but when my lip touched her cheek, she uttered a stifled cry, like a sob, and shrank from me. Then I sprang on my horse and galloped away, as if fearful of what might ensue.

That this poor and humble girl loved me, I could not doubt; her timid and artless interest, her blushes and abrupt avowal, all confirmed it: but this strange world is full of such misplaced affections; and this was only one among the many. Whence sprang this remarkable interest for one who loved her not, and to her had never spoken of such a passion? Heavens! thought I, if she should actually be my kinswoman, and this unwonted regard be but the mysterious voice of nature in her breast, assuming another phase! I shuddered with angry pride, at an idea that seemed to corroborate the surmises of Willoughby, and spurring through Latchford, joined my comrades on the highway that led direct to the ancient bridge of Warrington.

The evening mists rose thickly, and grew denser as the cold night came on; but I was muffled in a rocquelaure, which had been made in Paris by the same tailor who fashioned the cloaks of the famous duke of that name.

"So closes my mother's *dark day*!" said Sir Lennard, as I joined him,—“the anniversary of my father's death, my brother's drowning, the fall of one ancestor at Evesham, and of another at Flodden. Hence it is an ominous day for me to ride from the old hall on any mission; but, as the old song says, ‘The king commands, and I obey.’”

“Here is all the vile hurly-burly, the pomp and circumstance of war—holsters, carbines, and so forth, when we should be enjoying a tankard of claret, a pipe, and a quiet rubber in the oak parlour at Hollywood,” grumbled Willoughby. “When shall we all find ourselves snug there again, with our skins whole and our heads on our shoulders,—eh, gentlemen?”

We crossed the Mersey at Warrington, near where the ivy-covered ruins of an old Augustine priory stood. From this place of old, Richard the Hermit bore the votive candle of a devotee who had been healed of wounds received at the battle of Evesham, by calling to mind the martyrdom

of Simon de Montfort; and this devotee was an Arden of Hollywood.

"Now we are in Lancashire, Mr. Errington," said Arden, as we rode through the dark and then unpaved, unlighted, and narrow streets of Warrington.

As we passed up Newgate Street and traversed the town, Will Lutterel and others paused to drink of St. Helen's well, a fountain that had an iron conduit and perpetual stream of running water, which, according to an old tradition, had been blessed by the patron saint of the place; and then issuing from the Market-gate—a barrier old as the days of England's second Richard,—we debouched upon Warrington Heath, a waste which opened to our left.

The spiced ale and brandy, the *adieux* to friends and sweethearts, had somewhat excited our followers; and as they defiled upon the heath at a swinging trot, a few struck up an old cavalier song, and the rest joined in full chorus. The effect of so many loud, clear, and manly voices was alike impressive and fine, as they poured their volume on the breeze that swept over the echoing waste; but I remember now only a single verse, to this effect,—

"All that do tread on English earth  
Shall live in freedom, peace, and mirth;  
For the golden times are come that we  
Did one day deem we ne'er should see.  
The Protector and Rump  
Did put us in a dump,  
When they their standards and men did display;  
But the wheel has turn'd about;  
We are *in*, and they are *out*:  
So long life to the king on his coronation day!  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE GREENRIG.

AFTER daybreak, by my advice, our little troop divided into three parties, to elude observation, and rode about six miles apart. Sir Lennard led the first, Willoughby the second, Will Lutterel and I had the rear. My companion was a fine lively fellow, full of wit, humour, songs, and droll stories, though his heart grew sad at times, when he thought

of his wife and children, and the risks he ran, by field and scaffold, of never seeing them again.

At times I was silent and thoughtful too ; the last glance of Lucy Arden's pale and saddened face yet dwelt painfully and distinctly in my memory, as she and Lady Winifred bade us adieu on the terrace at Hollywood last evening ; and though but one night had elapsed since we parted, the time seemed like a week. Moreover, I had full occupation for my thoughts in planning schemes for active war and successful battles ; for mustering, arming, and mounting men, and levying contributions when we displayed the standard of the king upon the borders.

Without exciting suspicion or experiencing any interruption, though the country was full of dangerous rumours and vague alarms of the landing of French troops under the Maréchal duke de Berwick ; of Irish Catholics under Sarsfield and the Duke of Ormond, or of Scottish Highlanders under their chiefs ; and though we often met bodies of horse and foot on the march, wearing the square-tailed, brick-red coats, the little cocked hats, and long tufted pigtails peculiar to the soldiers who had served in the wars of Queen Anne,—we passed the beautiful vale of Kendal, and traversed all Lancashire, crossing the fertile banks of the Lune under the walls of Lancaster. We soon left behind us the West Riding of Yorkshire, and all Westmoreland, making a halt for two days near the village of Ravenstone Dale, at a farmhouse, the landlord of which was a tenant of Mr. Forster's. We then pushed on, and crossing the Tyne at Aldstone Moor, after a journey of one hundred and forty miles, reached the central and wilder portion of Northumberland, where we began to travel more at ease and leisure ; for then we found ourselves more secure, as this district was justly deemed the stronghold of the English Jacobites. Being mountainous, and bordering on Scotland, beyond the frontier of which English law and English authorities were unavailing and powerless, it afforded a thousand opportunities for successful conflict or easy escape ; and thus, after spending other two entire days at a sequestered village, to refresh ourselves and our horses, early on the morning of the 6th of October we set out with a guide, for our place of meeting, the Greenrig.

During our rapid progress from Cheshire, and our more



recent seclusion in the Northumbrian village, no certain tidings had reached us of the state of affairs in Scotland; and this made us all rather anxious, as it was on the rash and enthusiastic Jacobite clans of that kingdom that our hope of a successful rising in England mainly depended.

On this, to us, eventful day, the harness and accoutrements of our little troop underwent a careful inspection; and on leaving the village, in addition to the Hollywood badge—a tuft of wheat, each man placed in his hat a large white cockade, the forbidden badge of King James, the adoption of which was death by English law! We then unfurled his standard, which bore the red cross of England, with the white cross of Scotland in a blue field, and had a crown, and a coffin, and the wheat-sheaf embroidered thereon by the hands of Lucy Arden and Lady Winifred; the care of this was assigned to Willoughby; and it was not without a momentary annoyance that I saw the work of Lucy's dear white hands committed to his care. But this emotion was forgotten as we unsheathed our swords, and with three vociferous cheers, rode off to the place of rendezvous.

Our guide misled us, and, alarmed on discovering our purpose, left us about noon to shift for ourselves: thus, the whole day passed before we reached the Greenrig. The autumn evening was beautiful, and the pastoral hills and gray rocks of Northumberland stood in clear and bold relief against the deep-blue sky. It was such an evening as the poetic mind loves for contemplation, to dream of the past and of the future; when every feature of nature indicates alike the close of the year and the flight of time. As the sun sank, the dun and sombre tints of wood and wold grew darker; the dry tossing leaves of the stripping coppice had red, golden, and russet hues, as they rustled on the rising wind; yet no other sound broke the silence of the sequestered district into which we penetrated, save the gurgle of the mountain rivulet, the low whirr of the brown partridge, or the plaintive pipe of the thrush, winging home its way over the shorn fields and faded pasture-lands, as the dew fell fast, with the mellowing light of eve.

The Greenrig was the ridge or summit of a verdant and solitary hill; and, as we approached, we saw it rising above the silver haze, that floated from a marshy hollow; and with

something akin to mortification, we perceived several mounted men already there.

"We have been anticipated by some persons—friends, I trust," said Sir Lennard; "I was in high hope this forenoon, that the Hollywood men would be first at the muster-place, as, but for that blundering knave our guide, they would have been."

"I pray Heaven these fellows may be friends," said Willoughby.

"Would the matter be much, were they enemies?" asked Sir Lennard, bluntly.

"We have donned the white cockade," whined the squire.

"And must abide by it bravely. The die is cast, Dick Willoughby—there can be no retreating now,—hold your banner out."

"But if these should be government troopers," still urged Willoughby, shading his eyes with his hand from the flush of the western sky, as he gazed eagerly up the mountain slope.

"I care not; we are fifteen men, with sword and pistol, and I count no more of them. It would soothe my father's soul in heaven, if I, Lennard Arden, of Hollywood, drew the first blood in this good cause to-day. Yet I see no cause for these alarming surmises, Mr. Willoughby, as I cannot perceive aught like a red coat among them; but, 'sdeath! see—there is another troop—two, four, eight, at least twenty men, and all well mounted too, ascending at a trot from yonder hollow. Hark! they cheer; answer them, my lads. Three cheers for King James III., whom God long preserve to old England!"

Sir Lennard waved his hat, and three hearty cheers were given by the Hollywood men. To these greetings the other two parties responded, and gradually we drew together on the summit of the Greenrig. We found these strangers to consist principally of gentlemen in plain unlaced frocks, riding-boots, and stamped leather gambadoes, attended by a few servants in livery; but all well mounted, and armed with pistol, sword, and carbine. Some were rough, bronzed, and powerful-looking men, with ruddy cheeks and eagle-like eyes, being the sons of border troopers, who, in the last days of the previous century, had been wont, at a moment's

notice, to mount and prick against the Scottish marchers. The most celebrated of these moss-troopers was Captain Hunter, of whom more anon.

In all we mustered sixty well-appointed horsemen.

"Welcome, loyal baronet of Hollywood—well fare thy gallant wheat-sheaf! and welcome, thou wil Drake Willoughby, of Weston," said a tall and handsome man, who wore a brigadier wig and suit of crimson velvet, edged with broad gold lace, riding forward hat in hand. He wore jack-boots, with heavy steel spurs, and was mounted on a fine bay: at his saddle were a pair of long holster-pistols; his sword hung by his left knee; his carbine on the right. His face was expressive of open, honest courage, and his bearing was free and polite, though somewhat bluff and reckless.

"Well met, Tom Forster," replied Sir Lennard; "how wags the world with thee, Tom?"

"It wagged better when my father's long white beard wagged in Bamborough Hall, and before we shaved our long heads of hair, to don these d—ned tow wigs of Brunswick and Nassau."

"Soho, sirs! we shall soon amend all that," said Willoughby.

"Liberty, loyalty, and the long head of hair!" cried Will Lutterel, throwing up his hat.

"I hate that word *soho*," muttered Forster; "it smacks so much of Sedgemoor, and makes me think of poor starved Monmouth lurking in a ditch with a handful of pease in his pocket. Before that day, Soho Square, in London, bore the duke's name; for 'Soho' was our password against him. But introduce your friend, Arden," he added, looking at me with some interest.

"Mr. Edward Errington, an officer in the French service, —lieutenant in Fitzgerald's Irish, and bearer of important dispatches from his majesty to *you*. Errington, this is Mr. Thomas Forster, of Etherston, Bamborough Castle, and Blancheland Abbey, and M.P. for Northumberland, a gentleman on whose position and reputation for bravery and discretion we mainly rely for success."

"You compliment me too much, Arden," said Forster, as we shook hands.

This gentleman was the lineal descendant of that Sir John Forster who was governor of Bamborough Castle under

Queen Elizabeth, and who obtained a gift of that magnificent old fortress from her Scottish successor.

"And now," he continued, "I have the honour of introducing you to Charles, Earl of Derwentwater, a nobleman for spirit second to none in merry England, and one who has in his veins the blood of the house of Stuart."

At these words, a singularly handsome young man, of noble presence, clad in a suit of light-blue and silver, rode forward on a white horse, and saluted us with a restless expression in his eyes, and a half-timid, half-excited flush on his cheek. He was the son of Earl Francis, who married Mary, surnamed *Tudor*, daughter of Charles II., by pretty Mary Davis, one of his favourite mistresses.

"Mr. Errington," said he, "from the moment I heard of your arrival I longed to see you. We expect daily to be joined by your friend and kinsman—I presume he *is* a kinsman—Colonel Errington, of Beaufront; by the Lord Widrington, and others. This is Mr. Fenwick, of Bywell and Fenwick Tower," continued the earl, as he introduced a tall young man, of a bold and resolute aspect.

"And now, gentlemen," exclaimed Forster, "since every one knows every one else, let your nags be unbitted and given to our men, while we draw near and confer on the matter in hand. This is no time for empty compliments; we are met here for a solemn and terrible purpose, and, as we have the noose on our neck, we ~~must~~ keep the sword by our side, and be ever prepared to act wisely, boldly, desperately, and well!"

We all dismounted, and gave the horses to our followers. Then Lord Derwentwater, Mr. Fenwick, Sir Lennard, Squire Willoughby, Mr. Forster, several others, and I, drew close together, near a mass of rock on the green hill-top, which served as our council-table, while our men loitered near, anxious to catch any scraps of a conversation on which their future fate, their lives and liberties, depended.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THE CONFERENCE.

"GENTLEMEN," said the Earl of Derwentwater, "we will first hear Mr. Errington, if you please; he is the bearer of letters and messages from his Majesty direct to us; and these must be the key-note of our proceedings."

I bowed, and said,—

"I have here letters from King James, in which, my lord and gentlemen, he fully describes the kind intentions of his sister, her late majesty Queen Anne,—intentions which were frustrated by her sudden and lamented death. He urges upon us, loyal gentlemen, that his people, instead of doing justice to him, or honour to themselves, contrary to all rule and precedent, have proclaimed an obscure foreign prince as their king, in violation of the law of hereditary right,—a law that comes direct from God; for does not the Scripture say that '*the right of the firstborn is his*?' and this right no pretended Act of Settlement or Succession can subvert."

"Hear, hear!" shouted Willoughby, throwing his hat in the air.

"I presume, I need not tell you, gentlemen, that we must depend upon our own valour, our own exertions, and, in short, upon ourselves."

"How—how?" asked every one.

"For we have but little hope of succour by the way of France."

"Explain yourself, sir," said Lord Derwentwater, uneasily, while every countenance fell, save that of Sir Lennard Arden, who remained grave and immovable.

"Indeed; and why?" demanded Forster, with knitted brows, as he sucked the ivory head of his riding-switch, and clanked his spurs together.

"Because the cabinet of Louis XV. is determined to maintain inviolate the treaty of Utrecht!"

"D—n the treaty of Utrecht!" exclaimed Forster.

"Moreover, sirs, Louis is in his minority," said I.

"Would to God that Louis the XIV had lived but one short year more!" said Derwentwater.

"Ah, that wish is all very well, gentlemen; but now the regent, Duc d'Orléans, holds especially to that clause of the treaty which relates to the settlement of the British crown in the German house of Hanover."

"We know all that," replied the Earl of Derwentwater, impatiently. "When the late Queen Anne died, the court of Versailles signified as much to Mr. Matthew Prior, our resident there, and to the Abbé Gaultier."

"Let these false friends adhere to trash and to treaties as they please, but let us imitate the Scots," exclaimed Forster, waving his hat; "for they, without seeking aid from France, or aid from any but God and their own good swords, have risen in arms for King James, and ten thousand Highland bonnets under my Lord of Mar are gathered on the hills above Dunblane!"

"Hurrah!" cried Will Lutterel and most of our troopers (for such I must now designate them), who had drawn gradually near us; but I observed that Willoughby and other gentlemen shrugged their shoulders with undisguised disappointment.

"Be patient, sirs," said I, perceiving how much depended upon myself, "and I will endeavour to set before you the real state of affairs, especially of *finances*, at St. Germain, where his Majesty is surrounded by numerous friends, Protestant as well as Catholic."

"Friends who, I fear me, have more zeal than ability," said Lord Derwentwater, sadly.

"Some may be so, my lord; but since they were joined by the Duke of Ormond, the late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and by Viscount Bolingbroke, their rank and talent are by no means to be undervalued," I urged; "and who knows not the ability of James Duke of Berwick, now Knight of the Golden Fleece, Marshal of France, and conqueror of Barcelona?"

"But the money," said Forster,—"the finances;—what of the sinews of war, Mr. Errington?"

"By the pension of fifty thousand pounds yearly which was allowed to his mother, Queen Mary d'Este, of Modena, an adopted daughter of France; by a contribution of four hundred thousand crowns from Charles III. of Spain, now

Emperor of Germany ; and by large presents of treasure from other Catholic potentates, his Majesty the king has now the sum of twelve millions sterling ready for military service in these islands : thus, all we require is men. He is now, as you know, in his twenty-sixth year, and is quite capable of leading any army we may organize for him."

"Twelve millions sterling—hum!" muttered Forster, stroking his chin, and surveying the faces which now brightened round him at these tidings.

"Of these millions, I have here a sample in notes and gold to the value of three thousand for present contingencies."

"This is so far satisfactory," said Forster ; "but that devilish Scotsman, the Earl of Stair, the ambassador at Paris, has given the Elector's government the fullest information of our designs : thus, troops are fast coming home from Flanders ; three thousand horse and four thousand foot have been added to the regular army, and four companies to the Coldstreamers. In my place in the House I *voted* for them last month. Ha! ha! Everywhere the note of preparation is heard."

"Master Nicholas Rowe, poet laureate, has nibbled his pen anew for a loyal stanza."

"Peace, Willoughby!" said Arden, sternly.

"Six thousand seamen have been added to the Channel fleet," continued Forster ; "and a swarm of ships, with the mangy white horse across our gallant union jack, prowl along the coast to seize every suspicious sail that leaves France ; a hundred thousand pounds sterling are offered for *the Pretender*, dead or alive ; and all officers on half-pay are called on service to discipline a rabble of clowns into militia-men. All suspected Scottish chiefs have been ordered to appear at Edinburgh."

"And they have attended?" asked Willoughby.

"No, sir."

"What then?" continued the bantering squire.

"They have drawn their swords and betaken them to the mountains."

"May Heaven prosper them!" said Sir Lennard.

"The Lord Bolingbroke has declared that Scotland cannot act without England ; but I maintain," said I, "that we in England cannot move without aid from Scotland, whose

people are more accustomed to the use of arms ; and here, on this eventful evening, we find but sixty men have mustered on the Greenrig ! ”

“ True,” replied Mr. Forster ; “ but I have reckoned over and made up lists of all the able and *reliable* men in the border counties, and of all the horses fit for military service. Within a week I expect at least thirty thousand soldiers to join us.”

“ Sir, if so, this is excellent,” said I.

“ Thus, I know those nags that are fitted for mounting cavalry, and those that are only useful for dragging artillery and baggage.”

“ You have done well : but what about arms ? ”

“ Unless we find ourselves strong enough to attack the castles of Berwick and Holy Island within three days, we must look——”

“ Where ? ” I asked.

“ To Scotland.”

“ But the loyal clans have been disarmed by the Whigs.”

“ Several ships laden with cannon, arms, and ammunition, have left the coast of France for Scotland ; and if they escape the Channel fleet we must have our share, as these things cannot be intended by King James for the Scots alone, though their mountains are the best stronghold of the Stuarts in Britain ; and this night,” added Forster, “ I will despatch a messenger into Scotland for succour.”

“ I am an English gentleman,” said Willoughby, with an assumption of pride which I had never before detected in him, “ and will not stoop to comradrie with these people.”

“ Heyday ! how now, sir,—what the devil do you mean ? ” asked Forster, angrily turning round.

“ Did not the Scots sell their king in 1646, and their country in 1707—eh ? ”

“ Pshaw ! those barterers were the Scottish Whigs, who would sell God himself, yea, and the Twelve Apostles, if they could find a purchaser,” replied Forster ; “ but these with whom we claim community of sentiment are the cavaliers, the gallant Highland clansmen, whose fathers won the battles of Montrose and Dundee. Already they are before us in the field : but let us not grudge them the perilous honour ; for he who first draws the sword, should strike the first blow.”



"In Scotland, there is only one honest man," said Willoughby sullenly.

"Whom mean you?"

"Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun; the rest are false traitors, who bartered king, country, name, honour, and flag, for a handful of English gold."

"Say not so, Willoughby," said Sir Lennard; "there are in Scotland many good men and true, even among the Whigs; and the nation is not accountable for the villany of its Whig peers, its parasites and placemen. The Elector, if he has little love for England, has still less for Scotland."

"True," said Forster, laughing; "I was present when the Earl of Mar left St. James's to raise the clans beyond the Tay. On that occasion, the Duke of Argyle was speaking somewhat vauntingly of his country, when the Elector, who had drunk more Rhenish than usual, said bluntly, 'Gott in Himmel! milor dook, I vishes ash Schottland vash a tousand leagues off at zea, and zat zou vash king of it!'"

This imitation of the new king's English made us all laugh, and after a bottle or two of brandy had gone round from mouth to mouth, the conference concluded in excellent humour, but without arranging a very distinct line of operations.

A proposal to enter Scotland and join the Earl of Mar was loudly negatived; for so ignorant were our more humble followers of the geography of Britain, that they actually deemed the sister kingdom an island separated from us by the sea. Ultimately it was agreed that we should march in military array to the nearest market-town of importance, and there read Mr. Forster's commission as general; proclaim the king; outlaw the Elector, with the ministry, the army, navy, and houses of Lords and Commons, and all our enemies, at one fell swoop; after which, we would commit the event to Providence!

When about to march on this notable enterprise, we were alarmed by seeing a gentleman on a black horse coming at full gallop towards us, minus both hat and wig. This was John Hall, of Otterbourne, a friend who had remained undecided until the last moment, and who, after attending a meeting of the quarter-sessions, summoned at Alnwick for the purpose of taking measures to quell any rising in Eng-

land, had quitted the chair to join us, and departed with such precipitation, that he left his hat on the table.

"And now a long farewell to dear old Dilston Hall," said the young Earl of Derwentwater with a prophetic sigh, as he mounted his beautiful white horse, and thought, I doubt not, of his absent countess, whose loyalty, beauty, and enthusiasm had urged him on a course against which his better reason perhaps rebelled;—but it was now too late to recede.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV

### WE PROCLAIM THE KING.

IN sections of three, with drawn swords, and Mr. Forster cantering on his bay at our head, we descended from the Greenrig, as the moon rose above the mountains, and rode to a place called Plainfield, near the river Coquet, and from thence to Rothbury, a small market-town, having a quaint old church and a strong antique mansion, named Witton Tower, which, though occupied by the rector, I had some idea of having loopholed and converted into a place of defence. To the terror and astonishment of the almost torpid denizens of this quiet *locale*, we rode through the market-place, brandishing our swords and shouting,—

"Long live King James! High Church and Ormond for ever!"

News spread like wildfire that the Duke of Berwick had landed somewhere with sixty thousand Frenchmen; so the people, on gathering courage, began to assemble and cheer us with cries of, "Down with all Rumpers and Hanover rats! Hurrah for old England!"

"Down with the White Horse, and up with the White Rose!"

An old fellow who had served with the dukes of York and Albemarle in the Dutch wars, and whose sole trophy thereof was a wooden leg, donned his old red coat and came forth to meet us, beating "the Point of War" upon a drum. Some months had elapsed since I had heard the sound of a *drum*, and it caused my heart to leap with exultation and

hope: it made me think of my exiled comrades, now far away upon the Rhine; and I trusted the day was at hand when we would unfurl on British ground the green colours of the Irish Brigade!

Cartington Castle, a seat of the loyal Lord Widrington (whose father was slain at Buda), is close by this town of Rothbury. Will Lutterel was despatched there with tidings of our arrival, and his lordship came in to us, with two other stanch gentlemen,—Ridley of Williamoteswick, and my former friend and benefactor in France, the venerable Colonel Errington, of Beaufront and Errington Castle, to whom I had special letters from the Princess Clementina. They brought with them each ten armed horsemen, who swelled our numbers to ninety; but twenty of these were mere workmen from Lord Derwentwater's extensive mines on Aldstone Moor. We now detailed a guard, posted sentinels, and prepared to pass the night quietly in Rothbury. Then over our wine we debated the expediency of seizing Holy Island, that we might have a ready means of communication with any French or Scottish ships sent to our succour by King James or the Earl of Mar; and also that we might obtain whatever arms were in the castle.

Of all those ninety horsemen, my friend Colonel Errington and myself alone had any military experience: but the brave colonel was now well up in years; so I volunteered alone, if a ship and men were given me, to capture this island for the king; but I thought only of Lucy Arden, when thus resolving to strike the first blow in this new war waged against the house of Hanover, and my offer was gladly accepted by my comrades.

On Friday morning, the 7th of October, we entered the ancient town of Warkworth, defiling in military order across an old stone bridge of three arches, in the centre of which was a pillar bearing the arms of Percy. We took possession of the old castle of the dukes of Northumberland, which had gradually been falling into ruin since 1672; but many parts were still, in this stirring year 1715, quite habitable, though in other portions the fragrant wall-flower, the wild honey-suckle, and the sweetbrier, overtopped the crumbling masonry. It is a venerable pile, containing within its moat five acres. The walls are founded on solid rock, guarded by flankers, and having, between two polygonal towers on the

south, a great gate ; and at this barrier we posted a guard, the command of which was given to Will Lutterel, now sergeant of dragoons in Sir Lennard Arden's regiment, as we designated twenty of our followers.

On the huge gray keep, now worn by time and border war, we hoisted the union jack ; and just as the setting sun beamed a farewell ray on this mouldering pile and the tall spire of Warkworth, preceded by one drum beating before us, we marched to the market-place, where, with a loud voice, amid bare heads and brandished swords, while surrounded by a crowd of the gaping inhabitants, Mr. Thomas Forster proclaimed "the accession to the British throne of his sacred Majesty James III., whom God long preserve !" We gave three wild hurrahs, in which many of the people joined—a few from goodwill to our cause, but several, as I could observe, from pure stupidity or love of frolic. While our wooden-legged friend with the drum beat a *pas de charge*, I now handed to Forster another document, which proved to be his *commission*, in the name of "James, by the grace of God king, third of England and eighth of Scotland, to all to whom these presents may come, greeting," and so forth, "authorizing him, as general, to assemble all our forces by sea and land in that part of Great Britain called England ; to raise the militia ; arrest all suspected persons ; to seize and garrison all forts and castles ; and to press whatever men, money, horses, arms, and ammunition he deemed necessary to achieve the liberation of the country and the expulsion of that foreign usurper, the Elector of Hanover."

I must confess, that though my heart was full of fierce and sad emotions, I could scarcely repress a smile when I gazed upon our little and most unwarlike troop, and thought of the high powers with which their leader was vested, and the lofty tenor of his commission.

The reader may be surprised, as many of the hearers were, that James Ratcliff, Earl of Derwentwater, or Sir Lennard Arden, one of England's oldest baronets, had not this honour conferred upon them instead of Mr. Forster, a man of less influence in the country, and who possessed more zeal and courage than skill or discretion. But the reason of King James's selection was simply this :—Mr. Forster was a Protestant and low churchman : thus, after all that had passed during the latter years of the last century, he deemed it

most advisable to avoid having a general whose tenets were Catholic or high church, at the head of our enterprise in England; as the appointment of such a leader would have countenanced and fostered the virulence of the religious and the prejudices of the vulgar against us.

We marched back to our gloomy fortress of the Middle Ages, accompanied by the huzzahs of the people, the sympathetic or the heedless, who foresaw not the field, the scaffold, the gibbet, and the axe—the terror and despair that were yet to come. Nor did *we*, while supping and drinking deep in those fine old apartments of the castle which overlooked Warkworth.

On this side of it are several angels carved in stone, bearing armorial shields; and there is also a turret ornamented by a lion rampant in bas-relief. Here we drank to the king's health and to the confusion of the Elector and all his adherents, in bumpers of purple port; and here we judiciously scattered handfuls of silver among the rabble below, to show that we had plenty of funds; and amid mad jollity and Jacobite songs, plans and schemes to capture Newcastle, Carlisle, and Holy Island, York, and even London, were discussed, with other wild, desperate, and daring suggestions; and thus, while uproar and intoxication grew together, the autumn night closed in upon us, our fortunes, and carousal.

We remained seven days in Warkworth, consulting as to our future operations; and seven indecisive and most anxious days they were to us all; for, save forty well-mounted gentlemen from Scotland, none joined us, and the very air seemed full of rumours of troops—horse, foot, and artillery, British, Dutch, and Hanoverian—advancing from all quarters, to decimate and swallow us up.

I was despatched by General Forster early on Sunday morning to the incumbent of Warkworth, who was a plain red-faced old gentleman in a tie periwig and black coat with huge flaps; and my orders to him were, that he should “pray for his Majesty King James III. and VIII., and that he should introduce into the Litany of the Church of England the names of Queen Clementina, the queen-mother Mary d’Este, of Modena, and all other branches of the Stuart family.”

“But how about King George, for whom I have prayed for some time past?—consider, my dear sir,” urged the old

gentleman, twitching his wig, and in his excitement twisting the queue to the front.

"You are to omit the names of the Elector, and all that German family," said I, emphatically.

"By whose orders?"

"Those of General Forster, whose aide-de-camp I have the honour to be."

"Dear, dear me," sighed the old gentleman, "are the old days of the civil war coming back again? Your task is vain, sir; hereditary right has been cut down."

"True, reverend sir," said I; "you have hewn down a tree that has stood for a thousand years; but its *roots* are still in the soil of Britain."

"Your cause is weak, as a bad one ever is."

"So say the Whigs; but I leave with you the orders of the general; so adieu, sir." I bowed and left him.

The poor man, who, between us and the government, found himself, as it were, between the devil and the deep sea, wrote Forster, promising to obey; but, in half an hour after, mounted his horse and fled to Newcastle. On this, the general's chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Buckstone, a bluff, jolly divine of mediæval age, but one who could back the wildest hunter across a stiff piece of country, clear a five-barred gate, worm a dog, break or shoe a nag, handle a case of rapiers, drink a crown bowl of punch, kiss a wench, or snuff a candle by a pistol-ball, with any man in England, preached a vigorous sermon, in which he handed over the Elector, and all Rumpers and Hanoverian rats, to eternal perdition, to the great satisfaction of his congregation in general, and of himself in particular.

The country people all seemed to sympathize with us, and their watchfulness gave us an alarm at least ten times daily. Once we had a very serious *alerte*; being informed by a terrified boor that an "army was coming straight to attack us." On this I rode to the summit of a neighbouring hill, and certainly saw red-coats in motion. We all mounted and prepared to fight or fly; but the alarm was caused by the march of two dragoon regiments on their way into Scotland, to reinforce Lieutenant-General the Duke of Argyle, who was then kept at bay by the clans of the Earl of Mar.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## AN ALARM.

AWARE, from the smallness of our numbers, that to remain long in one place was now fraught with danger, we marched by daybreak, on the 14th of October, having eight gentlemen, under the Lord Widrington, riding in front, with carbines unslung, as an advanced guard ; for I had urged upon General Forster, that we should lose neither time nor opportunity in getting our followers made soldiers by habit and in thought. About half-past four, when the east was becoming gray with light, we left old Warkworth, after mustering our little band with some trouble ; for there were six of the Hollywood lads who had overnight betaken themselves to a low alehouse, the signboard of which bore,—

*“ Drunk for 1d. ; dead drunk for 2d. ;  
clean straw for nothing ;”*

and in this promising auberge, we found them in such a stupid state of intoxication, that we had to drench them at a pump, and prick them with swords, before they could keep their saddles. Sir Lennard was furiously angry ; but military punishment was deemed as yet a dangerous experiment ; so we tied them on their horses, and marched towards the land of coal-pits.

As we rode on, with the morning brightening and the birds hopping and twittering from hedge to tree about us, Sir Lennard, after a long reverie, spoke to me of his home, of old Hollywood Hall, and deplored the impossibility of corresponding with those he loved, owing to the circumstances in which we were placed.

“Those *we* loved,” my heart suggested. He then spoke of Chatty Leigh.

“What a fume the old Whig baronet will be in when he hears of our proceedings,” said he, laughing. “Dear merry Chatty—and poor Sir Harry, he is certainly a droll fellow.”

“He was never very *partial* to me,” said I, “and he will

assuredly give me the blame of the whole affair ; and, I doubt not, of being your ruin."

"Supposing that we are unsuccessful, I presume."

"Of course, but we must not think of such things."

"At this moment I seem to hear Chatty's laugh distinctly in my ear!"

"And I Miss Arden's ; but hers is a graver and maturer mind."

"She is a more thoughtful girl than Chatty. An orphan from her infancy, she has been more a child of care ; and yet, like half of the girls we meet, her conversation is just made up of amiable little nothings."

"But how flat and insipid would all these pretty nothings seem if uttered by other lips than Miss Arden's!"

"Yes," replied Sir Lennard thoughtfully, "my cousin's manner is admirable, and excessively attractive."

"And most winning, too!"

"She can invest everything, even the most trivial, with beauty and interest."

"Now that we are far away from Hollywood," said I, feeling my spirits buoyant with the keen breeze that blew from the Northumbrian hills, with the bright sunshine in which the morning mist was curling, and with those familiar emotions which the tramp of horses in my ear and the flash of unsheathed swords around inspired me, recalling something of my wonted freedom and lightness of heart,—“now that we are far away from dear Hollywood, and that you, perhaps, and I, alas ! too probably, may never see its turrets more, I care not if I tell you, Sir Lennard——”

"That you *admired* my cousin Lucy," said he, turning abruptly towards me.

"I more than admired her," said I, and my heart vibrated as when I made the avowal to herself. "Pardon me for this, Sir Lennard : I know that as yet I am obscure and unknown ; but after the frivolity of the Frenchwomen, powdered, patched, and painted, all flounced and furbelowed, you cannot conceive how charming to me were the simple manners and pure complexion, the clear honest eyes, the earnestness, candour, and modesty of an English girl like Miss Arden."

"I have no doubt of it," said he coldly ; "well?"

"There was an irresistible charm in all she did, or said, or



thought," I continued, borne away by my passion, and feeling a lover's irresistible desire to talk of her he loves ; "in every turn of her beautiful head, in every glance of her clear dark eye, and every modulation of her seductive voice ! Oh yes—to see Lucy——"

Again Sir Lennard turned abruptly towards me.

"To know Miss Arden was to know perfection !"

I was about to have said, that "to see was to love her ;" but, poltroon that I was, my heart failed me !

Her cousin gave me first a cold and then a kinder smile ; and with the unmistakable air of one who wished to waive the subject—an air to me most mortifying—he said,—

"This is not a time, Mr. Errington, for these whimsical rhapsodies,—to think of women or waste our thoughts on them."

"Yet yours wandered to Miss Leigh."

"Chatty Leigh is my affianced wife," said he emphatically ; "and Mr. Willoughby has long been deemed the fortunate admirer of my cousin Lucy. Let us dismiss this subject, for we have sterner work before us than lovers or love-making."

I perceived that he did not fear my love for his cousin, but would rather conciliate me by negative replies than, at a crisis so desperate as ours, excite my anger or jealousy by positively attempting to crush all hope in my breast. That I could pardon ; but his references to Willoughby stung me to the soul. Thus we recurred to the subject no more, but rode on for several miles in awkward silence.

I observed that wherever we marched Sir Lennard met with more attention and respect from the people than any of us : this arose from his aspect and bearing, which were remarkably graceful and dignified, and, belonging to a past age, are no longer understood in England.

We were unable to adopt any plan of operations until we attained sufficient strength to render ourselves formidable to the government and their troops. With this view we marched to Alnwick, a town enclosed by a wall, having three towers and gateways. We entered by the Pottergate and proclaimed the king, after halting in line for a time in the principal street to show ourselves to the people. After being joined by *three* well-appointed horsemen, we marched for Morpeth, a place prettily situated among wooded and undulating hills ; but it was then very poor, having been burned down at

twenty-six years before. There, in front of the market-place, a quaint edifice bearing the date 1659, we again proclaimed the king; but not a man joined us save William Tunstall, of Derbyshire, who was appointed quartermaster-general of our *army*.

Oh! how I envied the number, energy, and determination of the clansmen who had joined the Earl of Mar, to the number of at least ten thousand swordsmen in one week.

We had now been sixteen days in the field, and not quite seventy Northumbrians had joined us. I confess that I began to lose heart at last, for the apathy and inaction of the English Jacobites amazed and distressed me.

We next advanced to Feltonbridge, and there, while we were defiling along between high green hedges, Willoughby, who led the advanced guard, came galloping back with a somewhat perturbed expression of face, to announce that a body of horse, several thousands strong at least, were in position near the passage of the Coquet.

"Look to your pistols and spur-leathers, gentlemen," said General Forster, drawing his sword; "my Lord of Derwentwater, and you, Sir Lennard Arden, will have the kindness to get our little troop into fighting order, while I ride forward to reconnoitre: Mr. Errington, will you be my aide-de-camp."

"With pleasure," I replied.

"Then come on, sir!"

Leaving our friends in a high state of excitement, we spurred furiously to the front; and after proceeding a half-mile or so, beheld certainly, and not far from an ancient manor-house called Felton Hall, in the same park where the English border barons paid homage to the king of Scotland in 1215, a body of horse, drawn up in regular order, each man with a carbine resting on his thigh.

"What think you of them, Errington?" asked the general.

"They seem well-mounted men, but not regular troops."

"No—I can perceive that they are without uniform."

"And not over two hundred in number."

"Willoughby said there were thousands!"

"That gentleman sees what he fears most," said I contemptuously.

"These fellows are county militia, I presume?"

"Scarcely," said I; "there is not a canvas frock among them. They are all in broadcloth; and see! they have all flat blue caps or Scottish bonnets, save some ten or fifteen, who sport hats, with feathers."

"Then they are Scots!"

"Scottish Whigs, come over to assist in our suppression, I fear."

A gloomy expression of rage flashed in the eyes of Forster, as he exclaimed, "If it be so, then by God's malediction, we will try who are the better men, they or we. Hah! here come our own fellows bravely up at a trot. Breathe your horses, gentlemen, but keep them well in hand; we may charge in five minutes."

As Lord Derwentwater and Sir Lennard brought up our little squadron in two troops, and formed line with some skill and precision, thanks to my daily drilling, the opposite party sounded a trumpet; and one of their number, evidently a gentleman, by the trappings of his horse, the rich lace on his blue velvet coat, and the feathers which edged his cocked hat, rode forward, bearing a white handkerchief on the point of his sword. Three or four men of similar appearance, all well mounted, with flowing periwigs and long jack-boots, cantered forward by his side.

"It is a flag of truce," said I, getting my horse up in hand, "may I ride to the front, and inquire what all this means?"

"You may, sir," said Forster; "but be wary."

"Do, my dear sir," sneered Willoughby; "such spirits as you are scarce in King James's army."

Heedless of the taunt at myself and our fortunes, I dashed forward and met the flag of truce. He who bore it was a young man of singularly prepossessing aspect and manner.

"May I ask, sir," said he, with an accent decidedly Scottish, "for whom you are in arms?"

"I was about to put the same question to you."

"With this excessive caution, we will attain but little knowledge of each other," said he, smiling.

"But, at such a time, you will agree with me that caution is most necessary."

"True," he replied impatiently; "for to attain a true knowledge of each other might lead to blows! You are, I hope, in arms for the king."

“We are!”

“And so are *we*,” continued the Scot proudly; “and though I care not to say for *which* king, I fear not to mention that I am a Gordon, and the Viscount Kenmure.”

“God save King James, and you too, most loyal viscount!” I exclaimed, proffering my sword-hand with joy; “we are in arms for the same cause.”

“And yonder horsemen?”

“Are a body of English border loyalists, under Lord Derwentwater, and the king’s general, Thomas Forster, of Bamborough and Etherston.”

At this moment four or five other gentlemen, all nobly mounted and richly dressed, came forward and joined us, with cheers; we then rode, hat in hand, towards our own party, who all this time had been carefully loading, snapping flints, and springing their ramrods. In short, the troopers who had caused us such alarm proved to be two hundred well-appointed Scottish yeomen, who had come to join us, under Viscount Kenmure, the earls of Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Winton, Hepburn, of Keith, and other loyal cavaliers who dwelt be-north the Tweed; thus making up our numbers to three hundred strong, the greatest we ever attained, until Brigadier Macintosh entered England with his Highlanders. The smallness of the force brought by these four nobles showed but too plainly the decay of loyalty in the southern parts of Scotland,—a decay for which the house of Stuart had itself to blame in the days of the Covenant.

I accompanied General Forster when he inspected the Scottish troop. We found them better prepared for action than our own, as in their country men had never relinquished the use of arms; and, unlike the peaceful denizens of England’s midland counties, were ever at war among themselves. Their horses were smaller, but more hardy than ours, and all were uniformly armed with those heavy basket-hilted swords and long steel pistols peculiar to their nation.

On surveying our smart and active hunting-horses, with their light saddles, bridles without curbs, and general race-course aspect, the viscount remarked, with a smile, that we seemed more adapted for flying than fighting heavy cavalry; and Forster was so impressed by the equipment of these Scots,

that he offered horses worth £25 each for such swords as were worn by the Highlanders.\*

Our meeting was a merry one, and that night we poured a libation of wine thereon in the hall of Felton, which belonged to the loyal Widringtons, and wherein Forster had established his head-quarters.

Excited by the brave aspect of three hundred well-accounted horsemen, most of whom were gentlemen in rich dresses, many of the peasantry now offered to join us; but being destitute of arms, we were thus unable to form them into infantry.

A plan of operations was now decided on; for the determination and perseverance which have ever been characteristic of the Scots, were now infused into our hitherto wavering councils of war.

The capture of Newcastle was to be our first essay; and by advice of the Scottish nobles, one of their captains, named Douglas, almost the last of the moss-troopers, was despatched to the earl of Mar, in Scotland, craving immediate succour; while I was sent to Warkworth, to consult with a certain valiant skipper named Errington, who, by letter to Forster, had offered to seize the fort on Holy Island for the king; and though this place was not of much importance to the existing government, we believed it might prove of great service to us as a post for signalling to any friendly vessels that might approach the coast with succour. The castle once captured, we were to fire *three* guns as a signal to certain friends who were to join us from the mainland, and assist me in retaining it for King James.

Accordingly, I bade adieu to Sir Lennard; and while he, with Forster and our new friends, pursued their daring march towards Newcastle, I rode in the dark by Coquet-side, through a pastoral and picturesque district, towards Warkworth, having altered my attire, adopted a bob-wig, and left my French commission, with all other dangerous or important papers, in Arden's custody; deeming them more safe with him than with me, in case of capture or recognition. On this expedition I was desired to take a companion with me; and, strange as it may seem, the man I chose was Squire Willoughby.

\* See Scott's Hist., vol ii. p. 285.

"Are you wise in this selection of a comrade?" asked Sir Lennard, with a gravity of manner; "you will never assimilate or consort well together."

"I know him to have the jealousy of ten Spaniards, and to be false as Judas; yet I have chosen him, and woe to him if he proves false to me!"

"He is brave——"

"Hum!—I have my doubts of that; but he is malevolent, and a master of *finesse*."

"Yet you choose him."

"I do; and shall watch warily that my pistols are never without their charges," said I grimly.

"In this spirit you will achieve nothing but your own ruin and the ruin of the king's cause," said Sir Lennard, with increasing anger. "I trust, Mr. Errington, that, tide what may, you will remember your pledge to me, and that your six months' truce is not yet expired."

"Trust me, sir; I have managed a more difficult affair than keeping my temper and capturing a crow's nest like Holy Island; and so, adieu." We separated.

I selected Master Richard Willoughby for two reasons: first, to test fully his courage, of which I had serious doubts; and, secondly, to afford him a chance of being honourably knocked on the head by the government troops, and thus saving me the trouble of running him through the body at some future period,—a recreation which I had fully promised myself, for his studied villany towards me.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING WON.

It may readily be imagined that two such companions as Willoughby and I were neither disposed to be facetious nor to loiter by the way. Between the gate of Felton Hall and the town of Warkworth, a distance of somewhere about six miles, we never exchanged a syllable, but rode at a hard trot towards the coast, nothing being heard by us, in the still, atmosphere of the morning, but the tramp of our horses' hoofs and the monotonous flapping of our holsters, or the

sudden bark of a housedog or guardian of a sheepfold, as we dashed along the roadway ; and again the tall spire of the old Saxon church under which Hugh de Morwick lies cross-legged, with sword at side and shield on arm ; and then the strong towers of the Piercies rose before us ; but instead of traversing the town, we crossed the river half a mile above the castle, near the now ruined hermitage built of old by an earl of Northumberland in honour of the Holy Trinity. The Coquet was swollen here ; but we swam our horses through, scrambled up the wooded bank, and just as the first beams of dawn began to brighten the gilded vane of Warkworth spire, and glint on hill and tree, we turned our horses' heads towards the beach, which we soon reached. and then I beheld with pleasure the free expanse of the German Ocean, with its breakers whitening upon Coquet Isle, which lies a mile south-eastward of the river mouth, and is emerald green with the richest pasture. The waves with a hollow boom were rolling boldly on the far-stretching coast, while away to the eastward a line of shining light, deepening and extending, like the wavering gleams that played on the clouds above, marked the dawn of the coming day.

At anchor in Druridge Bay, about a mile from the shore, we could perceive a little craft, of schooner rig, which answered the description furnished to us of Errington's vessel ; and after surveying the solitary beach in every direction to assure ourselves that none were watching us, I discharged three pistol-shots in the air,—the signal which was agreed upon, and the sound of which I knew would be conveyed by the water.

Immediately on this, a blue light shed its long, wavering, and ghastly glare across the glassy ridges of the heaving sea ; and as it expired, we heard the surging plash of a boat as it was suddenly lowered into the water, which conveyed to us distinctly the measured and monotonous sound of oars in the rowlocks, as the seamen pulled towards the beach. The boat soon grounded among the surf, and while one of the oarsmen held her to the beach by a boat-hook, the other sprang ashore and advanced towards us.

By the gray light of the dawning morning, I could perceive that he was a thickset man, with a red round face, plenty of black whiskers and hair, which escaped from under a battered hat, the triple cock of which was bound

with yellow galloon, and the colour of which had been washed from black to russet by the salt spray, while the three flaps thereof were tacked to the crown in the most approved nautical fashion, which made our seamen look in those days, as the *London Chronicle* said, "as if they carried a triangular apple-pasty on their heads." He wore a coat of coarse blue broadcloth, adorned by at least three score of brass anchor-buttons, short canvas trowsers, so wide that they resembled a Scottish kilt, a pair of boots like long water-buckets, a red flannel shirt, a buff waistbelt, having a huge black iron-hilted cutlass and pair of pistols, with clumsy brass butts stuck therein; but the leading feature of his equipment was an enormous pigtail, so well "whipped" round with tarry ropeyarn, that it might have defied a slash from the best Damascus sabre. Such was the aspect of this son of Neptune who now approached us.

"May I make so bold as to ask who you are, gentlemen," said he, touching his hat; "and how came you to signal the schooner?"

"We are bearers of a message from the king's general."

"I am no wiser than before," said he bluntly: "whom mean ye?"

"Mr. Forster, of Bamborough," said I.

"Good—a true man and loyal gentleman."

"Then you are——"

"Lancelot Errington, at your service, gentlemen; skipper and owner of the *Lively Peggie*."

"The honest man we were to meet; but what assurance have we of this?" asked the ever suspicious Willoughby.

"The word of an honest seaman; moreover, 'twas I who wrote to General Forster, offering to seize, in the name of King James, the fort of Holy Island. You see that I speak all fairly and above-board, gentlemen; but now tell me who *you* are; for in this matter I have a neck to peril as well as the best in the land."

"This is Squire Willoughby, of Weston Hall, in Cheshire, who is to be captain of horse under King James; and I am Lieutenant Errington, in the service of France."

"Hurrah, gentlemen!" said he, giving his angular beaver a flourish, "you are welcome to the best shot in my locker;



and not the less welcome, believe me, that one of you is a namesake of my own. I am Lance Errington, and come of the honest old Erringtons, of Castle Errington, the hottest prickers on the borders, as the Scots learned often to their cost, though now but a poor sailor ; yet it's the good blood in me that makes me a loyal man and true to the rightful king of old England, and a hater of all your foreign vermin ! But you must come aboard the *Peggie* ; and when a boat-load of smart fellows, whom my mate is to bring off at sundown, join us—— ”

“ Smart fellows ? ” I queried doubtfully.

“ Ay, stanch men and true—men we can *rely on* ; we will take measures for supping next night out of the lockers at Holy Island ; we'll taste the red-coats' tap, and I warrant you, messmates, we'll kick up such a blessed bobbery in the old castle, as its walls have not seen since St. Hilda turned the snakes to stones when she prayed there.”

“ But where are we to leave our horses ? ”

“ Gad, sir, that is true ! how are we to dispose of them ? ”

After some reflection, we agreed to leave them at the cottage of la peasant whom the skipper knew ; and this arrangement proved a very fortunate circumstance for me, at least, as future events will show. We then stuck our holster-pistols in our girdles, sought the beach once more, and, stepping into Errington's little cobble boat, were pulled off to the vessel, just as the morning sun came up in his splendour from the burnished eastern sea, and shed a flood of radiance along the myriad ripples that rolled on the sandy beach, on the rocky bluffs of the Northumbrian coast ; on the dim Cheviot peaks that rose in the background beyond, and the scenery that lay between Newbiggin Point and Dunstanborough Head, against the flinty brow and frightful precipices of which the sea for ever rolls in clouds of spray and mountains of snow-white foam.

“ We have come on a rash, perhaps a bootless errand ! ” said Willoughby gloomily, on finding himself afloat.

“ True, messmate,” replied the skipper cheerily, while I burst into a loud and almost taunting laugh ; “ but remember, *nothing ventured, nothing won !* ”

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE "LIVELY PEGGIE."

FORSTER had promised to me, that if my design on the castle of Holy Island succeeded, and if he captured Newcastle, I should be left for a time in command of the latter, with a few men to form the nucleus of a garrison; and already in imagination I saw myself governor of that important town, raising fortifications around it; levying men, arms, and contributions of money and provisions; and more than all, calculating in what time the swiftest horses by relays could reach Hollywood; for the desire I felt to see Lucy Arden, and once more to hear her voice, became at times an insupportable longing.

We soon reached the *Lively Peggie*, and scrambled to her deck.

She was a smart little craft, schooner rigged, I have said, and of about sixty tons burden. In lieu of bulwarks, she had all round an open rail, by which the sea could at all times wash over her decks without endangering her safety. Everything was smart and ataunto; the fitting and arrangements of all her standing and running rigging were complete, and as our skipper said, she was a craft that in skilful hands could do everything. We descended to the little cabin, where the morning sun, that shone over a long expanse of water resplendent with light, beamed merrily in through two small windows, between which projected the rudder-case; this was covered with arms on a rack, pistols, cutlasses, and pikes enough to arm at least twenty men to the teeth; and there we found that which, after our long morning ride, was much more acceptable, and was readily proffered,—a jar of good French brandy, which, as Lance Errington assured me while smacking his lips, had "never paid duty to the Hanoverian."

"And now, Master Errington," said I, "before we depart upon this expedition, which you have had the merit of suggesting to the general——"

"Honest Tom Forster! many an anchor of Nantz I have

run for him under Bamborough Rocks. Well, here's his health in raw stuff with the jacket off, and confusion to the Elector and every other rotten timber in the British constitution. But ere long we'll have the old ship 'Britannia' hove down, and calked and payed anew; for I warrant her bottom be foul enough with foreign barnacles by this time. Well, brother?"

"I should like to know of what the garrison in Holy Island is composed?"

"Men—soldiers."

"Of course, I did not expect it would consist of devils."

"Or women. Oh, if the garrison were women, Lord love them! we should soon find a way of coming to anchor under their lee without lifting tack or sheet."

"Well—but how many?"

"A sergeant and twenty men, who are changed weekly from the garrison at Berwick."

"And on the walls——"

"Are eight brass and ten iron guns, with a mortar bed."

"Good!—I am glad of that. Forster lacks cannon sorely."

"Twenty-one soldiers—hum!" said Willoughby dubiously.

"But they won't meddle with us, squire. Bless you, the soldiers know me well, poor fellows, for 'tis I who take their grub and grog to them—casks of beef and bags of biscuit, an anker of Nantz, and so forth. There is their provender stowed away beyond that bulkhead, all ship-shape as usual."

"Well, but harkee, old tarrywig," said Willoughby, "if we meet with resistance——"

"Then it is to be hoped you will resist too," said the skipper, whom the fashion of his address displeased. "D—n my eyes and liver, yes! That was old Ganteline's maxim; for you must know, sirs, that I was captain of the foretop under old Captain Ganteline, and served in Sir George Rooke's squadron against Cadiz, at the siege of Vigo, and capture of the Spanish galleons in 1704. Ah, there was something like seamanship and fighting to be seen in good Queen Anne's days! That was when the French fleet of fifty-two sail of the line, under the count de Toulouse, were all knocked to pieces by ours off Malaga; and we would have sunk them, every keel, but for the coming on of night and the laziness of the Dutch admiral, Callemberg, a porpoise-faced

swab in an orange doublet, who handled his ships like washing-tubs. Poor old Ganteline ! he died a yellow admiral, and found a grave among the sandy quays of Port Royal ; but he was the man who made a British sailor of me, when I was only a nibbler of biscuits, and acted as a powder-monkey for the lower-deck guns. However, sir, to resume about resistance, we'll meet with none ; for my plan is simply this : when the garrison come down as usual to bear a hand in getting their traps ashore, we rush into the place with pike and pistol, overpower the guard, shut the gates, and seize the fort in the name of King James ! Thus, you see, sir, the whole thing can be done in the splicing of a rope."

"Bravo ! a bold plan," said I.

"I am glad you like it, namesake."

"I observed but two men upon deck ?"

"Well, my mate comes off at nightfall, with ten stout fellows who can be depended upon ; and when the castle is taken by us, what will King George and the old Rumpers say ?"

"What will Lucy Arden *think* ?" was the response of my heart ; and, with this inward thought, the aversion I felt for my comrade Willoughby became so strong, that I finished my horn of brandy-and-water, and went on deck alone.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE "ROYAL ANNE."

THE day lagged slowly on. I soon tired of looking even at the Northumbrian coast, though it was girt by foam, bold and rocky, with more than a hundred windmills tossing their dark arms against the clear blue sky. I tired of watching the white floating gulls, and the passing ships, many of which bore the government flag, being bound for the Frith of Forth, with powder, arms, and other stores, for Admiral Byng's fleet, which lay there to prevent the Highland army crossing from Fife into the Lothians ; or with recruits for the duke of Argyle, whose troops were hovering near the town of Stirling, to guard the passage of

the river there. I missed the companionship of those I had left, and who were now *en route* for Newcastle; and while my heart followed them on their desperate expedition, I longed for night and the active work we had on hand.

The sun declined westward, and eve, with its lengthening shadows, came at last; we heard the chimes, that sound so peculiarly English, rung from distant village spires, and sweetly on the autumnal wind it floated on the darkening evening sea. A boat was seen approaching from Coquetmouth: it seemed full of men. It boarded us in the dusk, and I counted ten sturdy weather-beaten fellows, on all of whom the skipper again said "we might rely," as they had been chosen by his mate, in whose skill and discernment he seemed to place implicit faith. We were now sixteen in all, with plenty of arms and ammunition. As the wind served, the anchor was weighed, sail was made on the schooner, and just as the broad and yellow autumnal moon began to rise above the black ridge of Newbiggin Point, we bore away for Holy Island.

Beautiful was the moonlight on the sea! I leaned over the side of the little vessel, and gazed at the changing and undulating coast, along which we ran so pleasantly, before a gentle southern breeze, with our two large fore-and-aft sails bellied out beyond their straining booms. The Northumbrian mountains, of old the home of many a bold freebooter, rose in the distance, in silence, greenness, and beauty. Anxious thoughts of Forster's expedition—of the struggle in which we reckless few were engaged, filled my heart; but it wandered to Lucy Arden, far away in her quiet and secluded home in Cheshire. I imagined the joy of winning her in the hour of political and military triumph; for to win her, and to restore King James, were now synonymous to me; and in that double cause I could have faced without fear the salvo of a thousand cannon. I thought, too, of Scotland, whence came that race of kings for whom we were now perilling all. It was then a *terra incognita* to the English,—a strange, wild, warlike land, the abode of song and war, of kilted tribes and old romance, stretching far beyond those sombre border mountains; and I marvelled if my wayward fortune would ever lead me there; for I had met many a Scottish exile in foreign camps, and their love of country and of each other

ever struck me as a good and noble trait, and the spring of great results. The billows on which we floated, and which ran in long and shining ridges past our lee, were not more restless than my breast, till from this state of reverie and dreams I was roused by a cry from the fore-castle,—

"A man-of-war ahead!"

"How does she bear?" shouted Lance Errington, leaping up from the binnacle-seat, where he had been smoking a pipe.

"For Coquet-mouth."

"Hand me the glass, mate."

The moon was shining clear, and the skipper, after adjusting his old telescope, the shagreen case of which had long been hidden under a serviceable coating of well-tarred rope-yarn, as a protection from the weather, took a long and careful survey of the stranger. In the full blaze of the cloudless moon, we saw her white sails standing out distinctly in relief from the deep dark blue of the sky, and the deeper tints of the sea. She was a large vessel, on the lar-board tack, with her royals and spanker set; and the rake of her masts decided Errington that she was a British ship.

"Now she alters her course a bit," said he.

"And stands towards us!" added the mate, with something of alarm in his tone.

"Get below hatch, every man of you," said the skipper; so many heads aboard a craft like this, if counted, may bring a boat's crew to overhaul us. Now I know her!" he continued, in a voice of growing interest; "now I know her! 'Tis the *Royal Anne* galley, commanded by old Hardy; she is one of Byng's fleet; see, her sides are lined by red-coats, for she has troops aboard, bound for the Frith of Forth, to serve against the earl of Mar. I would this schooner were a line-of-battle ship for five minutes, and old Hardy should never see St. Abb's Head! Give him a wide berth; mate, take the tiller, but don't seem to alter your course; for Hardy has the eye of a lynx,—only keep away a point or so nearer the land."

The schooner's head fell round a little way; but, slight as this deviation from the previous course might be, it had not escaped the keen eye of the officer commanding the galley; a red flash broke from the hull of his ship, and while

the snow-white smoke curled upward, an iron shot boomed over the waves and whipped the water ahead of us.

"Hilloah!" exclaimed Errington, jumping angrily on the windlass; "is that your game, Tom Hardy? D—n your old bones! up with the jack, lads, and fire a pateraro to leeward, just to let him know we are Britons as well as he."

This was immediately obeyed, and while the sharp bang of the pateraro rang to leeward, the light bunting with all its particolours fluttered from the gaff-peak. The officer commanding the galley seemed satisfied with these demonstrations, and altering his course a few points, allowed us to pass without further molestation, to my inexpressible relief; for, like Willoughby, I had most cogent reasons for avoiding a rencontre with an enemy, or questioning by those who bore commissions under the Elector.

"There he goes, the same smart old fellow as ever; well fare thy fortune, honest Admiral Hardy!" said Lancelot Errington, apostrophizing the ship as she passed the bright path of yellow light cast by the moon upon the sea from the horizon to the shore.

"Her commander is an admiral?" said I.

"Ay, sir; and old England hath none better in her fleet. He was with us at Vigo, when we played old Harry with the Spanish galleons; and there he won his rank by disobedience of orders."

"By disobedience of orders—an odd way of attaining promotion," said I inquiringly.

"Did you ever hear of his bold reply to our admiral, old Sir George Rooke, on that occasion?"

"No."

"Well, I don't care if I tell it to you, over this glass of rumbo, for you seem to love a bit of a yarn, and so do I; for one always learns something out of a yarn, and it seems to make the time pass. Well, you must know, brother, that in 1704 (ah! we had a Stuart on the throne in those days,—a queen to live and to die for!) he commanded a frigate in the Bay of Lagos, his duty being to watch the Portuguese and pepper a small castle and town at the bottom of the bay, whenever his crew tired of tunny-fishing and running after the girls on shore. While there, he received advice that the Spanish galleons, escorted by seventeen men-of-war, were arrived at Vigo; so, after firing

a few farewell shots at the citadel of Pinhao, he clapped on all sail, and *without orders* carried the news to Sir George Rooke, who, taking advantage thereof, stood into Vigo Bay, which is one of the largest, deepest, and safest harbours in Europe; and there sure enough we saw the plate-laden galleons, with their sterns all carved and gilt, their huge poop lanterns, and red-and-yellow colours flying, all anchored under the ramparts of an old castle; while Monsieur de Château Renaud, at the head of the allied French and Spanish fleets, stood boldly towards us, with jacks and pennants flying, sails set, and all their gunports triced up. Oho! 'twas a rare sight; but we soon settled them: sank some, burned others, dispersed the rest, and captured *all* the galleons from those lantern-jawed fellows the Dons, and flush we were of Spanish for many a day thereafter. I'll bet a week's grog to a pot of mumbeer that every powder-monkey in the fleet was worth at least twenty yellowboys, and half the girls in Portsmouth made their fortunes. The battle was long and bloody, however; but we all did our duty like Britons! After the victory, the admiral hoisted a signal for Captain Hardy to come on board; and the bay was so strewn with half-burned wreck—masts, yards, and so forth,—that there was scarcely room for the oars of his gig; yet he appeared anon with his head tied up and his right arm in a sling, having been wounded by a pistol-shot and slashed by a cutlass when boarding the *Four Evangelists*, after blowing the stern off her. On his entering the state cabin, among the finery of which the great guns of Monsieur de Château Renaud had made considerable havoc, and where the blood lay yet in purple pools, the admiral addressed him in tones of great severity. I heard all that passed, being a sentinel in the steerage.

"'Captain Hardy,' said he, 'you have done an important service to the nation and her majesty Queen Anne.'

"'I thank you, Sir George, for this acknowledgment.'

"'Your diligence has added to the glory and the riches of old England; but at the same time you are deserving of the highest censure.'

"'Sir George Rooke!' exclaimed Hardy in a fierce tone, as he proudly drew himself up.

"'Are you not aware that you quitted your post at Lagos without first obtaining permission; and that dis-



obedience of orders in the face of an enemy is—is what?'

" '*Death by the Articles of War*,' replied Hardy; 'I have served too long not to know that, admiral.' Then, astonished by the turn affairs were taking, he remained silent till Sir George asked,

" 'What have you to say for yourself?'

" 'I have *this* to say, admiral,' replied he, with sternness and intrepidity, 'that the British officer who has any regard for life or any terror of death, when the glory and interest of his queen and country oblige him to risk existence, is unworthy the honour of holding her majesty's commission!'

" 'Hardy, thou art a brave fellow!' exclaimed old Sir George, shaking his hand; 'and to the queen herself shalt thou carry the flag of Château Renaud, with the glorious news of this day's victory.'

" That night he sailed for London, bearer of the flag and despatches; on receiving which, the queen, who knew how to honour a British sailor, knighted him on the spot, and he is now Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy—long life to him!"\*

By the time this story of salt water and gunpowder was concluded, his Britannic majesty's galley the *Royal Anne* had disappeared into the silvery haze, which the brilliant moon was exhaling from the sea. Leaving Willoughby on deck, as we had little love for each other's society, I descended to the little cabin, to share a slice of junk with the skipper, who, after drinking one or two loyal toasts in potent brandy-and-water, became rather too jolly, and insisted on singing "Bustle, bustle, brave Boys," "Black-eyed Susan," and other nautical ditties. Meanwhile, the breeze continued fresh, and the *Lively Peggie* was running along the Northumbrian coast at a rate which promised to bring us to the place of our destination long before daybreak.

The skipper went on deck about ten o'clock.

Full of thought—for I had enough to think of, to resolve, and to reflect upon—I lay long on the cabin locker, till weariness, and perhaps the brandy, of which I had partaken pretty freely overpowered me, and I sank into slumber;

\* He died in 1732.

but it brought me no rest, for dreams haunted me,—dreams of my false and subtle companion Willoughby, that he was betraying me and the cause in which we were embarked together. Again I was in the wretched garret of the Three Talbots near Stockton Heath, and again the strange events and revelations of that night, when I was belated and storm-stayed there, came before me : again pretty Anna, the ballad-singer, was beside me, pressing my hand in hers, whispering, with her rosy mouth close to my ear, that she loved me and would watch over me ; but to be patient and to listen,—and I did listen with a tremulous and a troubled heart. In doing so, I heard the mocking voice of Willoughby and the growling tones of the ruffian Thorley, with such painful distinctness, that at last I awoke with a nervous start to hear,—what ?—

Their voices in earnest—their veritable voices in conversation close by me !

For a moment I thought myself still dreaming, or that I was still in the garret of the Three Talbots, and that all the late events of our rising were but a dream ; then in the next instant I started to a full consciousness of the imminent danger which menaced me in company such as theirs, out at sea in this solitary little vessel ; and grasping one of the pistols in my girdle, I drew near to listen.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### TREACHERY.

I HEARD the voice of Thorley muttering on the other side of the bulkhead.

“Blood,—did you say blood, squire ?”

“No !” replied Willoughby ; “I said not that I wanted his blood, fellow.”

“None of your *fellows* to me, squire ; for I ain’t in the humour to stand it at present.”

“Well, well ; ’sdeath ! *Mr.* Thorley, if you like it better.”

“Sam Thorley,” growled the other savagely, “and none of your *misters* ; for I won’t stand that either.”

"Call yourself what you please ; but in the devil's name go on."

"I have had on my hands, ere now, the same blood that is in his veins, and shall have it again before my accounts are squared, and your game is played out. D——n my eyes, how queerly this world wags ; here are he and I both sailing on the sea again, just as we were on the night before we parted company, or rather, before I lost him."

"Where ?"

"At Dunkirk, in that blasted row with the authorities, who brought two brave fellows to the wheel."

Aware too well that all this concerned me, I listened breathlessly.

"Then you and he have met in former years?" said Willoughby, with surprise.

"I have often told you so, squire."

"But who or what is he?"

"A man like ourselves, only more honest and true. With all my hatred, squire, I must own that."

"Thank you ; but his name,—his family?"

"Are *my secret*, squire ; I have an end to serve, a revenge to gratify ; and the money is not coined that would buy one or warp me from the other."

"Well, well," resumed Willoughby impatiently, "what the deuce is all this to me?"

"Thus much, squire ; that if I told the truth, I would not value a rope's end your chances of ever having Miss Arden's hand, and of dwelling in Hollywood Hall."

"In Hollywood Hall !" reiterated Willoughby, while my heart re-echoed the name.

"Ay, squire, don't affect surprise ; for it won't do with me, I can tell you. Both you expect to achieve. Supposing that by a bullet, the axe, or the cord, that proud tyrant and snake Sir Lennard, who for years has hunted me from place to place, as his father did before him, gets his deserts in this rebellion, and Miss Lucy is left——"

"Silence, or I will strangle you !"

"No you won't, squire ; the time is not yet come for strangling either of us," chuckled Thorley.

"Silence !" reiterated Willoughby in a hoarse voice ; "silence, or I will denounce you."

"To whom ?"

"To Errington,—to the skipper and his crew."

"I don't think you will ;—no, no, squire, you know a trick worth two of that," said the taunting ruffian.

"To shoot you, I suppose ; I know no other trick that will serve. Well, fellow——"

"Fellow again !"

"Samuel Thorley, then, if you like it better, go forward and mind your work ; we have talked long enough, and you know our game. We are not far from Budle Bay, and in an hour more will be close to the island which is to be the scene of Mr. Errington's immortality. About that time, the tide will be full. Then you must fulfil your boast" (His boast—what was it ?)—"then reach the shore and start, without an hour's delay, for Berwick, where there is a garrison. You know the rest."

More followed that was indistinct ; but what I had heard was quite alarming enough. I sprang up to rush on deck, and in the blindness of my anger and excitement, in the dark, overthrew the cabin table. Thus I lost a few seconds and caused an alarm ; hence, when I reached the deck, Willoughby was seated alone, near the companion-hatch, muffled in his rocquelaure, and to all appearance in a quiet dose. I shook him roughly ; on which he started, and opened his eyes with an assumed astonishment, which to all appearance became greater on perceiving that I had a pistol in my right hand.

The atmosphere was dusky now, and the time was the dark and chill hour which precedes the dawn. Three men of the watch were on deck, cowering to leeward in their storm-jackets. The wind was now blowing keen ahead ; thus, to "fetch" the island, the schooner was making long tacks, which alternately ran her far out to sea or close to the black and dreary coast, past which we had now run some eighteen miles, having long since left astern Alnmouth, with its ruined church, the burial-ground of which was half torn away by the encroaching sea, leaving enormous bones projecting from their graves above the surf. These the vulgar declared to be the remains of giants ; but the learned, those of horses, slain in some old border battle. We had also passed Sunderland Point and the princely old Saxon castle of Bamborough, the seat of our General Forster, rising on its surf-beaten rock, over which the wind and the waves of

the German Sea in times of storm threw clouds of sand, upturned from the echoing shore ; and now the little bight named Budle Bay was opening on our lee, as again we ran close-hauled towards the land. A thick bank of cloud concealed from us, who were landsmen, the island we were bound for ; thunder was grumbling in the distance, and some heavy drops of warm rain were plashing on the deck and rolling sea. Slowly this sombre bank of cloud was rising from its surface, and under it, as below the foot of a curtain, I could see the pitchy outline of the waves as they rose and fell in inky cones against the lighter tint of the sky ; for now the dawn of morning was at hand.

All these details I beheld by a glance as I sprang on deck, and roughly roused my companion.

"With whom were you conversing in the fore-cabin a moment since ?" I demanded sternly.

"Conversing !" he stammered ; "I—no one."

"Mr. Willoughby, I will thank you neither to prevaricate nor to repeat my words. You affirm that you were alone ?"

"Yes."

"You will swear it ?"

"What mean you, sir ?" said he, starting up, inflamed with passion, and throwing off his cloak.

"This simply, that not a second since I heard you in close conversation—ay conspiracy—with the villain Thorley, planning treachery ; so he must be on board this schooner."

"With Thorley !—I ?" he repeated, with surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"This exceeds all belief. Go—go, sir," said he, with the most provoking coolness ; "our skipper's brandy has dis-tempered your brain."

"This juggling will not serve your purpose, sir," said I, controlling a wild desire to shoot him dead.

"Am I to be made for ever accountable for your dreams, Mr. Errington ? This is becoming too absurd !"

"Our six months' pledge of peace is not expired, otherwise, by the hand that made me, I would parade you on this deck, and pistol you with as little mercy as I would the meanest thief or most cowardly assassin in the land." He grew deadly pale, and trembled with suppressed passion as

I spoke, adding, "To convict you of falsehood I shall have the crew mustered."

"Do so ; in half an hour the daylight will be fully in, when perhaps you may discover this hobgoblin which affrights you," he replied, with a confidence that confounded, while it failed to convince me.

Almost immediately after this the whole of the hands were turned up by the skipper, to take in sail, as the wind was increasing. By the gray light of morning I examined them narrowly, and to my astonishment could not find one among them who in any way resembled Thorley ; while the hurly-burly and rushing to and fro, perhaps, prevented me from counting them correctly. Above the flapping of the sails, the moaning of the wind through the rigging, and other sounds usual when a vessel is going about, for the schooner was now falling off on the other tack from the mainland,—a strange noise, like the knocking of a hammer, was heard astern : first it seemed to be under the starboard counter, and then under the larboard ; and this, with the incessant shivering of the sails, made our skipper imagine for a moment that we had grounded. He was about to have the lead heaved for sounding, when the cry of,—

"A rope, a rope, skipper ! — man overboard—down with the helm—a man overboard !" attracted the attention of all ; and a dark object was seen bobbing in the water to leeward.

"'Tis only a seadog," said Willoughby ; "there are plenty in these waters."

The crew became clamorous.

"Nay, 'tis a man — by the Lord Harry ! — a man !" exclaimed the skipper ; "belay your jawing-tackle,—silence a minute fore and aft, every man of you."

"He swims *from* us," said I.

"Avast—the devil he does !" shouted the skipper, stamping his feet with rage ; "a deserter — a spy, mayhap — a white-livered coward ! Hilloah ! come back, you sir, or it may be the worse for you."

The swimmer paid no attention, but struck out vigorously for the land.

"A musket—quick—hand here a musket, some one ; and you, lubber at the helm, keep the sails full ; if she yaws in that way again, her sticks will snap by the board."

The mate handed my namesake a musket ; he cocked

levelled it, and was taking a deliberate aim, when I threw up the muzzle.

"Stay," I exclaimed, "I believe yonder villain to be a man named Thorley, from Chester. I know something of him."

"And what is that something?"

"That I have the worst to dread from his malice."

"Then let him die."

"Nay; for if he dies, with him will die a secret which I would give the world to learn; not yet — not yet — spare him."

"As *you* have begged his life, namesake, I shall spare him. He was brought off from Warkworth by you, mate; know you aught of him?"

"No man named Thorley shipped with me from the rendezvous in Warkworth; but there was a thick-necked fellow with a head like a bulldog, and a cut over the left eye."

"The same," said I.

"Then he joined as a volunteer; for one of our hands turned faint-hearted; so, after swearing them both to secrecy, I let one depart and shipped the other instead, as John Smith. He said he was a seafaring man, and had been in the smuggling line; so I believed him,—the more fool I; I suppose he too has turned faint-hearted, else why would he swim for the land; and by Jove he is almost ashore already!"

"Perdition seize him!" I exclaimed, with a fierce glance at Willoughby; and remembering his injunction about Berwick and the garrison, "treachery is already at work to mar our projects!"

The squire grew pale, and walked away to windward.

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## CHAPTER XL.

### THE HOLY ISLAND.

It was now found that the vessel would not obey her helm, but lay like a log upon the water, with her two huge fore-and-aft sails flapping against the masts, while the booms jibbed from side to side heavily, and with such force as every instant to threaten the snapping of the masts.

The helm refused to work, and this phenomenon excited the greatest alarm on board. A boat was lowered; the skipper, conceiving something was foul of his rudder, pulled astern to discover the cause; and he found that we were the victims of a daring act of treachery indeed, but the various items of which we did not discover for some time after.

It would appear, as related, that among the men brought from Warkworth by Errington's mate, there was a person who volunteered to take the place of one who became timid and irresolute. This fellow was Thorley, who, having adopted various means of disguise, such as a bobwig and false eyebrows, came on board in the evening, and recognizing Willoughby, with whom he was in constant correspondence, had leagued with him to mar our design on Holy Island, by delaying our vessel on her voyage till he could alarm the garrison of Berwick; and being an expert swimmer, as well as a bold and reckless fellow, lured by the expectation of a government reward on one hand, and incited by his hatred of me on the other, he at once undertook the desperate task.

Thus a few minutes after his conference with Willoughby, shortly before the schooner tacked again, and just when she was close to a little promontory which lies northward of Budle Bay, he prepared to leave us. He buttoned his coat close round him; tied the tops of his boots with ropeyarn, to exclude the water; secured his bobwig and hat with a lanyard to his back, and tying a rope's-end to one of the irons below the lee channels, slipped overboard, and slid into the sea, without making the least noise. Keeping his body above the water, through which he was roughly dragged by the tow-line, he reached the stern, where, though the foam was boiling under the counter, he succeeded—how I know not—in driving two hard wooden wedges (with which he had provided himself) behind the sternpost, in the space between it and the rudder; and this he achieved so firmly, securing one on each side, by successive blows of a hammer, that the steersman found the rudder powerless!

The sails flapped and fluttered heavily; the mainboom jibbed furiously as the schooner fell round into the teeth of the wind; the masts swayed from side to side, threatening every instant to part by the board; and, to the astonishment and consternation of all, the schooner began to drift



like a helpless log towards the promontory which she had just cleared on the last tack.

Meanwhile, by my (perhaps unwise) interference, Thorley had escaped the musket-shot intended for him, had flung his hammer into the sea, and struck out vigorously for the shore, which he soon reached ; and on obtaining a horse, all wet and dripping as he was, departed for Berwick, which is eleven miles distant, to alarm the garrison !

The wedging of the rudder was the strange knocking sound we had heard astern, when the skipper thought we had touched the tail of some unknown shoal or sandbank.

I had a suspicion of the mischief which was to ensue ; I now deplored the emotion of anger which made me so rashly choose Willoughby for a companion, and regretted that, under any impulse, I had spared the life of the traitor Thorley ; but was so heartily ashamed of his colleague, that, lest our honest skipper might begin to mistrust me too, I neither explained all I knew nor all I dreaded.

The morning was now bright, and we were almost within cannon-shot of the island ; but nearly three hours elapsed before the skipper, by going astern in a boat to examine the rudder, discovered the trick which had been played us, and knocked out the wedges ; after this, sail was once more made on the schooner, which bore up for the island ; and as the tide was flowing, we hoped to be in full possession of it before the sea ebbed again.

"I am glad we are so near our destination," said the skipper, on recovering his equanimity, which the late event had sorely ruffled ; "there's a regular sneezer coming down from the nor'-nor'-east ;—but, bah ! what o' that ? I've faced many a tough Levanter in my time. Once we are in port, if the red-coats scent our purpose, it's only facing a round of ball-cartridge—then out with the cutlasses, smash we go at 'em, and the place is ours !"

With considerable interest and anxiety I surveyed the features of this island, as we approached it, by running westward on the larboard tack.

It seemed a kind of peninsula, or semi-isle, being only at times detached from the mainland, which was two miles distant ; for the ebb-tide always left a dry passage over the pebbly beach ; and though this path was rendered dangerous by the quicksands opposite Beal, I considered the circum-

stance of the place not being constantly or completely insular a great deterioration of its strength as a fortified place, and, on reflection, I did not think it worth the risk we ran for its capture ; but we had now gone too far to recede without dishonour. It seemed to consist of rocks and sand-hills. At the south-west, where a patch of green pasture-land sloped down to the beach, lay a fisher village, with a ruined abbey, exhibiting the ponderous and gloomy architecture of the Saxons, built of deep-red stone, and famous in the history of Danish descents and the long and fabulous legend of St. Cuthbert.

The castle stands upon a high mass of whinstone rock, and is accessible only by a winding stair. As we drew near, I could see red-coats dotting the castle wall and the green slope which descended to the village, while a few appeared upon the beach we were approaching ; and now the excitement in my bosom grew keener, on witnessing the seamen conceal their pistols and cutlasses under their short coats and canvas trowsers, previous to our landing and making a dash at the old castle. At that stirring crisis I forgot even the suspected treachery of Willoughby, who was also arming to share in the danger and glory of an attempt which he detested, but dared neither shun nor shrink from.

As he saw me close the telescope, after my reconnoissance of the place, one of those covert, cold, and flitting smiles which were peculiarly his own, crossed his visage, while he turned away and walked forward.

"Messmate," whispered the skipper, twitching my sleeve. "I am a plain man, but I hope an honest one ; so pardon me—but—but I like not that Squire Willoughby."

"Nor do I," was my response ; "one would require to eat a sack of salt with him before knowing his character ; and even then one might be at fault. I can generally judge of most men ; but this fellow is unfathomable."

"How ?"

"I know not whether he be knave or fool."

I was quite ready for an explosion of some kind ; for the pent-up anger and vexation of the last few hours made me long to come to blows, even with those unoffending soldiers, one of whom I hoped, by the bullet or bayonet, would rid me of a troublesome rival and a perfidious companion at the same moment.

Meanwhile the schooner drew near the rude pier or landing-place of the village ; and as the flapping sails were lowered or handed, she was gradually, but amid much noise and vociferation, warped close alongside the bulwark. Then many of the seafaring loiterers, with red caps and brown weatherbeaten visages, canvas breeches and wide boots, who were lounging among the boats, booms, rusty anchors, casks, heaps of oyster-shells, bladders, nets, and other nautical *débris* which encumbered the jetty, greeted Errington, our skipper, with all the familiarity of old friends. Among others who welcomed our arrival were six or eight soldiers of Hotham's regiment, who, with their portly sergeant, Gabriel Garget, the commandant *pro tem.* of the island, came freely on board, as privileged people, and offered "to bear a hand" in conveying the provisions to the castle. To this the skipper at once assented, with a knowing wink to me ; and leaving them with the mate and three or four of the crew to attend to this matter, he, Willoughby, and ten seamen and I, all well armed, each with a double brace of loaded pistols under our coats, and good hangers by our sides, landed without observation or suspicion, and proceeded straight towards the castle, at the gate of which I saw the bayonet of a sentinel glittering in the sunshine as he walked to and fro.

Previous to leaving the ship, I was rendered rather uneasy by the halberdier of Hotham's, who seemed to be of a somewhat suspicious and loquacious disposition. He was a tough and rough-faced old fellow, who wore a Ramillie wig and red coat with blue cuffs, pocket-laps, and skirts of enormous amplitude, all stiffened with buckram, and spotless as pipeclay could make them. His wig was whitened by flour ; his face was brick-red like his coat,—a result produced by the combined effects of hard drinking, a sword-cut or so, and exposure to many climates ; for he had served, in 1702, on the Lower Rhine, under Brigadier Ingoldsby, and been with the stormers at the siege of Bonn. He was in the campaign on the Danube, and the advance into Bavaria in 1704, and in every other continental affair of bloodshed and folly in which the nation was plunged after the Peace of Ryswick, to uphold the glory and profit of the petty princelings of Germany. He had particularly distinguished himself at the siege of Cadiz, where Hotham's regiment covered itself with honour, and where,

according to his own account, *he*, and not Sir George Rooke, was the life of the whole affair, especially the brilliant assault on Fort St. Catherine,—facts which, singular to say, the despatches omitted to mention.

“Any word of the rebels under Forster?” he asked.

“No; we have heard nought of ‘em,” replied the skipper gruffly.

“Queer that,” responded the sergeant; “for *we* have heard that they were on the march to attack Newcastle, and that the Scots borderers were joining them fast. Their friend, the Earl of Mar—I have served under him when he was a colonel of fusiliers—is playing a rare game in the North just now.”

“So we have heard; and he is likely to give you red-coats some warm work,” said the skipper, moving slowly away.

“The Duke of Argyle will soon root out the Highland-men,” replied the sergeant; “but you have a number of new hands in this trip, Master Errington,” he continued, sharply eyeing our companions.

“Hum—yes,” replied the skipper, compelled to pause.

“Where are all the old faces?—I see none that I know.”

“They are all with Admiral Byng.”

“How?”

“Pressed aboard the fleet, for service in the Frith of Forth, before Edinburgh.”

“The devil!”

“The truth, though, sergeant.”

“Well, they have the honour to serve the king instead of thee. And those gentlemen,” he continued, glancing at Willoughby and me,—“who are *they*?”

“Friends of mine, who wish to see the old castle.”

“The corporal of the guard will let you see it all, gentlemen, except the magazine, in which there were yesterday placed a lot of live bombs. You are welcome to our crow’s-nest; for such it is when compared to some of the places I have seen.” He touched his hat, and we separated.

As there is nothing very brilliant connected with this affair at Holy Island, which to me, who had served with the French army in the war on the Danube, seemed a very paltry camisade indeed, I shall be brief in my relation of it.

We proceeded leisurely to the fort, and passed in, thirteen in all, unquestioned and unsuspected by the sentinel, who with three comrades and a lance-corporal, formed the main guard. These we speedily overcame, and, almost without a scuffle, wrested away their muskets and expelled them from the fort, the gate of which we closed and barricaded. A man who had been cooking in the little barrack, on perceiving what we were about, fired a musket at us from a window and nearly shot Squire Willoughby, who had acted as a spectator rather than a leader ; but the ball shaved two ringlets off his peruke.

"Fortune favours the brave!—come on, true hearts!" I exclaimed, rushing into the upper works with my hanger drawn ; and the few soldiers remaining in the fort at once surrendered to us, and were placed under lock and key. We then gave three vociferous cheers, and hoisting an old royal standard, fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honour of King James. Lance Errington danced a sailor's hornpipe with great vigour during this performance, which brought out the entire population of the village of Lindisfarne to gaze at us ; while the poor sergeant of Hotham's regiment, with his men, who thought their comrades in the castle had gone mad, left the schooner with precipitation, and came running up the flight of steps which led to the barrier-gate. The portly halberdier was exceedingly wrathful, and his face was purple with anger and exertion ; but the appearance of a cannon, loaded and pointed over the narrow thoroughfare, and a threat that we would "blow them all to Hanover or somewhere still warmer," sent the whole party speedily back to the beach again ; and so, for a time, we thirteen adventurers were left in peaceable possession of the captured fortress.

"What will that old Hanoverian hunk King George say to all this?" exclaimed the jolly skipper.

I made no reply, for my thoughts were with Lucy Arden ; and I knew that the deed of that evening would find alike an echo at Hollywood and at the gloomy palace of St. Germain.

Immediate succour was necessary, and by firing guns, displaying our standard, and burning rockets as the night came on, we endeavoured to apprise our expected friends upon the mainland of our success. But the loud cannon boomed

across the echoing waste of sand and water which covered Fenham Flats, and the hissing rockets soared in fiery curves athwart the starry sky in vain ; for night came down upon the sea and land without a man appearing to join us or a friendly sail heaving in sight, when I prepared a despatch for General Forster, detailing our success, and requesting further instructions. By this time I had all the guns which faced the land loaded with round-shot and grape, and after posting a guard of nine men who were to furnish three sentinels, I remained anxiously on guard myself until four in the morning, when relieved by my rival Willoughby, and then I endeavoured to obtain a little repose.

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## CHAPTER XLI.

### THE ATTACK.

ALL the next day our signal-guns continued to boom at intervals ; but there came no response from the mainland, and no ship to the seaward showed either the blue flag of St. Andrew or the *fleurs-de-lis* of France.

Our anxiety, especially mine, became great !

To maintain the place with a garrison composed of ten or twelve seamen was impossible ; to abandon it before being assailed would be pusillanimous, while to wait an attack was to court destruction. What, then, was I to do ? How was I to act ? As the lagging eve came on, Willoughby alone seemed in high spirits, for which I could not at that time account ; but before nightfall there came a shout from my sentinels that explained all. The glitter of arms appeared upon the opposite shore, reflecting ever and anon the light of the western sky, which shed a saffron glow upon the rocky isle and the heaving water round it ; for now the tide was full, and the usually dry and yellow flats of Fenham resembled the deep sea. The telescope revealed to us the approaching foe.

Worn with anxiety and long watching, both Errington and I had been asleep at this crisis, and some time elapsed before we were aroused by Mr. Willoughby.

"Where were your thoughts, sir," said I, with some as-

perity, "and why did you not summon us at once on the first alarm?"

"I did not for a time see the enemy," he stammered.

"But I presume you see them now."

"Being neither a *dreamer* nor a *lover*, I do," was the sneering reply.

"Ten boats are putting off from the beach," said the skipper.

"And all filled with soldiers," I added. "I can see their red coats and fixed bayonets."

"There are more than eight men in each boat."

"Making thus upwards of eighty," said Willoughby, "we are but thirteen in all; and now, my enterprising cavaliero, what do you propose to do?"

"Spike the guns, blow up the magazine, reach the schooner and put to sea on the other side of the island before they reach us."

"Hurrah—let us get afloat again!" exclaimed the seamen, who were already sick of one day's garrison duty.

"And, by Heavens, Mr. Willoughby," I added, with a stern and marked manner, "I will pistol on the instant the first man who betrays a spirit of falsehood or faintness of heart."

An angry smile was his sole reply to my fixed frown, and we separated.

But my first resolution was rendered impossible of achievement by the state of the schooner, which had been plundered of all her gear and running rigging by the fishermen of Lindisfarne, and thereafter was scuttled by Sergeant Gorge to preclude all chance of our retreat. Of all this we were informed by a friendly villager, who crept close to the walls; and now, to increase our danger if we attempted a flight by boats, the *Royal Anne* galley was seen hovering off the mouth of the harbour.

"We fight under the shadow of the gallows, and for a king on whose head a price has been placed," said I; "so now, my lads, we have nothing for it but to sell our lives as dearly as possible!"

"Curse upon those swabs in Beal who have deceived us!" said Lance Errington bitterly, as he surveyed the *Lively Peggie*, his fortune, his "little all," as she lay scuttled and dismantled on the beach at Lindisfarne.

"But now that we are in the wasps' nest, masters, how are

we to get out?" grumbled our men; "Berwick is roused, and we shall have the whole hive upon us."

"Menaced by sea and land, there is nothing can save us now but bravery," said I; "let us turn our guns on their boats; the more we sink the fewer we shall have to meet; and when that meeting comes, we must cut our way out in the dark and spread over the island. *All* cannot be taken—*all* cannot perish."

"I am not so certain of that, when eighty men oppose some twelve or so," said Willoughby.

"Twelve," I reiterated; "then you omit yourself, sir?"

"I omit no one," rejoined the squire roughly.

"Silence, squire, and stand by your guns; this is no time for trifling!" said the skipper with a savage oath.

Willoughby gave the blunt seaman one of his most malevolent smiles, and drew back with a bearing of hauteur.

On reflection, I was now anxious that this man—though I doubted not his treachery—should return with me, lest Sir Lennard might suspect me of thrusting him into danger, or subjecting him to foul play.

Four sixteen-pounders were now brought to bear upon the boats; but, from the manner in which the schooner's crew handled them, it was evident no harm would be done to the foe. Three times they were loaded and fired. The shot tore up the water, and raised huge spout-like columns round the advancing boats, but all fell short or went far beyond them: with hearty cheers, mingled with derisive laughter, the soldiers bent to their oars with renewed energy, and urged their boats over the calm evening sea; and just as the sun dipped below the horizon, with loud hurrahs they dashed into the little harbour, and landed on the beach without the loss of a man.

I felt a hot blush burning on my cheek, and a painful beating in my heart, at the prospect of being perhaps butchered helplessly, or being taken like a rat in a trap, and thereafter like a rat destroyed, through the treason of one who stood beside me, and the falsehood or timidity of our compatriots on the mainland. My commission under King Louis, a document which would have protected me at such a juncture, and procured for me the courtesy due to a prisoner of war, was unfortunately in my baggage with Forster's little band. I spiked all the guns, save two, to



render them useless to the Electoral troops ; and now, with a hanger in one hand and a pistol in the other, I placed myself at the head of my forlorn followers, who, in addition to their pistols, were armed with muskets and bayonets, which we had found in the castle or taken from the soldiers we had expelled.

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## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE RECAPTURE.

THE troops advanced towards the fort rapidly and in extended order. There were thirty soldiers of the line belonging to Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, and fifty red-coated volunteers, furnished by the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed ; and against these last we felt a bitter animosity ; for while the former, poor fellows, were only doing their duty, the latter, in our estimation, had taken up arms in excess of political rancour and overflowing zeal.

The officer who commanded the whole seemed a brave fellow, in the orthodox tie-wig, full ruffles, and wide-skirted coat, then worn by the British service ; and with his dainty triangular hat in one hand, and his long slender sword in the other, we saw him far in advance of his men, and cheering them on. By a musket-shot I could easily have stretched him on the turf ; but I had ever an aversion to singling out an individual in this cool manner.

Two guns, which commanded the approach to the fort, were now loaded with grape by my orders, depressed to sweep the flight of steps, and fired at the advancing foe. The report of their double discharge reverberated like thunder over the sea, while the iron shower of grape hissed through the air, or tore up the turf, knocking sand, dust, and stones in every direction ; but so ill were the cannon served, that only one soldier, a Berwick volunteer, dropped ; and we saw him throwing up his heels and tossing his arms in agony as he rolled on the ground ; while, with a shout of rage and an ill-directed fire of musketry, his comrades rushed on.

"Back with the guns and reload!" cried I ; but before this was achieved, the troops were at the gate of the fort,

and safe under the parapet. We had no intention of making a defence ; but simply of effecting our escape in the darkness and confusion, being aware that if some must fall, a few might save themselves by flight. The volunteers had blazed away at the fort with such vigour, that, on reaching the foot of the glacis, their muskets were empty.

"Open the gate, and let us sally out," said I, as the bullets of the line dashed the wood in splinters about us, or were flattened out like silver stars upon the masonry of the castle.

"Pause a moment," said Willoughby, shrinking back ; "we shall be shot down at once."

"Come on, lest I brain thee !" I replied, with sombre fury ; "is this a time to pause ?"

"Better be shot than hanged, thou cursed traitor and pirate," exclaimed Lance Errington, putting his sword in his teeth, and with one hand tossing aside the bar which secured the gate, and with the other throwing Willoughby like a child before him.

"Now, my lads," I exclaimed, "let us fire our muskets and pistols, and then rush down the stair sword in hand, à l'*Ecossais*, as we say in France. We shall kill at least a dozen of these soldiers and scurvy volunteers ; forward in the name of the king—James III. for ever ! hurrah !"

Our plan and our furious downward rush succeeded, but only to a certain extent. There was a momentary and desperate struggle, in which my twelve companions closed hand to hand with their assailants, who were all confused like a mob in the narrow way, where they cheered lustily, but impeded each other's motions. There was but little firing after the first confused volley, which stretched a few of each side on the steps ; but the clubbed firelock, the charged bayonet, and the spontoon were all in full operation. Six of my men broke through and effected their escape from the fort, but were afterwards retaken ; five were shot down or bayoneted, and among these was poor Lance Errington, the first projector of the whole affair, who received a ball in his right leg and a bayonet-wound in his sword-arm ; and while endeavouring to protect him from still further injury, by standing sword in hand across his body, as the fat Sergeant Gorget made three vicious pokes at him with a halberd, I found myself opposed, almost hilt to hilt, by the officer command-

ing, who did me the honour to single me out, and with threats ordered his men to leave us together.

A practised swordsman I feared him not, but knew that if I proved victorious, the bayonets of his men would soon avenge him ; yet being determined to die with honour rather than be taken prisoner, as I had not my French commission to save me from an ignominious death, I was combating this stout fellow with great success, when my right arm was suddenly seized from behind, my sword was wrenched from my grasp, and I found myself defenceless before the upraised weapon of my adversary. I turned furiously round, and met the dark smile of Richard Willoughby.

"Villain!" I exclaimed in a choking voice, "one day I may repay this."

"Not till after you have figured at Tyburn," said he, throwing my sword to a distance, and opposing his own bare blade to my throat.

The English officer might easily have slain me now ; but he was a brave man, and lowering his weapon with one hand, he thrust aside Willoughby's with the other, while the soldiers grasped me on every side.

"Traitor," I continued bitterly ; "it has been by you that from the first we have been deceived, and betrayed in the end."

"Oho, is *your* name Willoughby?" asked the officer in command of the detachment.

"It is," replied the traitor unblushingly.

"Mr. Willoughby, of Weston Hall, in Cheshire?" continued the officer slowly and with an accent of contempt.

"Yes."

"Then it was to your letter, delivered by a messenger named Samuel Thorley, that the officer commanding his majesty's troops in the garrison at Berwick was indebted for such timely notice of this daring seizure of a military post?"

"It was, sir."

"That letter secures *your* safety ; though with the unenviable notoriety of having betrayed your brethren, you have done the king a service. Retain your sword in the mean time ; but you must accompany the prisoners to Beal," added the officer, giving Willoughby a withering glance, which showed how a true soldier valued such services as his.

"I claim the privilege of being considered a prisoner of war," said I.

"Upon what pretence?" demanded the officer.

"Being an officer in the service of his most Christian majesty Louis XV., my commission is now with the baggage of our army under General Forster, and it will testify that I am Lieutenant Errington, of Fitzgerald's battalion of the Irish Brigade."

"A poor recommendation to mercy," said the officer coldly; "a little time will prove all this, as General Stanhope's dragoons are in search of the rabble which you dignify as an army, and the misguided gentleman you name as general. Meantime you are safe with me. I am Jasper Clayton, captain in Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, and will see that you suffer no unnecessary indignity, though I tell you with sorrow, my rash friends," he added, addressing the five unfortunates who were taken with me, "that your lives, each and all, are forfeited by the laws of the land."

"Mr. Willoughby," said I, "this time you have attained a triumph over me; but, with Heaven's help, it will be a transient one, and when again we meet, we shall part on very different terms. I blush to think that so noble an old English name should be borne by a villain so vile!"

He raised his clenched hand to strike me, but Captain Clayton placed his drawn sword between us. "Sir," he exclaimed, "would you, who retain your sword, strike an unarmed man?"

"I will strike any man who insults me."

"Nay, sir," returned this true British soldier; "if this be your mood, I shall restore Mr. Errington's sword to him, and let you fight out the quarrel here by the starlight."

"Captain Clayton!" I exclaimed; "do but this, give me my sword for five minutes—I ask no more; let him meet me as a gentleman ought; and accept my thanks—my gratitude; what else could I offer, or you accept?"

"Remember your duty, Captain Clayton; this man is a felon, a prisoner, taken armed in rebellion against the sovereign of these realms."

"Sir," replied the officer haughtily, "I have for too many years borne a commission under her majesty the late queen, to require being schooled in my duty by any man, least of

all by such as you. This prisoner is a brave fellow, and more deserving of our courtesy than the mean spy who betrayed him. Nay, sir, never frown at me; for if you dislike my words, I am ready to measure swords with you on the instant."

"I have no quarrel with you, sir, and beg to decline the invitation," said Willoughby sullenly; "here are six men bleeding on the ground. 'Sdeath! I think we have seen enough of fighting for one evening."

"As you please, sir," replied the officer, sheathing his sword, and turning away with a scornful laugh.

"You are too much a villain, Willoughby, not to complete your character by cowardice," said I.

"I am the man circumstances have made me," said he; "life is but a game; you have your part to play, and I have mine. Lucy Arden is our stake; let us see *who shall win in the end.*" With these words he left me.

About an hour after this he quitted the island, having by that day's work made a compromise with the government, and accepted a reward for his information. Believing me finally secured, he had the effrontery to repair straight to General Forster, of whose motions he promised to give the Whig ministry full and particular information, with lists of all concerned in the rising. He did more; for he informed my comrades that the loss of Holy Island was the result of my incapacity and poor Launcelot Errington's treachery!

I had the wounds of the latter attended to, and carefully bound up, after which he was carried to one of the boats and conveyed ashore. Six of his men who were slain, with four or five soldiers, were borne away for burial by the villagers of Lindisfarne. I never saw honest Lance again, as he soon recovered, and was fortunate enough to escape to America.

With other prisoners, I was confined in the fort during the night. We were placed in a vaulted bomb-house, and a guard under Sergeant Gorget—who for a time was disposed to be severe and vindictive for the trick we had played him—was placed in charge of us. We sat or lay on some straw, and in that gloomy vault passed the night moodily, drearily, and in silence; for none were disposed to converse, save two, who in round terms cursed me and their own folly which lured them into a scheme so desperate, and

left them with their hands in fetters, and their necks in peril.

The sudden extinction of all my hopes—for whether Forster conquered or not, mine were crushed for ever—stunned and bewildered me. I knew that if once I passed the gates of Berwick, I might bid adieu to the world and all its cares, to the field and all its glories; for there was but little doubt that a government so malignant as the Whig ministry of George I., who could offer a hundred thousand pounds sterling for the assassination of King James's only son, would make short work with us, who had struck the first decisive blow in the new insurrection; and, moreover, we were the first prisoners taken in arms. Therefore, I could not doubt that we should be the first by whose barbarous executions they would seek to strike a terror into the Jacobites of the north of England,—a party whose timidity and wavering had now well-nigh disgusted me with them and with their cause. Thus ended my promised hopes of being governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and of serving the king with honour to him and to myself.

And Lucy! oh, I could not think of Lucy Arden now with calmness and patience; and the thoughts which crowded on me in that dark and lonely cell were more than enough to drive me mad. Amid these bitter and unavailing reflections, I heard at times the uproarious laughter of the Berwick volunteers, who were all in a high state of loyalty, valour, and such patriotism as stiff brandy-punch usually inspires. At times they seemed to become quite frantic in their threats of extermination to Jacobites, cavaliers, and high-churchmen; while ever and anon they sang in full chorus one of the few Whig or volunteer ditties of the period; I say *few*, for all the musicians and minstrels, like the ladies, were in the interest of the House of Stuart.

“Stand round, brave boys,  
With heart and with voice,  
And all in full chorus agree;  
We'll fight for our king,  
And as loyally sing,  
And let the world know we'll be free!  
Hip, hip, hurrah!  
And let the world know we'll be free  
“The Pretender shall fly,  
When with shouts we draw nigh,

And echo shall victory ring ;  
Then safe from alarms  
We'll rest on our arms,  
And chorus it, long live the king !  
Hip, hip, hurrah !  
And chorus it, long live the king !”

The livelong night, this drunken chorus woke the rocky echoes of the once holy Lindisfarne.

Amid shouts of laughter, the stamping of feet, and the clatter of cups and glasses, it rang out upon the night, until at last it died away, and through the barred window of the vault there came no sound to my ear but the murmur of the autumn wind, and the monotonous chafing of the surf that boomed upon the bluffs of the isle or rolled upon the sandy beach, far, far down below me.

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## CHAPTER XLIII.

### HALT NEAR FENWICK.

NEXT day the morning dawned amid clouds that foretold a coming storm. The sky was a cold and bleak grey, while masses of murky vapour were driven fast across it, changing rapidly as they went in size and form. The sea exhibited a still darker hue and was flecked afar off by floating foam, while the climbing waves hissed and roared on the bleak rocks of the Holy Isle, and the growl of the angry surface was heard on Fenham Flats and the Low, where the dangerous quicksands lie. The aspect of the elements made Captain Jasper Clayton, the officer, resolve to reach the mainland, not as he had arrived, by boats, but in a more professional and orthodox manner, by marching ashore at ebb-tide ; but as this would not occur for some hours, the afternoon was long past before we, the prisoners, had left the fort, in view of the assembled population of Lindisfarne, and surrounded by the red-coated and black-gaitered soldiers of Hotham's regiment and the pot-valiant volunteers of Berwick-upon-Tweed, had quitted Holy Island, and traversed the isthmus which was then bare, a distance of two miles as a bird might fly, but which to us was doubled, by

the necessity we were under of avoiding the shifting or quicksands. We reached the mainland, and marched through Beal, with two drummers and fifers making all the music they might, to add to the triumph of his Britannic majesty's forces having captured six Jacobite rebels after retaking a fortress from them.

"A march of ten miles more," thought I, "will leave me a captive in the castle of Berwick, or as a felon in a common prison."

This reflection caused me to revolve and consider every means of escape, which I was fully justified in attempting, as Captain Clayton, who, with considerable taciturnity, marched apart from his men, had not condescended to require or accept my parole of honour, although fully informed that I had the honour to bear a commission in the service of King Louis; neither did his subaltern, who was a sprig of some recently-ennobled Whig family, one of the many that had risen on the ruins of the noble house of Ormond. The only distinction with which I was treated, was not being handcuffed, while all my companions were linked by iron fetters.

The atmosphere had now become darker, and denser clouds began to gather, while thunder was heard grumbling in the distance; the air was filled with electricity; the leaves hung motionless and still; our breathing became difficult, for the atmosphere was oppressive, and the soldiers as they marched unbuttoned the breasts of their coats and relaxed the breaststraps of their knapsacks. Under the dark skirt of a bank of cloud that overhung the ocean on our right, we saw the forky lightning gleaming and shedding a momentary brightness, as it might have done at night, upon the waves that were heaving and breaking in the distance. Suddenly, this black mass of vapour was burst asunder; there was a fierce bright glare of lightning which, for a moment, made the whole sea resemble a vast burning mirror, or sheet of yellow glass; and then a terrific peal of thunder, with a thousand reverberations, hurtled through the sky, and, waking every echo in continent and isle, mountain peak and sea-beat bluff, seemed to pass away with a rumbling and rolling sound to the far horizon. Other gleams followed, then the rain began to fall, and the alarmed soldiers, who had more than once seen men killed by electricity on the line of march in the



tropics, unfixed their bayonets and secured their muskets under their great-coats as a protection from the electric fluid.

"Now," thought I, "my moment for action approaches."

The rain fell in sheets, beating flat to the earth the heavy grass that grew on the rich pasture-land ; and the rising wind swept the wet brown leaves around us in whirling eddies, and with a shrieking sound. Sergeant Gorget, who was rather a humane old fellow, and had actually conceived a regard for me, "natheless," as he said, "the scurvy trick I had played him at Holy Island," gave me the great-coat of one of the slain men ; and this garment was a decided advantage to me, for with its aid I hoped, in the dusk, to deceive both guards and sentinels.

The violence of the autumnal storm compelled our commanding officer to diverge from his line of march, and take shelter at a farm-house near Fenwick, where, while he and his subaltern obtained snug seats at the blazing fire in the kitchen, which was the farmer's principal apartment, and where they partook of a substantial evening meal, we were huddled into a huge empty barn, where we remained for nearly two hours, all drenched and miserable ; while still the rain fell, the wind blew, and the storm raged without. The soldiers of the line grumbled and swore ; and, as their blood chilled, the ardour and patriotism of the Whig volunteers sank below zero.

The barn was gloomy and dark as it was cold and dreary ; in its walls were a row of open slits, like loopholes, for air, and these slits were ever and anon lighted by the red fiery gleams without, while the thunder-peals that followed shook the thatched roof overhead, causing the walls of the barn to vibrate and tremble, and awing into silence the soldiers, who stood close together muffled in their wet overcoats, and looking from time to time in each others' faces as the ghastly electric gleams lit them up. Old Sergeant Gorget alone kept up his spirits, and told the gaping volunteers prodigious stories of storms he had seen in the Tropics, or on the Spanish plains, when serving under Lord Galway in the disastrous war of the Spanish succession,—for no corps in the British service had seen more of war and battle than the veteran regiment of Sir Charles Hotham.

Night was coming before its time, and, save when lit by

the occasional lightning, the barn was involved in darkness. To attempt an escape by the door was impossible, for there had our portly sergeant and a brother of the three chevrons posted themselves, with their halberds crossed, as sentinels ; and there they awaited, with military resignation and the taciturnity of old soldiers when under arms, the departure of the storm, or the arrival of their commanding officer, who, with his subaltern, evidently found the charms of the border farmer's fireside, and of his three buxom daughters, too attractive to be easily relinquished ; but now the gradual subsidence of the tempest made my heart beat quicker, and forced the necessity of immediate action upon me. The nature of the life I had led for some years past rendered me a close observer, bold yet wary, and full of expedients.

Perceiving a hole in the wall in a corner of the barn and close to the ground, I crouched near to examine it. This aperture proved to be fully more than a foot wide either way, and to be the outlet of a drain. The barn was now almost entirely dark, and in the rough, sombre coat which enveloped me, my figure and motions were alike unseen ; and now the pulses of my heart beat quicker than the lightning which had lately been flashing about us ; for I knew well that if discovered in the act of escaping, I would be shot or bayoneted without mercy.

Just as I was shrinking closer to the aperture, I heard the voice of Captain Clayton in the farmyard, and then the barn-door was suddenly opened.

"Come forth, my lads," cried he ; "the storm is almost over, and we must reach Berwick to-night."

"Turn out," added the hoarse voice of Sergeant Gorget ; "stand to your arms—fall in ! and you, sir, corporal of the rearguard, look to the prisoners."

"Before we march," said the captain, "this honest farmer who has sheltered us means to give you each and all a jug of his October, to drink to the health of King George ; so fall into your ranks, my lads, and look sharp !"

This announcement was received with a joyful hurrah, and noisily as a pack unkennelled, or a herd of school-boys broken loose, the soldiers bustled forth into the courtyard of the farm.

Taking advantage of this—for me—most fortunate commotion and diversion, I slipped, feet foremost, through the

aperture already mentioned, and found myself in a little ditch which was full of water, and almost overhung by a thick green holly hedge. Here I doffed the soldier's great-coat, lest it should encumber me; and being aware that I should instantly be missed, took to immediate flight, and heedless of what direction, seeking only to place as great a distance as possible between myself and Clayton's soldiers, or to find a secure place of concealment.

My surmises were correct, for scarcely had I leaped a low turf wall that lay at the back of the barn, when I heard a shout, and several voices exclaiming,—

“Escaped! stole away—escaped!”

“Five guineas for the rebel!” cried Captain Clayton.

These added spurs to my steps, as, faint and trembling with cold, damp, fatigue, excitement and desperation, I sprang with all my energies across a wet and miry field.

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## CHAPTER XLIV.

### CAPTAIN CLAYTON.

THE clouds were dispersing, and though the sun had set, there opened in the west a broad expanse of blue and yellow sky, with the light of which I could very well have dispensed at that particular crisis; and this farewell gleam across the otherwise darkened country, would, I feared, reveal the path I had taken, if path it could be termed. I scrambled on, and minus hat and sword, purse and pistols, crossed one or two paddocks, which the rain had turned to veritable swamps, tearing a passage through thick bramble hedges, at the expense of my once gay suit of grey velvet laced with silver, which was hopelessly cut to pieces. In one of these paddocks I saw a horse lying dead, all torn and twisted, just as the levin-bolt had struck it down. In another place I passed a tree which had been split asunder, cleft from top to bottom by the same dread element, as if by a mighty axe. In some places the fields were entirely destroyed; the soil being washed off and swept down hill by the deluge of rain, which had turned every watercourse

to a foaming torrent ; and among the muddy masses of wet clay, here and there lay half buried a pig, a sheep, a barrow, the fragments of a cart, or other *débris* of the homestead, for the storm had been indeed terrific.

My indignation against Willoughby was too deep for description. Bound by my solemn promise to Sir Lennard, I could not punish him by my own hand, at least until the expiry of six months ; but if once again in my power, I resolved if but three of the insurrectionists were present, to have him judicially tried and shot as a spy, deserter, and traitor to King James.

I had just come to this resolution, and in thought was repeating the stern sentence I would pass upon him, when the clattering hoofs of a horse, ridden rapidly, made me pause for a moment and look back. I was now fully two miles from Fenwick ; none of the soldiery I fled from were mounted, and a footpad I had no need to shun, being penniless and desperate. . The twilight was now so dim that I failed to distinguish what the horseman might be, until he was close upon me ; for the path I pursued lay across an open waste, without shelter or place of concealment : thus, I had no alternative but to stand, after discovering, to my alarm and dismay, that he was jack-booted, and had a hat of the military cock, with a Ramillie wig and rocquelaure, as he galloped up pistol in hand ; and then I recognized Captain Jasper Clayton, mounted on one of the farm horses !

“Ahoi, you sir ! halt !” he exclaimed ; “halt, or I will ride you down. ’Sblood ! this is a devil of a chase you have given us all, and me in particular, as I am the most responsible party. You think yourself a sharp fellow, no doubt,—a deuced sharp fellow ; but not sharp enough to escape one of Charley Hotham’s old Spanish blades.”

Despairing, desperate, and unarmed, I glanced wildly round for some impromptu weapon wherewith to arm me ; but none was at hand, save a stone of about two pounds in weight, of which I immediately possessed myself.

“Stand back, sir,” said I, “or I may do you a mischief ; put up your pistol—is it soldier-like to menace an unarmed man ?”

“At all events, it is soldier-like to recapture an escaped prisoner ; and duty must be performed.”

"Hear me, sir—I am a gentleman."

"One of the unhappy men engaged in this most hopeless rising—well?"

"I am an English gentleman, your countryman; but I bear a commission from King Louis, with a two years' leave of absence to reside in Britain; but I have served in the campaign of the Danube, and another in Spain. I have the honour to be a chevalier of St. Louis, and have faced death, believe me, in too many fashions to shrink from it now; but I will rather die than yield."

"Even to me—an officer?"

"Even to the Elector himself!"

"Spoken like a man;—thou art a brave fellow," said Captain Clayton, restoring the pistol to his holster; and bowing with a stately courtesy, he added, "My heart bleeds for you. I am a North of England man, and know that there are no less than ten dear kinsmen of my own now in arms under that mad fellow, Tom Forster. They rose with Derwentwater. Ah! the wife of that man, with her wicked smile and her pretty white hands, would lure away the best corps of the line from the king and its colours."

"Will you join us, then?"

"What—I—a captain in the king's service? Nay, sir, you know not the man you speak to! But thus much I can risk and do,—I will set you free."

"Free!"

"You have, I know, been foully and treacherously deluded by one of your own comrades,—that reckless Willoughby,—of whom I would beg you to beware."

"Thanks, sir; but I need not the warning."

"Our rencontre here is unknown to all;—none of my men are within a mile of us. Go; and may we never meet again, unless under more agreeable circumstances."

"Captain Clayton, you are indeed most generous," I replied, overcome by this unexpected liberation.

"Nay, I am a man of impulse, and nothing more. When I found that you had escaped, my first impulse was to recapture you. On overtaking you—which I did by the merest chance in the world,—my next impulse was to pistol you; and now, inspired by a third, and I doubt not the best impulse of all, I set you at liberty. But beware, I repeat, of that fellow Willoughby, who, deeming,

as we all do, the rising in England already desperate, is anxious to make his peace with the government at the expense of you all."

"You are certain of this?"

"I have seen his correspondence with General Carpenter."

"Oh, double villain! curse upon the mistaken sentiment of honour which has spared him so long."

"Go, sir, go;—'tis dangerous for us both, your lingering here."

"But which way should I go?"

"Avoid the Scottish borders; for all the roads are covered with troops pouring northward to succour the Duke of Argyle."

"This road——"

"In the way you have been pursuing, leads towards Alnwick, and there your cause has friends."

"But many enemies, and I am now minus alike arms and money."

"I drew my marching money yesterday; here—impulse again! take these" (he thrust two guineas into my hand).

"One soldier need never blush when borrowing from another."

"But how shall I repay this?—how——"

"Some poor fellow in a red coat may one day be at your mercy, as you have been at mine. Should that day ever come, don't forget Jasper Clayton, of Hotham's Foot. Farewell, and I pray that we may meet no more until this hapless, hopeless, and romantic struggle is at an end."

"Adieu, sir," said I; and while my heart filled with many emotions, I saw this generous and true English soldier ride off and disappear in the dusk that overspread the heath.

I then turned, and with all speed pursued the road that led by the manor of Belford—of old a patrimony of the Forsters,—situated on a gentle eminence between the hills and the sea, which glittered in the starlight, about two miles off.

## CHAPTER XLV

### THE SHEEPFOLD.

ALNWICK was more than thirteen miles distant ; but now, having no longer my comrades with me, and being alone and unarmed, I doubted the safety and propriety of trusting myself there again. The cottage near Coquet-mouth, where Willoughby and I had left our horses before embarking on board of the *Lively Peggie*, now occurred to me. It lay fully ten miles beyond Alnwick, and I felt the impossibility of attempting to reach it that night in my present condition ; for, after the storm, the drenching undergone on the march towards Berwick ; the exertion and excitement consequent to my escape ; the loss of the little fortress, and all the bruises, bustle, and treachery I had suffered,—I was sorely jaded, weary, and dispirited. Seeing near the road something like a cottage, I approached it to seek shelter ; but to my surprise, it proved to be only an old pen, or sheepfold, the outline of which the dusk had rendered obscure ; for night had now fairly come on, as, in that season, the dull October sun had set about five o'clock. I crept in, and finding a dry place, to which even the recent rain had failed to penetrate, I composed myself for the night, and endeavoured to sleep ; but from that dark and dreary den, wherein I had burrowed me like a homeless dog, like a fox or a wolf, my thoughts wandered far away to the shady woods, the pleasant lawn, the quaint old hall, and the kind faces of those I loved, who dwelt beside the Mersey ; for the mental and invisible chain that bound me to that place was indeed a powerful one. Out of the gloom which surrounded me, the face of Lucy seemed to come, with its soft dark eyes, and cheek so delicately tinted with the pink of purity and health, and the thick masses of wavy hair that fell over her neck and alabaster ears ;—her expression, too, that charming smile which was so peculiarly her own !

When I thought of the time that must elapse, and of all that was to be essayed and achieved before I saw that face again, my soul became oppressed with sadness.

Before I again heard her voice, or touched her kind little hand, I knew that we must be triumphant and King James victorious ; but then came the desperate and despairing thought, that if the Scottish insurgents failed before the army of Argyle, the fate of Forster and his little band of troopers was sealed for ever !

Sleep was long in dispersing bitter thoughts like these ; yet it came at last, and I slept soundly, to awake early, stiffened, cold, and benumbed.

On opening my eyes next morning, to my astonishment I saw the blue sky above me, through a huge aperture in the roof of my domicile ; and amid the masses of sombre cloud edged with the morning light, lay the deep azure, on which I gazed with mingled emotions ; for I thought of heaven and of the peace and rest that lay beyond those frail barriers of floating vapour, and where, as I had been taught by the poor old fathers of St. Sulpice, all was joy and calm,—where war, ambition, anxiety, came not, and mistrust and despair were all unknown, and where——but here the sharp steel prongs of a long hayfork coming within an inch of my nose, as they were thrust through the thatch of the sheepfold, disturbed my meditations ; and on another mass of my roof being torn off, I crept hurriedly out, and stood before a Northumbrian boor, who had been sent by a neighbouring farmer to repair the hovel for the sheep, and who, on beholding me, exhibited, by his open eyes and distended jaws, his bristling hair and trembling hands, such decided symptoms of fear and intended flight, that I could not resist an inclination to laugh.

This evidently restored his equanimity ; for perhaps it occurred to him that neither ghosts, devils, nor murdered men laugh ; and at first he had serious doubts as to which of the three species I might belong. I told him that I had been waylaid, robbed, and nearly shot last night by a party of highwaymen.

“Or Jacobites ?” suggested the boor, with his guttural Northumbrian *burr*.

“Very likely,” said I ; “for they are all the same.”

“So maister says. De’il a doubt on’t, they must hae been Jacobites, sure as my name is Toby Lilburne.”

My exposure to the late storm and this alleged conflict sufficiently accounted for the dilapidated state of my apparel.



The peasant seemed satisfied ; he shouldered his hayfork and led me to his master's farm, which lay about a mile distant, in a secluded hollow, named, I think, Spindleston Heugh ; and here the same fabrication—which I beg the reader to excuse, as it was necessary for the safety of my liberty and life—was repeated ; and after giving me breakfast and presenting me with an old hat to replace the one I had lost, the farmer offered to forward me in a cart to Coquet-mouth, where, as I stated, I had friends ; for with all the suspicion of a rustic, he deemed this safer than intrusting one of his horses with an entire stranger.

I thanked this honest man, and, having no alternative, was fain to set forth in this rustic conveyance, which was driven by my new friend Toby Lilburne, and with the discomforts of which I need not trouble the reader ; the roads were rough, ascending and descending ; now intersected by streams and watercourses, and now we had to clamber over rough banks or flounder through deep holes : but all these were trifles to me, who once, when wounded, had been glad to travel on a sixteen-pounder from Ratisbon to Strasburg. The aspect of the country, when seen under a cold and gray October sky, was singularly cheerless, and in unison with my gloomy thoughts. The paths that wound over grassy waste and heathy wold, past many a ruined and roofless tower of the old border wars, were mere muddy puddles ; the trees, now almost stripped, bent to the bleak northern blast, that swept from the ocean over the level moors, to howl through hollows where the mountain torrents—red, brawling, and foam-covered—rushed towards the desolate beach. The dark sheep, with wetted wool, munched turnips in the bar or russet-coloured fields, while the cattle shrunk close to the hedgerows for a shelter from the biting wind that blustered along the brown mountain-side. The atmosphere was raw, the clouds opaque, the landscape drenched and dreary ; and all seemed still and lifeless, save a few windmills—a feature almost peculiar to English and Flemish scenery,—which were tossing their black arms at the gray horizon.

Toby's rustic garrulity was as tiresome as his legends were prosy, being, moreover, in a dialect which sounded to me like the language of an East Frieslander ; and his conversation consisted of endless stories of old Scottish inroads, of ferocious moss-troopers ; the bravery of Forsters and Fen-

wicks, Percys and Douglasses ; with many a dark episode of robbery, murder, and *diablerie*. And thus regaled by the oral literature of the district, I traversed the moors of Eglingham, and crossed the river above Alnwick, as I still deemed it wise to avoid the town, and about nightfall bade adieu to Toby Lilburne and his cart, after rewarding him with half of one of Clayton's guineas. This was within a mile of Coquet-mouth, where, as I knew the district, I easily made my way to the sea-side cottage, and was recognized by the proprietor, whom I requested to let me have my horse without delay. He seemed astonished, even terrified, to see me, and informed me that yesterday morning my "*friend*" had been there for *his* nag, and had sold him mine, with saddle, valise, and holster-pistols, for a matter of ten pounds, as I had been killed at Holy Island, and the money would be useful to my widow." I had already too much cause for indignation at Willoughby to feel much more at this new piece of roguery ; but it placed me in a perplexing situation.

"This man had no right to sell my horse," said I, "and I must have it."

"Must?" reiterated the cottager.

"Yes."

"But I gave him ten pounds for it."

"Ten!—the devil, sirrah ; that animal is well worth fifty."

"It is now mine," replied the bumpkin doggedly.

"I care not for what you assert," said I, with growing anger ; "you gave your cash to one who had no right to receive it."

"But how am I to be assured of that?"

"Fellow," said I, flushing with passion, "I am a gentleman."

"I don't know that either ; your friend be, by your own account, a horse-stealer, and gentlemen don't consort with such ; moreover, master, gentlemen don't come to honest folks' houses in the night, and in this queer tattered fashion."

"Rascal!"

"No hard names, master. You are perhaps one of those Jacobite gentlemen who have been turning the borders upside down under mad Mr. Forster ; and if so——"

"Well—what then?"

"The quieter you be, the better for yourself, that's all."

"Sir, I am on the king's service, and demand my horse; if you refuse——"

"Well—what then?" asked the fellow, in my former words, with an impudent grin.

"I will either burn your house about your ears, or go to the nearest magistrate and have you arrested, for being concerned in horse-stealing."

This rather alarmed the rustic, who informed me that he had a receipt for the price of the horse.

"A receipt—show it," said I.

He produced it from a corner cupboard, and to my astonishment it was signed in a hand not unlike my own, *Edward Errington, Lieut. in the regiment of Fitzgerald.*

"Fellow, this is *my* name. Yonder villain is called Willoughby—Richard Willoughby, of Weston Hall, in Cheshire."

"Oh, drat it! now that you say this," said the rustic, pushing his hat on one side, that he might have more freedom in scratching his head, and gain a little time to collect his thoughts, while surveying me with a cunning expression; "now that you speak on't. I remember Lance Errington—poor Lance that helped to take Holy Island—*did* name him Willoughby. If this be true, I must raise the hue and cry after him."

"In that matter do as you please, but my horse I must and shall have."

"If you will give me a receipt for him, or a paper such as I may show a magistrate, I am willing," replied the peasant.

This was soon arranged, and in an hour after I was mounted, and, with my pistols carefully loaded in the holsters, set out for Coquet-mouth by the road that led through Morpeth towards Newcastle, of which I had no doubt that General Forster had by this time possessed himself, in the name of his majesty King James III.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## FORSTER RETREATS.

DURING the events which have occupied the last few chapters, General Forster had experienced a severe disappointment. With his little band of horse, consisting of sixty English and two hundred and forty Scots, he appeared before Newcastle ; but being totally destitute of infantry and without a single piece of artillery, he soon found every attempt to take the town, either by surprise, assault, or terror, alike futile.

Though many of the inhabitants were Jacobites, the mayor, Sir William Blackett, of Wallington, and his brother magistrates, were zealous Hanoverians, and had taken vigorous measures for defence. In this they were seconded by the Earl of Scarborough, who was lord-lieutenant of Northumberland. The town was inclosed by a high stone wall, having seven antique barrier gates and seventeen round towers, between each of which were two turrets, having stone sentinels cut in them. These walls had been built in the time of Edward I., by a rich citizen of Newcastle, who had been carried off by the Scottish borderers and detained captive until he paid a heavy ransom. Save one, all the ancient gates were now built up with stone and lime, as the most effectual mode of preventing ingress. Seven hundred citizen-volunteers were enrolled, and equipped with muskets and bayonets for the defence of the town, and the sturdy bargemen, employed in the coal trade on the river, made an offer of seven hundred more ; while General Carpenter, a government officer, was within two days' march of the place, with a brigade of regular cavalry ; and their approach on the 9th October compelled General Forster to retire without having entered the town.

And now his followers began to see the desperation of their cause in England ; but still the hope of receiving succour from Scotland, or that the Earl of Mar, by vanquishing the Duke of Argyle, might rouse the timid souls of the Jacobites in Yorkshire and Lancashire, kept them together ;

for the fatal die was cast now, and by their reiterated proclamations of a proscribed king, they had for ever dissolved all ties between themselves and the government of George I.

Another messenger was despatched to the Earl of Mar, telling him of the desperate situation in which this little band of outlawed lords and cavaliers was placed ; that troops were marching from all quarters against them ; and that ruin and death menaced them everywhere ! After this, they repaired to a large heath or moor near Dilston. There they halted long, being filled by doubts and irresolution ; then they marched through the beautiful valley of the Tyne to Hexham, which was deemed an advantageous position for keeping open a communication with Lancashire. There they proclaimed the Chevalier king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, nailing his manifesto to the market-cross, where it was allowed to remain for many days after they had departed to return no more ; indeed, until the rain and the wind frittered it away, like the hopes of those who penned it.

Forster was now accompanied by Willoughby, who almost daily, by means of Samuel Thorley and others, transmitted to General Carpenter, at Newcastle, and to others in authority, the strength (or rather the weakness) and intentions of the brave men he was betraying. This hovering band of Jacobites was divided into five nominal troops. Of these, two raised by the Earl of Derwentwater and the Lord Widrington were, like Viscount Kenmure's Scots, entirely composed of gentlemen of good family,—men who in birth and spirit were second to none in England. The first of these was commanded by the earl's brother, Charles Ratcliffe, and Captain John Shaftoe ; and the second by my venerable friend Colonel Errington, of Beaufront.

The third troop was led by Captain John Hunter, once a border farmer and famous "contrabandista,"—a wild and reckless fellow, who in the latter end of Queen Anne's reign obtained a commission and money to raise an independent company : he retained the title which the former gave him, but spent the latter, as he said, in "pasteboard, ivory, and bona-robas,"—meaning cards, dice, and women, and then joined the Jacobites as the most simple mode of squaring accounts with the lords of the treasury.

The fourth troop was commanded by Robert Douglas, brother of the Scottish laird of Finland. He retained much of the old moss-trooper in his character, and to Forster was invaluable in discovering where horses were at grass in lonely places ; where arms, provisions, and money were hidden,—“a trade,” according to Paten, in his account of these troubles, “some were pleased to say he followed out of the rebellion as well as in it.”

The fifth troop was composed of the Hollywood lads, led by Sir Lennard Arden and Captain Wogan, the gallant representative of a Welsh family of great antiquity, as every Welsh family of course must be.

These troops were merely skeletons. All the efforts of Forster to increase their numerical strength proved vain ; and now, on hearing that General Carpenter, with Hotham's Foot from Berwick, the dragoon regiments of Cobham, Molesworth, and Churchill, with some pieces of cannon, were preparing to march from Newcastle and attack him, our poor general retired with some precipitation from the vicinity of Rothbury towards the Scottish borders ; and thus I had considerable difficulty in tracking him from place to place ; for, having but thirty shillings in my pocket, being somewhat dilapidated in my outward man, and compelled to use art and circumspection in prosecuting my inquiries among the gossiping and ill-informed peasantry, at times I almost despaired of being ever able to reach him, and once had nearly come to the resolution of selling my horse, and endeavouring to join the Earl of Mar by embarking in a collier or other coaster, or by attaching myself as a gentleman volunteer to some of the troops marching into Scotland ; but the last idea had so much of danger and deception in it, that it was barely thought of when abandoned.

Misled by information casually overheard in an alehouse, that the Jacobites were at Elsdon, a village seven miles from Rothbury, I rode there to find myself disappointed, and, without waiting for refreshment, set out, undecided and depressed in spirit, towards the Cheviots, leaving the hamlet about sunset, when a red gleam of light was lingering on the tower of its old parish church, and on the green moat-hill which stands to the north of it, and where lie those fragments of old Roman masonry ascribed by local fable to Ella, the giant, whose *den* was in that neighbourhood.

The shades of evening fell fast; the withered foliage rustled drearily; and the fallen leaves eddied in the wind, which whirled them over the heath before me.

Heavy clouds veiled the red sunset, as with a mind full of sombre thought I quitted Elsdon, and rode forth on my devious and lonely way.

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## CHAPTER XLVII.

### A STRANGE RENCONTRE.

I HAD ridden slowly and unheedingly for some distance, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a horseman in front. This person, who had been for some time riding before me, suddenly drew up, wheeled round at the distance of fifty yards from me, and waited my approach. He performed this manœuvre on vantage-ground, the brow of a gentle eminence, and against the yellow flush of the set sun, that lighted the sky to the westward, the figures of himself and his horse were defined in dark and strong outline, looming till they seemed almost gigantic. He was a very tall and powerfully-formed man, mounted on a large-jointed horse, more than sixteen hands high. He wore a triple-cocked hat and bobwig; a loose gray overcoat, and long jack-boots, with round open tops, and large rowelled spurs. On nearing him, which I did without either diminishing or increasing the pace of my horse, I could perceive that he was past the prime of life, and dark, almost swarthy in complexion; that he had a keen hazel eye, with a sombre and stern expression. He rode, of course, with pistols, and wore one of those large basket-hilted swords peculiar to the Scots. The fashion of this weapon reassured me, as I had begun to suspect its loitering wearer to be a highwayman; and probably, considering my attire, he was not without the same suspicion of me.

"Halt, sir,—stop!" cried he, waving his whip hand with an imperative gesture of authority.

"Who are you, sir," I demanded with some irritation, "that dare thus to bar the king's highway?"

"I was about to inquire who were *you*, that follow people thus upon the aforesaid thoroughfare?"

"Follow!"

"Ay, follow! You need not reiterate my words so disdainfully, as I am unused to it; but you have been well-nigh at my horse's crupper since I left Elsdén."

"On my honour, sir, I was not aware of this. Be assured I was thinking of anything but you, and that my mind was far away from where either you or I am to-night."

"Likely enough, sir," he replied, "likely enough; and so was my own, till I became aware of your vicinity, and found your nag following so leisurely in the hoof-tracks of mine. But, being a Scotsman, and a stranger here, I confess that I disliked to be dogged in the twilight on the English side of the border."

"Well, sir," said I, laughing, "I am no highwayman, be assured; but am, notwithstanding my tattered attire, a gentleman."

"A gentleman, indeed! then you must be aware of the game being played here in the north of England, by Mr. Forster of Bamborough, and I beg that you will inform me for which side you are?"

"I must take time to consider this question."

"Stuart or Guelph—Windsor or Herrenhausen?" he added fiercely.

"I am uncertain what right you have to ask this, or that I should act wisely in replying."

"Of what fear you?" he asked scornfully. "'Sdeath! 'tis a quiet place this, and we are but two; you have holster-pistols, I see, and so have I. We are but man to man if we disagree. I am for King James the Eighth of Scotland and the Third of England, whom God for ever bless! And *now*, sir, for whom are you?"

"For King James, by heaven I am, sir!"

"Good—this meeting is fortunate," he added as I gave him my name; "I have heard of you before as the hero of the queen's escape from Inspruck, and the bearer of Forster's commission; but yet I am almost sorry that you were not one of the opposite party."

"Why?"

"Because I am in a very homicidal mood to-night, and feel quite in the humour to kill some one."

"Pleasant idea!" thought I, looking at the dark and lonely path before us.



"I am Robert Hepburn, of Keith, in East Lothian," he continued; "a kinsman of the umquhile earls of Bothwell; a Scotsman, as my tongue may have informed you; and I have just come from my own country direct."

"From Scotland?"

"Yes."

"Yet you were riding northward."

"I came from the camp of the Earl of Mar, commander-in-chief of his Majesty's land forces in Scotland, with a despatch for General Forster," he replied, as I rode up, and we walked our horses forward side by side,— "ay, for Forster, whose affairs are well-nigh desperate here. In search of his flying squadron, I have been wandering between the thatched town of Wooler and the walls of Alnwick, and have just received information that they have crossed the borders, and, in despair of raising England in arms, have entered Scotland, and taken up their quarters at Kelso."

This was, indeed, startling information.

"How far is that town distant?" I asked.

"Thirty Scottish miles and more."

"Is it a fortified place?" I inquired.

"Nay, it is open enough now."

"Know you the way, sir?"

"Ay, every foot of it; and I shall instinctively know it the better as we draw nearer Scotland."

"Well, sir, to your guidance and care I must commit myself; for in England here, in the land of my forefathers, I am as much a stranger as if I were again with the French on the banks of the Danube."

"A stranger!—then you have been reared in foreign parts?"

"At the court of our exiled king since I was a boy about the height of your jackboot."

"Many a true Scottish heart, and the exiled scion of many a noble house among us in the North, have the same tale to tell; but, please God, who ruleth all, and the brave Highland lads, who have drawn their swords for His anointed," continued Hepburn, lifting his hat with respect and enthusiasm, while his dark eyes flashed as he raised them to the starlighted sky,— "ere the hills be whitened by the snows of Christmas, the king of all the British isles, and every honest man, shall enjoy his own again, or I, Robert

Hepburn of Keith, and my six sons, shall be lying in our graves."

"And how speed our affairs in Scotland?"

"Well and prosperously, sir—well and prosperously. The Earl of Mar, who served three campaigns under Queen Anne as colonel of our Scots Fusiliers, has now ten thousand men and some twenty nobles under his banner north of the river Forth, where the Elector's fleet lie, barring any attempt he may make to enter Lothian and capture Edinburgh, which he wishes much to essay; for in its castle, which is commanded by a colonel, luckily named Stuart, are a hundred thousand pounds of that English gold for which our country was bartered in 1707, and made—as my good friend and neighbour Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun said—'a fit residence only for the slaves who sold her,—the sectarians and the Whigs!' Well, then, in the Forth lie the fleet below Alloa; while the troops of the Duke of Argyle, chieftain of a clan ever inimical to the house of Stuart, and the guns of Stirling Castle, guard the fords and bridges higher up: hence the delay in sending you succour here in England; but aid will come anon, for I bear the Lord Mar's promise of it."

"And how think you matters will end?"

"God alone knoweth; though I doubt not that in the first battle the Highlandmen, as is their wont, will sweep the regulars off the field in five minutes. But matters have already gone ill enough with me."

"Indeed! but how, pray?"

"We have a superstition among us in Scotland, that the band or faction, one of whose blood is *first* shed in fray or battle, shall lose the day and fail of success."

"And this augury——"

"Hath been fatal for us," he replied, in a broken voice; "the first man whose blood has been spilled in this rising was my youngest son—his dear mother's best-beloved boy," he continued, as he smote his breast with his gloved hand; "and he fell by the hand of a Whig assassin."

"I grieve to hear of this, sir."

"I thank you kindly, though your condolence be but the politeness of a stranger. Every heart hath its own secret sorrows in this world, and mine is not without them. But, blessed be Heaven, I have six sons still, all fair and stately

lads, who ride with Winton and Kenmure ; and in the Stuart cause I, and the leal Scottish mother who bore them, would risk and lose them all, as freely as I will peril my own life and blood, when the great day of battle and retribution comes—as come it must anon !”

I was much pleased with the fiery enthusiasm of this Scottish gentleman, though the stern gloom that hovered in his face and pervaded his whole manner, which was grave and formal, as of one over whom a doom was hanging, repressed me, and caused me to imbibe a reserve that was far from natural to me. But this man’s bearing was strangely impressive.

“And so the Lord Mar has ten thousand loyal men with him ?” said I ; “this is well—you have good hearts and true, at least, in Scotland.”

“We have ; but, alas ! sir, you know not Scotland. Many are there who swerve not from faith to God and to their country ; but many more there are whose idol is mammon—traitors who would sell name and fame, king and country, their wife’s honour, or their kinsman’s corpse, for gold, for gear, for place, or a mess of Hanover pottage.”

“And who are these people ?”

“Of old, our fathers named them the English faction—now we know them as the Whigs ; for Scotland is pre-eminently the land where the demons of political selfishness, hypocrisy, treason, and perfidy have crushed her noblest and her best men in their aspirations after national greatness and independence ; and her past history will prove the truth of what I assert, trace it as you may, from the betrayal of William Wallace to the sale of King Charles I. ; from the betrayal of Montrose, for four hundred bolls of meal, to the sale of the kingdom itself, at the Union,—a compact to which some of our high-born lords gave their august autographs for a small matter of money. But enough of this ; for such thoughts choke me !”

To change the subject of conversation, I detailed my late adventures, and explained how deeply I had suffered at the hands of Willoughby ; whom he reviled in terms of great bitterness, saying, that his own country had too many such crooked rascals in it. Meanwhile night had settled down deep and moonless, as we drew near the great mountain boundary between the sister kingdoms, and I proposed that

we should halt at a lonely village which we entered about midnight.

"Nay — nay," was the response of my impatient companion ; "let us not think of halting till the Cheviots are in our rear. Your nag still looks fresh, I know that mine is so ; and I, at least, shall sleep all the more soundly and securely when laying my head on Scottish earth."

"This seems rather a paradox, after all you have told me of northern perfidy and treason."

"True, sir ; but remember that the villanies of an infamous faction are never to be charged upon a nation in general."

He then abruptly changed the subject, and I perceived that, like many Scotsmen, he considered, that while he had a right to reprehend his own country, he would allow no stranger to adopt the same tone towards it.

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## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### WE LEAVE ENGLAND.

AT a solitary and wild place, in a district covered with wood, where four narrow cross roads, that were bounded by thick high hedges, all united in the pleasant and lively vicinity of an old gibbet and the parish stocks, a ray of light, streaming out into the darkness of midnight, drew us towards it, and we found it to proceed from the well-barred window of a wayside alehouse.

Wearily now and athirst, we proposed to halt and refresh, though doubtful of obtaining admittance at so untimeous an hour. On dismounting and leading our horses to the porch, we found a saddled nag already tethered there, by its bridle being buckled through an iron ring in the wall. At our approach the animal uttered a loud neigh. At this sound the door was suddenly opened, and a tall fellow, whose dark figure towered between us and the light within, and who was muffled in a red rocquelaure, and wore a military cocked hat, sword, and riding-boots, came brusquely forth, with his long spurs jingling on the sanded floor.

"Like myself, you travel late, sirs," said he gruffly. "'Slid ! how dark the night is ; but my service to ye, gentlemen," he added, while, relieving his bridle from the ring, he sprang on horseback. As he turned in his saddle and surveyed us while gathering up his reins, our eyes met, and that meeting was like a sudden gleam of light.

'Twas Willoughby !

His face grew deadly pale as he gave a nervous start, inspired by terror and astonishment to meet *me* there. To utter a shout and rush to my saddle and holsters were my immediate impulse ; but for an instant, and no more, I saw a dusky shadow before me in the darkness, as he dashed spurs into his horse and vanished, seeming, as it were, to melt into the surrounding gloom ; but not before, with his riding-switch, he had given my horse a cut across the head, which made it become restive and swerve round so furiously that one of my stirrup-leathers gave way. In consequence of this double misfortune, I knew not the route he had gone ; as the four paths were all sequestered, and being covered with luxuriant dog-grass, the sound of his horse's hoofs was concealed. Thus in a moment I lost all trace of him ; though, to the astonishment of Mr. Hepburn, I dashed madly along the nearest one, and at haphazard fired both my pistols into the gloom before me, as an earnest of what I would do on coming within arm's length of the foe ; but for that night we fortunately met no more. He came and went, like the spirit of evil he had ever proved himself to me.

"Whence came that fellow ?" I demanded breathlessly of the landlord, on returning ; but some time elapsed before the man could answer me, so excited and stern was my manner, while the rapidity with which I proceeded to reload my recently-discharged pistols led him, I have no doubt, to conclude that my new Scottish acquaintance and your humble servant were a couple of desperate highwaymen, as all mounted travellers at night were supposed to be. "Whence came he ?" I repeated ; "answer me."

"From the Scottish side of the Border, sir," he stammered, keeping his eyes nervously on my pistols.

"From Kelso ?"

"Yes, sir, from Kelso, for so he said."

"The villain ! I doubt not he has been spying there on government service."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Mr. Hepburn, "was yonder fellow your Willoughby?"

"The same."

"Sdeath! what pity he has escaped us!"

"Know you where he was bound for?"

The fellow hesitated.

"Speak, landlord, and fear not," added Mr. Hepburn imperiously, as he threw a silver crown on the table of the bar.

"Well, my masters, he was on his way to Wooler, and inquired of me if I knew a place called the Redrigs."

"Why?"

"Just what I said when he asked, sir, and he replied that a regiment of soldiers are encamped there."

"Hah, indeed!"

"Oh, for the matter o' that," continued the host, surveying us with growing interest, "if you be any of the gentlemen that are now up in arms, I would advise you to take to the road again."

"Why so, my good man?"

"Because a troop of dragoons are hard-by, at Copeland Castle, where, if all be true, they will soon ruin the Ogles of Kirkley in oats and ale."

There was, I thought, a cunning twinkle in the fellow's grey eyes as he said this; but whether his information was meant to scare us, or that he surmised but too truly that we and the existing laws were not on the best of terms, I know not; however, we both felt the necessity of immediately proceeding on our journey. By the advice of Hepburn, who was well skilled in all that related to the *ménage*, we gave our horses each a bottle of port wine in a half-bucket of water; bathed their nostrils with vinegar; relaxed the saddle-girths for a time, and rubbed their legs well with straw. Then remounting, we departed at renewed speed by a solitary path that lay directly over the great range of the Cheviots. This mountain track was familiar to Hepburn, and it was far to the north of Carter-bar, which is the principal pass in that barrier chain, and through which the great highway (whilom trod by many a hostile army) leads from Jedburgh to Newcastle.

Morning was brightening on the green summits of this beautiful range of hills, which to a considerable extent separate the kingdoms of Scotland and England, when we

looked back from the pastoral and sequestered gorge on which we were entering, and saw far down below the county of Northumberland, with all its undulations spread out beneath us to the southward.

About six miles distant, a cloud of dust was seen rolling along the roadway, and on this the keen eye of my companion was immediately fixed. Producing a pocket telescope, he quickly adjusted it to the focus, and, as he looked through it, his high stern brows were knitted till they met over his long straight nose, and his sombre countenance darkened with a formidable frown.

"What do you see, Mr. Hepburn?" I asked hurriedly; "troops?"

"Only a party of horse."

"On the line of march?"

"Red-coated troopers," he continued, with a grim smile, "riding straight towards the hills."

"Then I doubt not but Willoughby is with them, and they must be that troop which we were told were cantoned at Copeland Castle."

"Likely enough; but it matters not now," said he, as we turned our horses' heads and descended towards the north: "we are quite safe, from them at least. And now, sir," he added, with flashing eyes, "I bid you welcome to Scotland, where I have many a dear old friendship to preserve, and many a fierce deep feud, red as the heart-blood and deep as hell itself, to settle!" As he spoke, he smote his heart with the fiery vehemence which characterized all his actions.

"And where are Forster's head-quarters?"

"About nine miles distant now."

This was cheerful information for me; and aware that even were these troopers really in pursuit of us, we were far in advance of them, and would be descending while they were toiling up the Cheviots, I felt assured that we might proceed at our leisure. The day became clear, bright, and sunny as we entered that fertile and beautiful valley, where, amid giant copsewood of the old monkish times, the sylvan Teviot unites its waters with the bordering Tweed.

As we approached Kelso, I was much impressed by the beauty of the scenery and the many tints of the autumnal foliage, above which rose the massive square tower and florid buttresses of that magnificent Norman abbey which

David I., king of Scotland, built in the twelfth century for certain Benedictine monks who came from Tiron, in Picardie. The rood-tower resembles a baronial castle, and therein some sturdy Scots once made a vigorous defence against a body of Spaniards under the English earl of Hertford, the marks of whose cannon and arquebuse shot are still visible on the old and weather beaten walls. As we drew nearer the town, which stands on the margin of the river, and is approached by an ancient bridge,\* suddenly a wild and wailing sound, unlike anything I had ever heard before, rose from the copsewood, in regular and measured cadence. The expression of Hepburn's melancholy face changed, and his black, sombre eyes lighted up, as he reined in his horse and grasped my bridle-hand.

"Listen!" said he, while his swarthy cheek flushed deeper. "Do you hear that sound?"

"I do; but know not what it is. 'Tis like the cry of some wild animal."

"Did you never fight against our troops in Flanders?"

"No; happily, my fighting has all been in Spain, and on the shores of the Danube. I know neither the sound nor the meaning of it."

"Because that harsh wild voice speaks a language Scotsmen only know. It is the Highland warpipe, playing the march of the Clan Chattan! MacIntosh has come; MacIntosh and his clansmen—so Forster and Kenmure are both saved at last!"

"What say you, sir?" I exclaimed, catching something of this Scotsman's fiery energy.

"That our clansmen have baffled alike Byng's fleet and Argyle's army, and are here—*here* upon the southern borders!" And putting spurs to his sinking horse, he galloped towards the town at a speed which gave me some trouble to come up with him.

At the entrance of Kelso we were stopped by a guard of troopers, who proved to be some of the Hollywood men, commanded by Sir Lennard Arden, who warmly greeted me, with every expression of joy and astonishment,—for he had been told that I was a prisoner in irons on board the *Royal Anne* galley.

\* Swept away in October, 1797.



"And so you lost the fort, after all your trouble in capturing it!" said he, smiling.

"We were betrayed," said I bitterly; "deceived!"

"By whom?" he asked, growing pale.

"That unchangeable felon, Willoughby."

"By Willoughby of Weston Hall?"

"Yes," I responded, grinding my teeth with anger.

"Strong language this, Mr. Errington. He left us only last night, ostensibly to inquire about certain cavalry who were alleged to be moving this way from Wooler, or Cope-land Castle."

"Yes, we were betrayed by him—a man without principle, religion, or politics; and who, false as the vicar of Bray, betrayed us all for a miserable protection from the elector of Hanover!"

"Fury!" muttered Sir Lennard, while his lofty brow grew black; "and he—and he——"

"Lives,—for my sword has not yet reached him; though, sooth to say, Sir Lennard, I have more than once forgot the promise I so rashly made you."

"A promise from which I now release you."

"Thanks, Sir Lennard; thanks!"

"To spare, for six long months, a villain such as this, were perilous work for us; but I must have the proofs of your allegations, and there can be no trifling now,—for, I tell you, Errington, that I see at last we fight with halters round our necks. Oh! fool that I was, to stoop to companionship with a blackleg and gambler!"

"I care not for his gambling," said I, "even though the fellow had lost all at cards and dice."

"All, say you?"

"Ay, all but the good old English name his father left him, his sword, and his honour."

"True; but come, General Forster awaits you, and we must have a full report of your late adventures."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

## BRIGADIER MACINTOSH.

I AM now about to describe one of the most daring feats recorded in the warlike annals of the Highland clans,—the expedition of Brigadier MacIntosh, of Borlum, to succour the English Jacobites, and to rescue General Forster.

The latter, by repeated messages to the earl of Mar, through Douglas the mosstrooper and others, had urged the desperation of his circumstances, and that his companions, after proclaiming the king in so many border towns, despaired of raising the country, and were alike destitute of men, money, and arms; that the fatal die was cast, which separated them for ever from their ancestral homes, from their sorrowing families, and from a severe and jealous government; and that troops, under Generals Willis and Carpenter, were menacing them from all quarters; that their number was as yet only three hundred, principally gentlemen and men of title; and that if not speedily succoured, the gallows would make quick work with them.

These tidings created a vivid interest and sympathy in the camp of the earl of Mar; for, besides the earls of Nithesdale, Carnwarth, Winton, and Viscount Kenmure, many Scottish gentlemen of good family, like my taciturn friend Robert Hepburn, of Keith, served under King James's general in England; but the earl of Mar found himself so circumstanced that no aid could be sent.

After displaying the standard of revolt, and proclaiming the king at Castleton on the 6th of September, the earl of Mar had the joy of hearing, that the earl marischal of Scotland, the marquises of Tullybardine and Huntley, the earls of Panmure and Southesk, Brigadier MacIntosh and Colonel Balfour, had all simultaneously, and according to previous agreement, proclaimed him in other places, and risen in arms with all their followers. Scotland, indeed, owed little to the house of Stuart, after its accession to the English throne; but in this instance her Jacobites exhibited a noble spirit of daring and devotion; yet it failed to animate their

brethren in England, as I have already detailed. After this, the earl of Mar marched to the low country, and possessed himself of the beautiful city of Perth; and then the loyal clans repaired to him from all quarters, until his forces amounted at last to twelve thousand men, all led by chiefs, nobles, and gentlemen, second to none in Scotland for valour, courage, and rank. With these, he secured the passage of the Tay, and after establishing his head-quarters, made himself master of the fertile and important county of Fife, spreading his detachments along the coast opposite Edinburgh, as he was anxious to secure that metropolis, and make a diversion into Lothian; but while the lofty castle of Stirling, with its guns, and John, duke of Argyle and Greenwich, commander-in-chief of all the electoral forces in Scotland, secured the bridge and passage of the Forth at that point, garrisons of fencibles and volunteers guarded Drymen and the fords of Frew, to keep the Gael from the lowlands elsewhere, while a strong fleet watched the whole river below.

This fleet was commanded by Admiral Sir George Byng, Knight, afterwards Viscount Torrington, K.B. In every part of the world where this gallant seaman served he had displayed the greatest courage, and for his victory over the Spaniards and destruction of their fleet at Messina he afterwards obtained a peerage, and was made rear-admiral of Great Britain.

The co-operating army was commanded by John Campbell, the second duke of Argyle, a Knight of the Thistle, who had fought at Ramillies, and led twenty battalions at Oudenarde, and been at the sieges of Lisle, Ghent, and Tournay. He was one of Britain's most distinguished generals, and the day of Malplacquet covered him with a renown equal to any ever won by his martial ancestors.

The desperate duty of attempting to force the passage of the Forth in the face of two such leaders as these, with their fleet and army, was at last accepted by Brigadier William MacIntosh, son of William MacIntosh, of Borlum, who at the close of the preceding century had been bailie of Badenoch. The brigadier was a Highland gentleman of great spirit and valour, animated by a loyalty that bordered on eccentricity. Like many others, his long beard was permitted to grow untouched by steel, in consequence of a vow that it should never be shorn until the restoration

of the house of Stuart ; and as his right hand had once been shaken by the hand of James VIII., he had ever after proffered his *left* to ordinary men. He possessed considerable military skill and experience, having, like most Scottish gentlemen, served in France and other countries ; thus five hundred of his own clansmen, with whom he had joined the earl of Mar, at Perth, were the best drilled and the most completely armed and equipped corps in the newly-mustered army. With these five hundred Celtic swordsmen—shepherds and ploughmen, hastily summoned from the mountains—this brave old cavalier offered to hew a passage for such as might choose to follow into the south country—into the heart of England itself, if such were necessary, and to march day and night till he united forces and fortunes with General Forster, for whose spirit he expressed the greatest admiration.

To achieve the passage of a broad and rough arm of the sea—a Scottish frith—in the face of a British army and a British fleet, was no ordinary undertaking for a band of Highland swordsmen. At the narrower portions of the river, where it was three or four miles broad, the bustle of collecting boats and barges could not fail to attract the infantry piquets and cavalry patrols who lined the Lothian shore ; while at the broader parts, where the frith was ten or twelve miles broad, the ships of war were numerous, and their armed launches and pinnaces, with swivel-guns and pateraroes, and crews armed with pistol and cutlass, pike and musket, scoured all the bosom of the Forth, seeming, when viewed from the mountains, like a swarm of flies ; while at every seaport and fishing-station, the customhouse officers were upon the watch, to transmit, by signals and despatches, to the general and admiral instant intelligence of the movements of the Highlanders. Moreover, the entire population of Fife, who had not forgotten the slaughter of their forefathers, some seventy years before, at the battle of Kilsythe, were bitterly inimical to the kilted soldiers of King James. But after reconnoitring in person the northern shore of the river, and weighing all the chances of war and wind—for the latter, if it set in strong from the westward, might blow the expedition into the German Sea—Brigadier MacIntosh, with two thousand five hundred Jacobite soldiers, resolved to essay the passage of the Frith

of Forth, and commit the event to God and to the Highland broadsword !

The troops chosen for this daring service were all newly raised ; the earl of Mar's own regiment, composed of the clan Farquharson and other tribes from Strathdee ; the battalions of Lord Nairne, Lord Charles Murray, and Drummond of Logie-drummond,—all Highlanders in kilt and plaid ; and with them was the Lowland regiment of the earl of Strathmore, composed of three hundred men, whom he had mustered at his castle of "ghost-haunted Glamis."

While the earl of Mar, by a skilful feint and false display of warlike operations at Burntisland, lured the fleet of Sir George Byng towards that town, and engaged the ships in cannonading a battery he had formed upon a height, and in pitching shells at an old castle of the Duries of Durie, which occupies the summit of a rock to the westward of a little bight or bay, the brigadier was secretly marching with all speed along the northern bank of the river, until he reached the port of Crail, where the estuary is twelve miles broad ; and then, after seizing a sufficient number of fishing-boats, he embarked his soldiers, and at once set sail for East Lothian.

He was the first to leap on board. Waving his bonnet, while his white hairs glittered like frost in the sun,

"Come on, my children !" he exclaimed ; "think on King James, and how glorious will be the recollection of this day, and this day's deed, in your old age, when the purple heather is growing over me, and a memory will be all that remains to you of old MacIntosh, of Borlum."

"King James for ever !" was the shout, as all the boats put off to sea.

The day was clear and beautiful ; the sea calm as a mirror ; the wind, though gentle, was fair, and the huge clinker-built boats, with their brown lug sails swelling in the wind that blew from the hills of Fife, stood like a mimic fleet into the estuary, filled with their warlike freight, all clad in their native tartans, and armed with their native weapons, that flashed and glittered in the western sun. Meanwhile the boom of the cannonading at Burntisland, twenty miles up the river, was distinctly heard, as water will convey sound to a wonderful distance.

Boat after boat, laden with armed Highlanders, had shot

off from the bleak, red, rocky coast of Crail and Elie, until eighty of them cleft the water with their prows and brown glistening sides ; and these craft were mid-channel over before they were descried by the look-out men in the cross-trees of the line-of-battle ships of Byng, who became furious on discovering the manner in which he had been outwitted. The cannonade on Burntisland was instantly abandoned ; the signal to sail hoisted at the admiral's foretop, and the whole fleet came down almost before the wind, with the ebbing tide and the river's flow, to intercept or sink the soldiers of MacIntosh. But the latter had formed his plans too surely to be baffled now. The strong nervous arms, that grasped the long sweeps to aid the swelling sails, were not exerted in vain ; and thus, long ere the angry admiral, with all his towering ships of the line, his frigates, brigs, and bombketches, with guns loaded and ports open, came within range of the Highlanders, they had landed on the sandy shore of Aberlady Bay, or on the green links of Gulane, where, with vociferous cheers and brandished swords, while the wild pipes sent forth their notes of defiance, they all drew up under their several colours—all save a few who were driven back on the Fife coast, and forty unlucky fellows under the laird of Kynachan, who were captured in one boat by the men-of-war launches, and Strathmore's regiment, which was cast upon the Isle of May, where they were blockaded by the entire fleet, against whom they made a desperate defence until an escape was effected into Fife, from whence the whole battalion rejoined the earl of Mar ; and soon after the gallant young earl of Strathmore fell at its head in battle for King James.

Thus, after all casualties, MacIntosh found himself in Lothian, at the head of sixteen hundred men. With these he was ordered by the earl of Mar to march at once and succour General Forster, who was believed to be in the neighbourhood of Wooler ; but the temptation of essaying the capture of Edinburgh, where the House of Stuart had many friends, was too great to be resisted ; and after a march towards it, on finding that Argyle had thrown himself into it, at the head of a body of cavalry and infantry, MacIntosh paid a visit to Leith, where he plundered the customhouse, broke open the tolbooth, releasing Kynachan and his forty Athol men, whom Admiral Byng had just sent

ashore as prisoners ; he then seized all the money and provisions he required, giving in return most liberal orders on the Lords of the Treasury ; he next captured the citadel, a square fort, having five demi-bastions and a ditch ; and after this, our brave old brigadier sat down to draw breath, to enjoy a bowl of whisky-punch, and to consider what he should do next, having somewhat forgotten the actual purpose for which he had forced the passage of the river.

Before the brigadier had finished his punch and matured his plans, the duke of Argyle suddenly appeared before the citadel (the northern face of which was washed by the sea) with three hundred horse, eight hundred regular foot, a hundred and fifty city guardsmen, and a number of volunteers, among whom were several Presbyterian clergymen, armed to the teeth, all noisy in the ranks, hammering their flints, and vowing vengeance against the followers of Agag and MacIntosh, that bearded troubler of Israel. Two large ships of Byng's fleet now came to anchor within gunshot of the citadel, on the bastions of which the brigadier had mounted every cannon he could find in Leith, and in the merchant ships at the old harbour ; he had barricaded the only bridge which led to the fortress, and now, as day dawned, matters began to look serious.

A brave officer in a scarlet uniform, wearing a green ribbon and star on his breast, rode deliberately forward to one of the demi-bastions, aware, apparently, that as the garrison were entirely Highlanders, he, as a solitary individual, would not be fired on.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I summon you to surrender, under the severe penalties of high treason and rebellion ; and I give you my word of honour, that if I am obliged to bend my cannon against this place, or if one of my men is killed by a shot from it, I will show you neither mercy nor quarter."

"Who are you that cock your feather so high ?" asked the Laird of Kynachan, who commanded the demi-bastion.

"I am Lieutenant-General John duke of Argyle and Greenwich, commander-in-chief of all his majesty's forces within the kingdom of Scotland."

"A cub with the blood of Gillespie Grumach in his veins," muttered the Highlanders, with faces that darkened with personal and political hatred ; "admit the dog, but shut out the Sassenach."

"Do you hear me, sirs?" continued the duke.

"My lord duke," replied Kynachan, lifting his bonnet respectfully, "I have the honour to inform you that we laugh at your summons to surrender——"

"You do!"

"By Heaven, we do! and are ready to abide the result."

"Remember," replied the proud noble, with flashing eyes, as he wheeled round his charger—"remember that I, John Campbell, have sworn to give you no quarter."

"As for quarter, we will neither give nor receive it from the grandson of him who sold King Charles, and who murdered in cold blood the men of Montrose, at Philiphaugh and Dunavertie. If you think you can storm the citadel, your grace is welcome to the attempt,—so dirk and claymore be it! Come on!"

A wild hurrah went round the ramparts, the pibroch sent up its stirring note, the broadswords were waved in the sun; and, full of rage, the duke rejoined his troops, who were eager for the assault. Returning again, and conspicuously mounted on a beautiful white charger, he rode slowly round the southern and western sides of the citadel.

"His grace is well mounted," said Kynachan, "and I have taken a particular fancy for that horse."

"Ay, I doubt not, the horse is by far the noblest brute of the two," growled old Borlum, as with a frown on his weatherbeaten visage, he sat in an angle of the fortification, smoking a long Dutch pipe with the stoicism of a Zeno. "But does Argyle—this traitor, and son of a traitor—suppose that we old Scots, a people that never brooked the rule of our native kings—a race that bowed their heads to God alone—will submit to a tribe of Hanover rats? No, by all the devils, we won't; so, give him a dose of grape, as a hint to be off!"

A reconnaissance assured the Duke of Argyle, who was a skilful and gallant officer, that, without a good siege-train, any attempt of his to take the place would be futile, as the citadel was strong and bomb-proof, and faced with solid masonry; while the barricades at the bridge were as formidable as barrels full of stones, carts, planks, beams, and three eighteen-pounders could make them; and then, as a Highland chief, he knew well that, at close quarters, the claymores, daggers, and shields of the clansmen



would soon bear down the charged bayonets of the red soldiers.

But now a few Edinburgh volunteers, inspired either by some good drams of whisky or the spiritual harangues of their clerical comrades, clamoured loudly to be led to the assault.

"So be it, then, gentlemen," said the Duke, with an air of annoyance; "as volunteers, your post is on the right; and as troops usually move with the right in front, the honour of leading the assault is *yours*."

This announcement changed the aspect of affairs; and after some noisy council, they loudly approved of an immediate retreat towards the capital.

That night, the old Brigadier, wisely conceiving that if he could not capture the city, to linger in its vicinity was worse than useless, resolved, in obedience to his first order, to enter England, and succour General Forster.

At midnight he spiked the guns, quitted the citadel, and marched with all speed along the seashore. It was ebb-tide when he quitted the fortress and forded the Leith, the water of which rose above the kilts of his men. The sky was cloudy, the sea was dark and stormy, as they trod in silence along that vast extent of yellow beach which borders the Forth, and the chafing of the waves concealed the sounds of their retreat.

MacIntosh made a temporary halt at the house of Seaton, the magnificent residence of the loyal Earls of Winton, a race whose unbroken loyalty to the Scottish throne was only equalled by their old heroic spirit and baronial hospitality. This house is strongly built and walled round. Provisions were laid in, the gates barricaded and loopholed, while the avenues were trenched for defence. Here MacIntosh was assailed by a column of troops of every arm, led by Argyle, General Joseph Wightman, the Earl of Rothes, the Lord Torphichen, and all the Whigs of Haddingtonshire; but he repulsed them with great bravery; and, deeming further resistance unadvisable, sent a despatch enclosed in a quill, by the Laird of Kynachan, to Forster, requesting him to arrange a junction of their forces at Kelso, for which place the Highlanders commenced their march on the morning of the 19th of October, by the wastes known as the Lammermuir. He then despatched Robert Hepburn, of

Keith, with a second message, in case the first might miscarry; hence my meeting with that gentleman on the Borders, and hence the sound of the Highland pipe which, as I have related, first greeted my ears as we approached the beautiful little town of Kelso.

The reckless bravery of Scottish Highlanders alone could have surmounted all the perils overcome by this slender band, whose march to the south is memorable in the annals of this civil war as the *Expedition of Brigadier MacIntosh*.

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## CHAPTER L.

### OUR SCOTTISH AUXILIARIES.

I WAS now principal *aide-de-camp* to General Forster, with the rank of major in the army, and the pledge of being a G.C.B. when we ended our labours by beating the "point of war" in the palace of St. James. Grand Cross of the Bath! Already I had the red riband of St. Louis; and as Forster gave me his promise, I thought only of hanging these military baubles on the neck of Miss Arden.

Lucy! Oh, what magic there was in that name to me! What would I not have given, had earthly possessions been mine, to have had but one line from her, or tidings from one who had seen her or spoken with her lately; for, proscribed as we all were, we had no means of postal communication, and to me ages seemed to have elapsed since that eventful evening on which we rode from Hollywood. Now that I was with Sir Lennard, Colonel Errington, and other comrades, or with such old friends as Will Lutterel—with whom I could speak of Miss Arden, old Lady Winny, and the ancient hall,—memories of all that had passed there came back more keenly to my mind. Thoughts of Lucy and our love,—of poor little Anna, the ballad-singer,—and of Thorley, crowded on me; and with the latter's hated image there came a tiger-like longing to rend from his heart the story of my birth—the dark secret of which he seemed so mysteriously to be the sole possessor.

As Willoughby had seen me free at that solitary ale-

house on the English border, he returned to Forster's army no more ; and though his absence was a fortunate riddance for us, I trembled lest he might repair to Hollywood, and by scandals or malevolence perpetrate irreparable mischief there. In short, I knew not what to dread ; but my surmises were but too correct.

These were my ideas in solitude ; but the energies requisite for remodelling our forces, and preparations to march we knew not whither, left me, happily, little time for such reflections. One thing was evident—that instant operations alone could save us from irretrievable destruction, even after the arrival of Borlum's hardy infantry ; for they were but a "handful ;" and the Government troops and local militia were concentrating against us on all the roads throughout the English and Scottish frontiers.

The aspect of the Highlanders struck me for a time with extreme surprise ; for I had never seen a costume so barbaric and wild, and yet withal so warlike and graceful, as theirs. The print-shops of the Palais Royal and Rue St. Honore, at Paris, had certainly rendered me somewhat familiar with the general outline of their garb ; yet, when I saw those sturdy and stately fellows, bearded to the eyes, half-famished, wild-eyed and war-worn, after their forced march from Seaton House, defile through the main street of Kelso, with twenty pipers at their head, their flowing tartans of many colours, their bare knees, brown and strong as the limbs of the mountain larch, their brass-knobbed targets and long claymores flashing in the sun, their striped plaids and family banners waving,—even I, who had seen Marshal Villars at the head of sixty thousand of the finest troops in Europe, thought I now saw soldiers for the *first* time.

Some of these, who formed the brigadier's body-guard, were armed with a dreadful weapon, called a Lochabar axe, formed for hooking, hewing, or thrusting through an enemy ; their daggers were eighteen inches long, and were grasped in the same hand which clutched the handle of the target ; these had a serrated or saw back, to retain the cuts of an adversary's sword in parrying, and to inflict a deadlier wound ; while their iron pistols, which were all manufactured at a place called Doune, had sharp claw butts, wherewith an enemy could be brained at close quarters. Most of the axe-men who formed this body-guard were well up in years,

having white beards flowing on their breasts—beards that no steel save the sword should ever touch till the Stuarts were restored ;—alas ! for the grim, true faith of the olden time ! Rugged and weatherbeaten fellows they were ; and though old enough to remember their fathers reviling those who had sold their king and murdered Montrose, the great cavalier, and to have fought in the wars of Dundee, and in many a feudal battle among those mountains, where then few Lowlanders and no Englishmen had ever penetrated, they were lithe, athletic, and erect in bearing as the youngest of their kinsmen ; and all these Celts were well versed in what my old *maître d'armes* in the Rue de Clichy was wont to term “the noble science of destroying mankind.”

As there was a great proportion of real or imaginary gentle blood among them, and consequently many who deemed themselves entitled to hold commissions under King James, we divided them into little battalions of three hundred and twenty men each.

The first regiment, or Earl of Mar's Own, was commanded by Farquharson of Invercauld, a chieftain of high spirit and irreproachable character.

The second regiment was commanded by David Stuart.

The third regiment by the Lord Nairn, who had formerly served in the British navy, and who, in 1707, had opposed the Union with all his interest.

The fourth regiment was led by Lord Charles Murray, of the ducal house of Athole. He was a half-pay officer of cavalry, and had formerly served in Flanders. He always marched on foot at the head of his men, kilted and attired like a Highlander, and was one of the most accomplished gentlemen and soldiers in our little force.

The fifth regiment was led by MacIntosh of that Ilk, who had joined us at the instigation of his kinsman the brigadier, whose past experience soon made it the best-equipped battalion of our army.

We had one independent company of Scots, led by Captain Skene. The resolution and hardihood of these hastily collected levies were undoubted ; but, to the eye of a practised soldier, their wavering motions and irregularity on parade, and the clatter of their musket barrels when wheeling or deploying, were a constant source of annoyance.

We had also five troops of Scottish horse, viz., Viscount

Kenmure's (general of the Scots), led by Hamilton of Bal-dour; the Merse troop, led by the Honourable James Home; the Earl of Winton's, led by Captain James Dalyell, of the noble house of Carnwath,—an officer who, to serve King James, had formally resigned his commission under George I.; the troop of his uncle, the Honourable John Dalyell; the Laird of Dryden's troop, led by his son, Captain Philip Lockhart, the *beau idéal* of a handsome young cavalier. Possessed of great spirit and bravery, he was a lieutenant on half-pay, after serving the late queen, in Flanders, with honour to himself and his regiment. All these Scottish volunteer forces were well armed, and were, that which was still better, fully master of all their weapons, and ready to attempt anything, no matter how desperate, in the service of King James.

I found the character given of these Scots, in the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," fully verified by my own observation. "They are all gentlemen, and proud enough to be kings. The humblest fellow among them is as tenacious of his honour as the best nobleman in the country; and they will fight and cut one another's throats for the most trifling affront."

At times we gathered courage from the tidings of Lord Mar's strength and success in Scotland, as we fully believed that, on defeating the Duke of Argyle, he would march into England; at other times we waxed bold, from the very desperation of our cause.

After a solemn sermon in the magnificent old abbey church of Kelso, where General Forster's chaplain preached impressively, taking his text from Deuteronomy—"The right of the first-born is His,"—we marched with drums beating and colours flying to the market-place, where the titular Earl of Dunfermline proclaimed the king by his Scottish title of James VIII., amid vociferous cheers from the people and reiterated cries of

"No union! no malt-tax!"

"No salt-tax! down with the union!"

"To Hanover with the Elector!"

After this display I was sent with forty troopers to the castle of Home, an ancient and half-ruined feudal fortress in the Merse, to search for arms; but found only a few flint-muskets, six swords, and four pieces of cannon. The latter

were so old and rusty that I was afraid they might explode like bombs when we fired them ; for they had been used in ancient wars, and had sent many a shot at the English in the wild old Border days. I was also employed thrice in levying contributions among the Whig gentry, and burning their corn and barn-yards,—a service which I by no means coveted, but which, being a stranger, it was believed I would fulfil with strict impartiality and due severity.

In these unpleasant duties I was frequently accompanied by my new friend, Mr. Hepburn of Keith, who had no less than six sons, all riding as gentlemen volunteers in the earl of Winton's troop of horse. Strong, active, and handsome lads (the youngest being only about twenty years of age), they were all masters of their arms, complete cavaliers, and rode their own horses, which, with their own hands, they daily fed, groomed, and harnessed.

The hatred of the Whig cause, and of all its supporters, with which their father had inspired them, was only equalled by their romantic attachment to the exiled house ; but the dark brooding spirit and gloom I had observed in the elder Hepburn, on the first night we became acquainted, still hovered about him ; nor until when conversing one day with Sir Lennard on the subject, did I learn the cause—a recent grief, a story which he had heard from the Earl of Winton ; and as this affair is somewhat remarkable, I may be excused if I take the opportunity of devoting a chapter to it here.

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## CHAPTER LI.

### THE SEVEN HEPBURNS OF KEITH.

ROBERT HEPBURN of Keith had seven sons and one daughter, a dark-eyed girl named Dorothea, which in the family was affectionately shortened into the pet *sobriquet* of Dolly. Of these seven sons there might have been a difficulty in making a choice as to who was the most handsome, athletic, polite, and suave in manner. In their own fertile district of the Lothians the ladies were sorely perplexed and puzzled on the subject ; and decidedly more puzzled

and perplexed would they have been had these seven stately fellows all been wealthy ; but six of them were literally "the laird's brethren," and possessed nothing in the world but the ploughed land that adhered to their heels, and the inheritance then usually owned by younger sons in Scotland—a good sword and some skill in using it.

Hepburn's sons had all been reared at home—bred under his eye by an old episcopal clergyman, who, some twenty years before this time, had been a prebend under Alexander Ross, the last bishop of Edinburgh ; and this reverend gentleman had educated them all stanch Jacobites and High-churchmen, leaving unused no argument to assure them of the right divine of the House of Stuart to the throne of these kingdoms. Hepburn, on his part, had omitted nothing in rearing them, as he had been reared by his father before him, to use the sword, the pistol, the pike, and the musket ; to be good horsemen, and punctilious in honour ; to be quick in taking an affront, and quicker in avenging it. He bred them to no useful profession, for then every occupation but fighting was despised in Scotland ; and thus he retained these soldierly lads about him till they grew to man's estate, in the hope that ere long, by a revolt for the exiled king, or a dissolution of the union, something would occur to find work for them at home ; if *not*, then all, including even Adam, his youngest-born and best-beloved boy, would have to go, where many a gallant Scottish gentleman had gone before, to seek for bread and glory in the ranks of those Scottish troops who served in foreign lands—to the Lowlands of Holland, or the camp of King Louis.

I have said that the ladies in general were puzzled and divided in opinion about "the handsome brothers of Keith," as they were named ; but *all* were not so, for little Jeanie Sinclair, of Hermandstone, had, in her own little heart, come to a conclusion on the subject, and made a most decided choice in favour of Adam Hepburn, who, in the spring of this eventful year, 1715, had barely completed his twentieth year.

She was the only daughter of a neighbouring landed proprietor, Dr. Sinclair of Hermandstone, a claimant for the title of Lord Sinclair of Dysart, a peerage created by James IV of Scotland. He was proud and haughty in spirit ; even Hepburn of Keith was not more so ; but,

unlike Hepburn, he was selfish, cruel, and rapacious ; crooked in policy, cautious in action ; and one of whom it was averred that, during life, he had ever voted for and adhered to the winning side. As members for West Lothian, Hepburn and Sinclair had frequently opposed each other in the Scottish Parliament ; and on no occasion with more bitterness and acrimony than during the debate on the treaty of union with England, when the former joined the popular and patriotic party under Lord Belhaven, and the latter, as a Whig, adhered to the Duke of Queensberry, and gave his consent to the great Act of Incorporation, like many other persons of his party, for a matter of twenty English guineas, being five less than the sum received by Coultrain of Wigton, who adhered to the sum he was to receive as stoutly as the Right Honourable the Earl of Marchmont (who rejoiced in the titles of Viscount Blasonberrie, Baron Polwarth of Polwarth, Redbraes, and Greenlaw) did for the odd *fifteen shillings and sevenpence* paid to him for his vote : \* for such as these were the Scottish Whigs against whom the Earl of Mar had raised the standard of revolt.

Sinclair's adherence to the Union filled up the measure of Keith's hatred and contempt for him ; and no small tact was required by their families to prevent them coming to blows when they chanced to meet in public, which, fortunately, happened but seldom, after the dissolution of Parliament in 1707 : and always on the anniversary of that day, when, as the Scottish cavaliers phrased it, "Scotland was laid in her grave," Robert Hepburn filled to the brim an ancient silver heirloom of his family, known as the Keith tankard, and drained it to the solemn destruction of Dr. Sinclair and all abettors of the hated treaty—a malison that sank deep in the heart of his youngest son.

It is but the repetition of an old story I have to tell—the feud and hate of the parents, the love and faith of the children,—a love all the stronger because there was so much to thwart and render it hopeless ; for such loves *do* exist, though casuists say that without hope every love must die.

Jane, or as she was better known, Jeanie Sinclair, was undoubtedly a pretty girl, with that kind of face usually

\* This earl received for his Union vote £1,104 15s. 7d.



denominated "sweet-looking." Her features expressed no other particular character ; her figure was certainly somewhat *petite*, but her hands and feet were faultless ; her skin was dazzlingly fair, and her tresses a pale-brown, that seemed golden in the sunshine ; her smile was beautiful, though her eyes were of that very light-blue so peculiar to those who bear her name ; for, in Scotland, certain individualities of person, feature, and complexion are hereditary in certain clans, and the Sinclairs are the most northern tribe in the kingdom.

For two years and more the love of these young people was prosperous, and the felicity of their secret meetings was uninterrupted ; and where could the heart be more open to the tender impulses of love, or where could love itself be sweeter, than among the pastoral windings of the Tyne, or the woods of Saltoun and Humbie, where the fragrant sweet-briar, the wild rose, and the snow-white hawthorn mingled with the green boortree and graceful mountain-ash that drooped from the limestone rocks ; or among the oak and birchen coppices, from whence the broad landscape of the lovely and fertile Lothians may be seen stretching almost to the gates and spires of Edinburgh ?

There, amid these lonely woods and wild places, their happiness knew no blight, until there came forward a rival, in the person of a certain young Harry Belchester, laird of the Lammerlaw, who had just returned, after a three years' turn of military service in Holland, and who, as a political friend of Dr. Sinclair, and moreover as a distant relation, had now a hundred opportunities of pressing his suit upon Miss Sinclair, for whom he conceived an immediate preference,—opportunities of which he could avail himself openly, daily, and hourly, and not without a corresponding degree of success. Appointments made for the usual meetings were now frequently broken by Jeanie ; and the shallowness of her excuses, and her confusion, soon became but too apparent to the anxious Adam.

Tears, upbraidings, bitterness, and silence now characterized the interviews of these young people ; for popular and local rumour soon assigned the daughter of Sinclair to the young laird, whose handsome figure, rich attire, and generosity of character were the theme of all the neighbourhood : and there were also current many exaggerated

stories of the valour shown by him at Cambrai, when the Duke of Ormond, captain-general of the British troops, forced my old leader, the gallant Marshal Villars, to retire beyond the Scheldt.

These rumours, together with the frequent and protracted absence of Jeanie from their place of meeting, filled young Hepburn with anger, gloom, and bitterness—the bitterness of disappointed love and wounded self-esteem ; and with a swelling heart, he found himself alone on many a solitary evening—alone in those secluded places of tryst where whilom they had been wont to wander hand in hand together.

The sweet season of summer was past now. The autumn wind sighed mournfully through the grassy hollows, and strewed the white or pink blossom of the hawthorn upon the russet lea ; the sweet-briar had lost its fragrance ; the gueldre rose had forgotten to bloom ; the crisped leaves were beginning to fall ; and the soul of the young lover drew gloomier omens from the sombre aspect of nature and of each dun October evening. He knew that Jeanie Sinclair must have found a new pleasure, a new happiness, in the society of this rival ; otherwise she would not gradually have withdrawn herself from *him*, and ultimately, without shame, pity, or compunction, so completely have relinquished any effort to maintain their usual intercourse ; and the knowledge or supposition that she *was* thus happy haunted Adam day and night,—it was his last thought before sleep, his first on awaking, and it filled his soul with jealousy and mortification, with bitterness and gall.

Imagination pictured them together—his rival and his lost love ; her fair cheek, which *he* had kissed a thousand times, pressed against the nut-brown face of Harry Belchester ; her golden-coloured hair, which had mingled so often with his own, now smoothed, patted, or toyed with by another. He saw them, in fancy, side by side and hand in hand ; he saw those deep glances, so full of tender meaning, exchanged—a meaning and a tenderness known alone to lovers, when the very eyelid seems to grow heavy from the magnetic light that fills the eye you look on ; he saw the stolen kiss, taken from those dear ruddy lips that once were his—the kiss that rendered them forever lost and void of charm to him ;

and the sorrow, jealousy, and rage that shook his soul, increased with the pangs of actual pain that stung his heart. Had Harry Belchester been mean in spirit, deformed in figure, hideous in face, or pitiful in bearing, Adam might have learned to mourn quietly, or to despise the folly of his facile mistress, in preferring a lover who was so much his inferior, and so unworthy of her; but such was not the case,—for Harry Belchester was tall and handsome, notwithstanding a swordcut on his cheek, won at the passage of the Scheldt; he was elegant in bearing, free, bold, and gallant in character; in accomplishments, and especially in purse and heritage, he was the superior of poor Adam, whose secret heart, while forced to *acknowledge* all this, endured a misery all the greater; for the conviction that his preferred rival and supplanter possessed all these attributes made him feel as if Heaven, in thus favouring Belchester, had leagued with fate and female fickleness against him.

In short, Adam Hepburn was too much in love to be at times in his right senses. A month had elapsed since he and Jeanie met—it seemed a thousand years, and now he felt assured that she was hopelessly and irretrievably lost to him. Oh! the bitterness and humiliation of a conviction such as this! His love was all the deeper that he dared not confide it even to a friend. A hundred times the secret trembled on his lips when with his favourite and elder brother Robert,—for when absent from Jeanie, he felt ever and irresistibly compelled to speak of her,—but the words he would have uttered died upon his lips; for the youth dreaded the contempt of his family, the ridicule of their followers, the tauntings of his sister—even the gentle Dolly,—for she, too, hated the Sinclairs with all the might of her merry little heart,—and, more than all, the anger of his proud and stern father.

So time wore on.

The marriage of Miss Sinclair of Hermandstone with Belchester of Lammerlaw became spoken of at the next market-town, at the village inn, at the wayside forge where the horses were shod, and everywhere else, as an affair quite decided; and female gossips expatiated on the splendour of the young bride's *trousseau*,—of the number of frilled and puffed caps trimmed with Valenciennes lace, the silk and

satin sacques, the cramoisie cardinals, or hooded cloaks, of fine cloth, the wheel-fardingales, the fans, gloves, muffs, tags, and tippetts, the gold watch and *etui*, the necklaces and brooches, pendants and rings, which had been ordered for her at the most fashionable shops in the Luckenbooths and Craimes, of Edinburgh ; and others, who were somewhat malevolent, threw out hints that from all these things it was pretty evident that, *sub rosa*, Hermandstone had been better paid for his Union vote than was generally known, or had dipped his hands in "the compensation-money" that lay in the castle of the capital.

But, with these rumours were whispers of another kind,—of the coming war, and unfurling of the king's standard in the north. In the dusk, horsemen, jack-booted and armed, came to and departed from Keith House, to Kenmure, in the wilds of Galloway, to the palace of Winton, and the high square tower of Seaton, by the sea, and to the distant castle of Braemar, in the remote north ; and arms were bought, and swift horses kept in stall and field,—for the Jacobites knew that a day was coming when the name of the *absent one* would ring at every market-cross in Scotland. And young Adam Hepburn, while daily practising with his new horse-pistols at a target, fencing with his brothers, or trying his new bay mare, felt a grim joy at the prospect of that coming strife in which he might yet meet Lammerlaw hand to hand, where none but death could part them !

One evening Adam had been out for a solitary ride over the Lammerlaw, an eminence which gives its name to all the Lammermuir, and was the property of his rival.

He had ridden far in deep reverie, seeking only to be alone, and without interruption, to brood over his own thoughts. The monotonous routine of his father's house, and the bustle of its stable-yard—in short, society of every kind—were alike hateful to him ; for a lover, whether successful or unsuccessful, will ever seek solitude : and now poor Adam felt despairing and heart-broken, as every young lover does for a time when the conviction comes grimly upon him that all is lost,—that the day-dream of his life, the long-treasured hope, the illusion of love, is dispelled for ever, and that once more he is *alone* in the world !

As if to leave his own thoughts behind him, he turned his

face from the hated Lammerlaw, and rode furiously and recklessly, he cared not whither.

The sun was setting ; and as it sank beyond the pastoral uplands, where the long green grass or purple heather were waving in the evening wind, he found himself on the margin of the Tyne, at a place where a bower of alders and hawthorns overhung a rocky bank that shelved abruptly down to the bed of the brawling river.

The sun had disappeared behind a rocky knoll, but its golden rays were yet quivering and playing upward on the purple clouds, like the shining spokes of a mighty wheel spreading over all the western sky. Tinted by a thousand prismatic hues, the river ran towards the sea from the wooded hollows, where the arching foliage and impending rocks cast a sombre shadow on its tide ; and here, on the brow of a steep cliff, Adam Hepburn checked his horse and paused, with a swollen heart and wandering eye ; for that bower of hawthorn and alder-tree had been one of his meeting-places with Jeanie Sinclair. There he had last seen her ; there they had last met and parted—with coldness and tears on her part, with sorrow and anger on his—parted to meet no more !

The young lover gazed wistfully at the spot, and at the river, which formed a deep, dark pool among the rocks far down below ; and every feature of the view brought that parting vividly before him. He drew from his breast a braid of her soft golden hair, and pressed it again and again to his lips. It seemed faded and withered now, like the hopes that gift had fostered ; for he had borne it long about his person, by day and by night ; but this braid brought her face, her form, and voice powerfully before him. Amid the rustle of the autumn leaves and the murmur of the stream, he seemed to hear voices ; nor was he deceived,—for a moment after, there emerged from the group of alders a lady and a gentleman. Then a sudden tremor seized Adam, and a pang pierced his heart !

Policy bade him retire, but an irresistible fascination chained him to the spot.

Those loiterers were Belchester and Jeanie Sinclair. Hand in hand, with eyes and faces bent towards each other, they neither saw nor heard the pale horseman who sat in

his saddle, breathless, on the brow of the rock above the narrow river-path; they saw nothing but each other's humid eyes, and each heard only the softly whispered voice of the other. Adam felt a stifling sensation in his throat—his senses grew giddy; yet he stirred not, for he was without the power of volition, and, like a bronze statue, sat in his saddle, observing them.

They passed below him, and Jeanie bent her face closer and more tenderly towards her whispering lover, with her head waggishly on one side. It was a pretty little way she had, and Adam knew it well; but at that moment a hot iron seemed to sear his heart, for Belchester kissed her!

That simple action gave Adam Hepburn a shock like a mortal wound. By that kiss so freely given to another, he felt to the full how much he had loved, and how much he lost in losing her.

He remembered the first kiss dear Jeanie had timidly accorded to him; and now this girl, whose kiss was a memory to be treasured for a lifetime, was in the embrace of *another*!

There are times when a kiss is priceless,—for the recollection of it may never die, till the lips that gave and received it are as cold as death can make them. Adam felt this bitterly. For a time he seemed no longer to see the sunset, the alder bower, the rocks, the river,—or to know where he was: he seemed to have nothing to live for, in time or eternity. Jeanie, for whom he would have given life and fame,—yea, even his heart's blood, drop by drop, was before him in the arms of another,—a person whom he had been taught to hate and despise as a political enemy and renegade Scot—Harry of the Lammerlaw.

While these thoughts whirled like lightning through his mind, and he hovered there irresolute whether to advance or retire, a huge polecat dashed from the ferns close by, between the legs of his spirited mare, and, startling the animal, made her rear and plunge wildly. She got the bit between her teeth for a time, and dashed furiously and wildly down the narrow path of rock towards where the lovers stood shrinking and terrified, for the space was too narrow to permit this wild animal to pass without dashing them both into the stream below.

All this passed in a moment. Belchester saw the danger in which Miss Sinclair was placed, and threw himself before her, with an exclamation of terror. For a hundred yards Adam Hepburn contrived to guide the wild animal, and now but one means remained of saving Jeanie, and that was to sacrifice himself! He felt a glow of wild joy that he could do so, even for her! He felt a momentary agony in dying so young; and the loved face of his mother seemed to pass before him like the face of a spirit. He felt also a bitter rage at the idea of leaving Jeanie freely to the love of another—another, whom she would live for, and love, long after *he* would be dead and forgotten; and to whom the sacrifice he was about to make would never be known or valued.

All this shot through his mind with the rapidity of a gleam of light. Now—now he was almost upon them, and could see them shrinking beneath him, with their hands and eyes uplifted in terror; he applied whip, bridle, and spur to his flying steed, burying the rowel on one side till it was an inch deep in flesh. Uttering a wild cry of despair and farewell to Jeanie, to life, and to all, he forced the animal *over* the narrow path, and, with a frightful sound, it fell headlong through the air; and then rider and horse vanished over the brow of a steep cascade below where the lovers stood.

The waters of the Tyne swept away the dying and the shattered steed; but the exertions of Harry Belchester, who was bold, hardy, and active, saved Adam Hepburn from drowning. He was dragged from the stream senseless, with a broken arm, and a wound on his left temple, from which the blood was flowing profusely.

It might have soothed the poor lad's grief in after-times, to have known that Jeanie's little hands bathed and bound up this wound, and her tears fell fast and hot upon his pale and passive features, till Harry, who began to think that matters had proceeded quite far enough, and that this display of tenderness towards a discarded lover was rather out of place, led her away, and despatched some of his people to Keith House with Adam in a litter; and with one he sent a billet, briefly explaining the story of the accident, so far as he knew it, and offering his best services to the sufferer—an offer declined by the Hepburns with disdain.

For three months fever and delirium pressed severely upon Adam Hepburn, and chained him to a sick-bed.

When he recovered, Jeanie Sinclair had been six weeks a wedded wife !

This circumstance was gently revealed to him, with all delicacy and tenderness, by one who had been his nurse, and who had never left the side of his couch—his gentle sister Dolly, to whom, in moments of delirium, he had revealed all, and who now besought him to forget the daughter of Hermandstone.

"Some day, perhaps, dear Dolly, I shall do so, if God aids me," sighed the poor lad ; "at present I can but mourn for the joy that has faded—the hope that has left me."

"I pray Heaven, dear brother Adam, that it may end here," whispered the sister, who knew the stern spirit of her father and his sons.

"It will end here, Dolly ; so fear not," replied the pale wan youth, "for I have no thought of rivalry or of vengeance now."

"Thanks, dear Adam ; I rejoice to hear you say so."

"If Jeanie is happy in the home and love of this stranger—this new choice—I shall not seek to mar her joy. No, no ; may God bless her, although, Dolly, she has broken my heart !" and burying his face in the pillow, he trembled, and wept bitterly.

"Cheer up, dear Adam ; take courage !" said the sister, winding her white arms round him. "At twenty years hearts do not break so easily."

Now the pretty Dolly, who made this very sensible remark, was herself but seventeen.

"Alas !" sighed Adam, "there can be no bitterness greater than to feel contempt for one we have loved so well, and as I loved this girl, Dolly."

However, time brought calmness to his spirit, if it did not bring repose ; and as he recovered health and strength, other thoughts began to fill his breast ; for the projected rising of the earl of Mar and other Jacobite chiefs was now at hand, and a day had been fixed at a meeting—a great pretended hunting-match, which was in reality a solemn council of war, where Robert Hepburn, of Keith, attended



when there should be a general revolt in arms against the alleged usurpation of George I.

Hepburn prepared his sons and servants to join the East Lothian troop of horse, which the earl of Winton was secretly enrolling, and all of whom were to muster at a certain rendezvous on the eighth day of October. By some means, however, Hepburn's personal enemy, Dr. Sinclair, of Hermandstone, heard of his intention, or suspected it, and being aware how much he was loved and respected by the country people, he resolved to seize and make him prisoner, lest the example should be too readily followed by others. For this purpose he applied to the marquis of Tweeddale, lord-lieutenant of the county, for a warrant to arrest Hepburn, of Keith, on suspicion of treasonable practices.

"Is the man *fey*?" asked the marquis ironically.

"He is foredoomed to evil, at all events," said Sinclair gloomily.

"How, sir?"

"He has planted willows on his land."

"And what of that?"

"We know, marquis, that no man who does so, thrives after; for ere long the soil will pass to another lord and owner,—and so will Keith pass from the Hepburns."

The marquis smiled at the old superstition, but affixed his name to the warrant, and handed it to the doctor, who, with a grim smile, bowed and withdrew. Aware that a stout resistance might be expected, Sinclair armed his own retainers, placed them under the command of his son-in-law, Harry Belchester, and adding to them a party of horse militia, he marched from the fine old castle of Hermandstone towards the house of Keith, after sunrise.

On this very morning, Hepburn had all in readiness to attend the place of tryst. Twenty fine and well-chosen horses, trapped and holster-saddled, with the bridles hanging at their chests, stood ready in the stable-yard. The family had all met at breakfast for the last time. The old ex-prebend of St. Giles's cathedral had said prayers; swords were examined, pistols snapped, and carbines flinted anew; while the tall and stern Hepburn looked proudly from his pale wife and daughter to his seven stately sons, who spoke with hope and high ardour of the struggle in which they

were on that day about to plunge—a struggle which was to place, they hoped, a crown on the head of an exiled king, and a coronet on the head of their father, in whose person was to be revived the long-attainted earldom of Bothwell and lordship of Hailes.

Young Adam was silent, his brow was knit, and his teeth were clenched; he thought only of Lammerlaw, and the chance of meeting him honourably in the field; for all knew that *he* would be with the Whigs and the government.

A Scottish matron of the old school, Mrs. Hepburn had been too much accustomed to see arms worn and handled, to be alarmed at the sight of so much warlike preparations; for in childhood she had thrice seen her father's house besieged and destroyed, after being defended from barbican to turret, from story to story, against the buff-coated soldiers of Lag and Dalzell of Glenae; but Dolly, her daughter, was deadly pale, sad and oppressed by a grief which she could neither dispel nor explain. This emotion became so apparent to all, as she sat with breakfast untasted before her, that her father administered a mild rebuke, and told her, with some gravity, that "the time for seeking to repress their ardour was ill-chosen."

"O father, forgive me," she whispered; "but I cannot look upon poor Adam this morning without weeping."

"Why, child?"

"He—he seems——"

"Seems what, Dolly?—speak, girl!"

"Like one predestined," she faltered.

"How predestined, and to what?"

"Death," she added, in breathless voice.

"So are we all, I presume, when the time comes. But silence, foolish girl; why utter words of omen so evil at such a time as this—on the very morning we are about to leave you, and at the last meal we may ever eat together in the old hall of Keith—God's blessing rest on every stone and rafter of it!"

Then the poor girl burst into tears, and throwing herself upon his breast, said that last night she had a dream which distressed her.

"Silence!" said he gravely; "silence, Dolly!"

"A strange and terrible dream about my brother Adam," she continued, weeping.

"A dream!" said all who heard her.

"And what was this dream, girl?" asked her father coldly.

"Something frightful."

"That he had fallen in love again—or into the Tyne; which, lassie?"

"Nay, dear father, do not make a jest of it. I dreamed that my dear brother Adam was dead."

"Dead!" reiterated Keith, turning slightly pale, and glancing nervously towards his youngest son, who was calmly charging his pistols, and heard Dolly quite unmoved.

"I dreamed that I saw him shot by a man in a red coat—a man whose face I still see distinctly, for there was a long scar on his right cheek——"

"Hah! say you so, Dolly?" exclaimed Adam, looking hastily round, for there was just such a scar on the right cheek of Harry Belchester; "and what followed?"

"You—you were carried in, and—and laid on this table," continued Dolly, sobbing; "laid on it dead, dear, dear brother Adam—quite dead!" she added, clinging to him, as if to protect him with her white arms and tremulous little hands.

"Thou silly visionary!" said her father angrily, "is this a time to entertain us with a story so absurd? The hour is ill-chosen, Dolly; I tell thee so again."

Her mother said little, but gazed tenderly upon her youngest son, and her tears now fell fast and without restraint. The dream of Miss Dolly spread like wildfire among the superstitious servants, and not a few arguments were advanced by the elder retainers that "Master Adam should bide at home, or at least not ride forth on that day."

"At home!" exclaimed his father angrily to the old family nurse, who was very loquacious on the subject. "I would rather see every boy I have stretched on his funeral bier than biding at home on a day like this, when, before the sun is at noon, the standard of James VIII., king of Scotland and the Isles, will be unfurled in East Lothian; and when we draw our swords to prove that the divine right

of a king to his father's crown is the very foundation of all human rights, and if once shaken, will end we know not where. Butler, fill up the stirrup-cup, and then, my bairns, to horse !”

The Keith tankard—a huge silver cup, carved it was averred by George Heriot, the jeweller to King James VI., and having four chased handles—was filled to the brim with mulled claret, and passed from lip to lip with the toast :

“ King James VIII., and may his enemies perish ! ”

Adam was the last who drank, and placing the tankard in the hands of Dolly, gave his mother a long and mute embrace, stuck his pistols in his belt, and, with a brave air, put on his plumed hat to depart. At that moment, a fierce exclamation of alarm was uttered by his brothers, and, on looking from the hall windows, a party of armed men, principally horse militia, who might readily be known by their blue uniforms, jack-boots, and little cocked hats, were seen approaching the house, some with swords drawn, and others with carbines unslung. Mrs. Hepburn uttered a shrill cry of terror, in which all her female servants joined.

“ Woman—silence ! ” said her husband ; “ does this fear become your father's daughter or my wife ? To be betrayed and crushed already ! Zounds, we will perish first ! Shut the gates, boys, and make all secure—we shall fight to the last ! ”

His sons hastened away to obey his orders, and hastily barricaded all the doors, and the great gate of the courtyard ; and this precaution, as all the lower windows were grated and far from the ground, was sufficient to render the mansion tolerably secure for a time.

Keith House was large, and capable of defence. It had been built in 1590, by the earl marischal of Scotland ; and the timber used in its construction had been a gift from the king of Denmark, who was much pleased with the diplomacy of that noble when negotiating the marriage of his daughter Anne with James VI., afterwards the first king of Britain. The edifice is square, with a quadrangle, and on one side has a hall one hundred feet long. It presents a noble and massive aspect, suited to the splendour of the family who built it ; but one of these, Earl William, becoming involved

in the troubles of Charles I., sold it to the ancestor of Robert Hepburn.

Aware of this baron's character, and that resistance might fully be expected, the armed party rode warily and at open order over the green and level ground which lies before the mansion, and is named the Plain of Keith. On perceiving Robert Hepburn at one of the hall windows with a cocked musket in his hand, the party halted, and one of their number rode boldly forward alone.

This horseman was Sinclair, of Hermandstone.

"What want you, sir?" asked Hepburn, with a cold smile on his lip and a luring eye; "and to what am I indebted for the arrival of so much good company at this early hour of the day; and more especially for the pleasure of *your* society, Dr. Sinclair?"

"To your own purposes and projects, Mr. Hepburn," replied the doctor, bowing with ironical politeness: "they are sufficiently well known."

"I am little in the wont of concealing my purposes."

"Indeed!"

"To the point, sir!" said Hepburn, trembling with suppressed hatred and passion; "to the point! My time and temper do not brook delay; and I have a tryst to keep, six miles distant, an hour hence."

"I am sorry to announce that we have come with the most decided intention of preventing you from keeping that identical tryst, and so rushing on your own destruction."

"How considerate and kind of you, sir! My family and I are overwhelmed by our sense of your friendship."

"I have here a party of horse militia to fulfil my kind intentions," replied the doctor, with ironical suavity.

"Admirable! but you will, perhaps, favour me with a sight of some warrant for these remarkable proceedings."

"I have ever done everything in form of law."

"Even to the sale of your country," replied Hepburn, whose right forefinger trembled on the trigger of the musket. The doctor drew from his pocket a paper, and twisting it round a pistol-ball to give it solidity, threw it up to Hepburn, who, on reading therein a warrant for his apprehension signed TWEEDDALE, tore it to pieces, exclaiming,—

"D—n both you and the marquis ! Officious fools—do your worst, for I defy you !"

"Forward !" cried the doctor, drawing his sword, while the militia came up at a trot. At that moment Dolly Hepburn, who was peeping fearfully from an upper window, exclaimed in terror, while growing lividly pale,—

"Oh, brother Adam ! the man with the scar—the man of my dream !"

"Where ?" asked Adam, springing forward.

"At the head of the militia, in the laced scarlet coat ; it is the same—see, he turns this way now !"

"Lammerlaw, by Heaven !" exclaimed Adam, cocking a pistol.

"Beware, boy," said his father, clutching his arm ; "save your shot—a time is coming when it may be wanted. You hate Lammerlaw, because he stole your worthless mistress. Boy ! these parricides did more—they sold their mother-country for English gold—their birthright for a mess of pottage ! Moreover, *we* must not be the first to shed blood, if we can avoid it ; but woe be to the whole race of Hermandstone, if they mar our march to-day !"

Hepburn's fiery sons were all at the hall windows, with firearms in their hands—even young Adam, who could not forget that their chief assailant was the father of his once loved Jeanie ; and the young men could scarcely be restrained by their father from discharging a rattling volley at the doctor and his militia-men, who had now fairly environed the mansion, and placed a guard at the principal gate.

"To your horses, my sons—mount every man ! We will cut a passage through these Hanoverian curs, or perish on our own threshold. If I fall, wife—dear wife—you shall lay me by my father's side in Humble Kirk ; and remember that *all* who survive me must ride to keep tryst with the Lord Winton ! Away !"

The grim baron kissed his wife and daughter, drew his sword, and, rushing downstairs, threw himself into his saddle ; his seven sons, and fourteen armed followers, were not slow in following his example ; they seized the reins of their horses in their clenched teeth, and each man, with a cocked pistol in his left hand and a drawn sword in the

right, prepared to charge through the enemy, the moment the old and trembling porter unclosed the large gate of the quadrangle.

It was suddenly unfolded.

"Forward—at them, lads!—charge in the king's name!" cried Hepburn, with a voice like a trumpet.

"King James VIII.—King James for ever!" responded his sons, and goring their horses, they rushed on the militia, while a shriek from the upper windows—their mother's farewell cry to those she was never again to see—rang in their ears.

The militia fired a confused volley with their carbines; Hepburn was grazed by two balls; but he clove Sinclair through hat and wig, and unhorsed without killing him. His sons and followers all broke through untouched; but, in passing, Adam could not resist the desire to cross his sword with the weapon of Lammerlaw, who fired a pistol, and shot the brave boy dead!

The ball pierced his heart, and he died without a pang or a sigh.

There was no time for parley. Hepburn and his six remaining sons fought their way off, and reached the place of muster, while poor Adam was borne into the hall, and laid a breathless corpse upon the table where he had been seated at breakfast but a few minutes before; and thus did the dream of his sister become terribly realized! \*

The bereaved father and his six sons rode fast for the western borders, and on the day when Adam—the boy he loved more than all the other six, and now assuredly not the less because he had lost him—was laid in his grave at Humble Kirk, or, as it was named of old, the chapel of Keith Humberby, the insurrection in which he had longed so much to share, was general over all the North of Scotland.

Such was the story told to me by Sir Lennard Arden;

\* "Young Hepburn was the *first* man killed in the insurrectionary war of 1715; and his death excited the unbounded indignation of the Jacobites throughout the kingdom. The first impulse of Brigadier MacIntosh, on passing near (Hermandstone) the house of the gentleman blamed for the slaughter, was to burn it. As a less dangerous infliction, Lord Nairn caused his Highlanders to plunder the house of everything of the least value."—*Chambers's Rebellion, 1715.*

and it fully accounted for the sombre bearing of my new Scottish friend, and for the more than morbid hate he felt against the house of Hanover and all its adherents.

I have had many temptations to make detours from the marching line of my own narrative, which I intend to be a record of my own adventures, rather than a history of the rising for King James ; and now, with the reader's pardon for the long story which occupied this my fifty-first chapter, I will resume the operations of General Forster's little army.

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## CHAPTER LII.

### MARCH FROM KELSO.

THE imperative necessity for action, and of doing or attempting something that might lead to greater events, caused the general to summon a council of war, at which all the chief officers, nobles, and gentlemen of our little force (I cannot name it an army) attended. We met in a house which overlooked the marketplace ; and from its windows I could see the quaint and antique streets thronged by our soldiers in every variety of garb and arms ; the wild-looking Highlanders, whose known warlike character, predatory habits, and picturesque costume, made them a terror to their lowland countrymen, lounged about the arched entrances of the closes and wynds, armed to the teeth, cleaning their long Spanish muskets, or polishing their basket-hilted swords and brass-knobbed shields, and scrutinizing, with a stare of curiosity under their shaggy eyebrows, the bearing and attire of every passer-by.

Around the council-board were many men whose faces wore an anxious expression ; but none more so than the young earl of Derwentwater. Sir Lennard was grave and sad ; for they had begun, I fear, to see the hopelessness of their cause in England, and each, perhaps, to reflect upon the comfortable home, the ancient name, and noble patrimony he had compromised ; but each had cast the die, and resolved that he at least would be the last to sheath his sword.



Whatever might have been *his* secret thoughts, General Forster was politic enough to be gay and lively in manner; while old Brigadier MacIntosh (who from childhood had been used to fighting clans and feudal broils, and had served long in continental wars), was as cool and composed, as if we had achieved all our ends, and had met pleasantly to wind up affairs in the palace of St. James, or the State-chamber at Windsor. With his strong sun-burned hands clasped on the basket-hilt of his long Highland claymore—a true Ferrara blade, and the volume of his silvery vobeard flowing over them, he turned his keen gray, eagle-like eye on the different speakers, listening intently to all they advanced, and replying with a caution that savoured alike of the old soldier and of the Scot; and all that he said was heard with attention and respect.

Two modes of operation were advocated; one by the English gentlemen, and the other by the Scots, who were, of course, the more numerous.

“According to the first plan of our campaign,” said Forster, “I intended that our united forces should march westward, and seize, *en route*, the city of Glasgow, with the towns of Dumfries and Ayr.”

“Good,” added Viscount Kenmure, “for in none of these towns would we meet with any opposition which the gallant fellows of Brigadier MacIntosh could not sweep away in three minutes.”

“Ay,—they still remember the descent of the Highland host in the old Whig time, after Bothwell Brig,” replied the brigadier, with a grim smile. “By this western movement we would concentrate all our troops, English as well as Scots; our basis of operations would then be fixed; at present all you have done, sirs, has at least been desultory and defective. But, first, we should meet and cut to pieces the cavalry of General Carpenter. Then, on reaching the west of Scotland, which swarms with the friends of the Elector, I would recommend that, at sword’s point, we opened up the Highland passes, which at present are only defended by a few of the Argyleshire clans (who writhe under the dominion of the Campbells), and a rabble of Lowland militia and volunteers, led by General Gordon. Let us march, then, gentlemen! Oh, would to God that

again I heard the rocks of Loch Awe echoing to the black chanter of the Clan Chattan!"

In this outburst the brigadier referred to an enchanted bagpipe, which for five hundred years had been in possession of his tribe, and was believed to inspire with courage all who heard it played.

"Then, my lords and gentlemen," returned Viscount Kenmure, a peer of noble presence and manly bearing, "with the earl of Mar's army in his front, the troops of MacIntosh and of you, General Forster, on his flanks, I am convinced that the duke of Argyle would be compelled to abandon his position at Stirling, and retreat out of Scotland with all the troops of the line. Then, we should have the capital, the castle with all its arsenals, the regalia, and the price for which the country was sold, lying stored up there in casks; then the whole of the discontented clans would rise in arms,—at least forty thousand swordsmen would descend into the Lowlands, and secure to his majesty King James the crown and sceptre of his forefathers; for the Highland chiefs have a thousand injuries to avenge on the faithless Lowlanders, and on their rebel peers."

"Well spoken, thou, gay Gordon!" growled old MacIntosh.

"And Scotland once won," added the earl of Winton, "England would soon follow her example."

The stern brigadier muttered something in Gaelic—a prayer, perhaps,—and cast his eyes towards heaven. As this plan seemed a bold one, and had many other features to recommend it, I gave my full concurrence thereto; but it was vehemently opposed by the English nobles and gentlemen, who shrunk from the idea of penetrating into a remote region, and especially from that part of the proposition which referred to "opening up the Highland passes,"—a task for which they seemed by no means prepared; thus they urged a directly opposite course—that we should return, and march at once into England, though we had just retreated from it in desperation.

Thus several days were spent in empty, and often stormy debate; for the English Jacobites, though equally discontented with the government, lacked the reckless boldness and unanimity of their Scottish compatriots who followed the earl of Mar.

Full of new hope that, by marching south, they would cause a general rising in Lancashire, where they anticipated that at least twenty thousand men would join them, the English insurgents were so vehement and vociferous at the council-board, that ultimately they bore down the more wary and, as the sequel proved, more wise measures proposed by their Scottish comrades; and after the whole of our force had marched to Jedburgh, to elude General Carpenter, who with a thousand dragoons was in pursuit of them, General Forster at last issued the order for advancing into England.

On this being promulgated, the whole of our infantry—the Highlanders—drew themselves up in order of battle, on a waste moorland near the town of Hawick, and announced “that they would not march into England, to be betrayed and made slaves, as their fathers were, when they followed the duke of Hamilton, sixty years before.”

On referring to Brigadier MacIntosh, who had constantly urged that we should meet and fight General Carpenter, he too, lost patience, like his men.

“General Forster,” he exclaimed, as he stuck his half-pike in the earth, “I will not march a step further till we have fought the enemy!”

“But we may be defeated,” said I.

“Defeated!” he retorted; “well, if so, I would rather it should be on Scottish ground,—for here we could make a shift better with bad fortune than in England, where all men are enemies to the tartan plaid, and ever revile the Scots.”

Conceiving himself and the cause lost for ever if he lost the Highlanders, General Forster, in a sudden gust of rage and fury, sent me with an order for the horse to advance and charge them; but the clansmen cocked their muskets, and presented an aspect so formidable, that our mounted comrades paused; for these fierce mountaineers seemed to care not a rush whether they fought with their friends or their enemies, if they had but the pleasure of fighting with some one.

“Come on!” cried they tauntingly; “if we are to fall, we may better do so on Scottish heather than on English turf.”

The exertions of the earl of Winton, of Viscount Kenmure, and Hepburn of Keith, quelled this dangerous tumult by convincing these angry mountaineers that it was impossible that we (the English), as brother soldiers engaged in a cause of such magnitude, would wish to deceive them by baseless hopes. Lured by these false promises, the Highlanders readily gave us three loud cheers in token of amity ; thus the march was resumed ; and after uselessly menacing the town of Dumfries, we directed our route on Langholm, and wheeled off towards England.

They marched to their doom ; for of that brave kilted band who confided in us, no man ever saw his native mountains more !

I must own, as we crossed the borders, though every step drew me nearer to Hollywood, I had many forebodings of evil, and little hope of success in the strife to come.

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## CHAPTER LIII.

### PENRITH.

As principal aide-de-camp and chief of the staff, or what you will, I was constantly by the side of Forster during our march, and found him a delightful companion, with a great fund of drollery, and, like most of the Cavaliers, very free and easy in his ideas about morality, religion, and the ladies : his weakness for the latter he was at no pains to conceal ; and thus, like the Scottish king of old—he who fell at Flodden,—he was disposed to linger wherever he found a pretty mistress in his billet ; hence, at Penrith, he became involved in an escapade, by which he and I narrowly escaped a dangle from the walls of Carlisle ; a result which might have ended the insurrection, so far as England was concerned, by one unfortunate stroke.

“My dear Errington,” he once said, “a soldier without a mistress is like a gun without a lock, a judge without a wig, or a troop-horse without a tail.”

"Or, as poor Cervantes says, like a ship without a compass," added I.

"Precisely so."

We entered England on the 1st of November, and halted at Brompton, a market-town situated on the Irthing, in the county of Cumberland, where, at the head of the advanced guard, I made the usual proclamations, and at the drum-head collected the excise on ale and malt. As the troops were fatigued by our late circuitous and forced marches, which had continued for five days,—marches in which, to my astonishment, the hardy Highlanders kept pace with the cavalry,—we resolved to make a final halt for a time at Penrith, which we approached on the evening of the next day.

As we entered the pleasant valley of Inglewood Forest, wherein stands this old border town, which, so unfortunately for itself, was situated so near the Scots as to be burned by them on every occasion of war and tumult, the sun was setting beyond the russet hills of Cumberland, and shedding a ruddy tint upon the red stone walls and blue slated roofs of Penrith; on the ancient tower of its church, the long shadows of which fell across the giant's grave; and on the sombre brown ramparts of the old castle of the Nevilles, then a ruin, as it had been left by the wars of the Commonwealth.

The sober tints of a November eve mellowed everything. The last leaves that lingered on the all but stripped trees were brown or yellow; the golden gleam of the setting sun on the pastoral hills grew red or saffron ere it died away; and the rivulet, of turquoise-blue, threaded its way down the brown fallow land, or purple heath-clad slope, with a hollow gurgle; while the home-driven herd lowed loudly under the echoing walls of the roofless castle.

As we entered the quiet little town of Penrith, all its people, with doubt and fear in their faces, came forth into the streets, which echoed to the drums and fifes of Brigadier MacIntosh, the appearance of whose kilted soldiers excited terror in the young, and something of national animosity in the old, who still remembered the days when they "hated most a Scot."

"Errington," said Forster, as we rode side by side on approaching Penrith, "do you know why I mean to halt

here to-night, instead of remaining at Brompton, which would have suited me better?"

"No—unless the exhaustion of our soldiers and the expedience of the king's service require it."

"Nay: I do so," said he, laughing, "because I'm in love."

"In love! Upon my faith, General," said I, for a moment actually forgetting my own case, "I knew not that any of us had time to think of that passion."

"Hypocrite!" said he, with a mock air of disgust: "when I know that you are most desperately in love with the pretty cousin of Sir Lennard Arden."

"Who told you so?" I asked angrily.

"Willoughby, over his wine, one night mockingly hinted as much."

"How, mockingly?"

"As he was the favoured one, and you but an unsuccessful suitor—as she is affianced to him."

"The miserable rascal!" said I, with an angry laugh.

"'Tis Mr. Willoughby's fortune never to be named without the addition of some pleasant little adjective. But as we approach Penrith, I remember more fully the great fact, that I *am* in love."

"With whom?"

"A pretty woman."

"I surmised as much."

"A very sensible and agreeable person—the wife of a friend of mine."

"The wife of—did you say wife?" I asked, with surprise.

"Precisely; the better half of a pitiful fellow with whom I quarrelled last year about a gambling debt in London. He never paid me; so, instead of posting him, or calling him out, by which our king might have lost his general, or at least one good subject, I made love to his wife, and was pretty successful. You curl your lip? The deuce, man! have you not come straight from France?"

"And the husband?"

"Never knew; for to afford opportunities is the devil's game, and I fear he afforded me too many."

"But what do you propose now?" I asked, coldly.

"As the lady lives near Penrith, I mean to visit her the

moment we have the guards set, and the men told off to their billets. You play chess?"

"A little—the Princess Sobieski taught me."

"Ah! so does my lady's husband; and you shall accompany me."

"I fear, *mon général*, you are a reckless dog!" said I.

"Love of the gentle sex, my dear Errington," said he, laughingly, "is a peculiar failing to the Cavaliers, and I in no way differ from the rest. We have imbibed it, I fear, from his sacred majesty King Charles and his friend Nell Gwynne: from their pleasant times it has come down to us, with our loyalty and spirit—with the white rose and the long flowing locks—with the mustache and the rapier. The cold-blooded Whig knows nothing of it; but the women—God bless them!—are all for the Cavaliers and the good cause."

"Love, I find by experience, is the fruit of idleness. A soldier bound for foreign service will not think of it for the *first time*."

"Likely enough. When a boy, I was an idle dog, and so, was ever in love with one pretty girl or other; and I have spent whole days in reading the loves of Artamenes and Cassandra through eight hundred of Scuderi's folio pages of five-and-fifty lines each, to my mother's maids, when the cold winter sea was dashing o' nights, on the rocks of Bam-borough. There was pure philanthropy for you!"

"I heard a rumour that you were on the point of marriage with a relation of the Lord Widrington."

"A foul aspersion, my dear fellow. The truth is, I have too great a tenderness for the sex to condemn myself——"

"Condemn yourself, General?"

"Hear me out—to condemn myself to pass life with one in particular."

"With one!" thought I, as Lucy Arden's image came before me;—"I know *one* with whom I could pass my life in joy—a joy for which life itself would only be too fleeting."

"So you think; but I am nearly double your age, Errington, and know better. No; I love them all—maid, wife, and widow,—if young and handsome; thus I never met a pretty woman without endeavouring to create an interest in her bosom; and I know of nothing more delightful than a

little flirtation *en passant*, — the first rule in such pleasant warfare being the establishment of a secret understanding with the lady."

"The deuce, Forster! this is odd morality, and in such times as these;—I marvel you can think of such things. Alas! my mind is full of very different themes."

"You are a lover—a man of one thought; I am a man of many, being a man of pleasure; and but for the elasticity of my mind," he added, as a sudden gloom overspread his handsome face, and clouded the sparkle of his merry eye; "in the present desperation of the cause we have undertaken, my heart would altogether fail me. And now a word in your ear, Errington: the fair friend I am about to visit is the only sister of your devilish fellow, Willoughby."

"Heavens! do you say so?" I exclaimed.

"A fact, my friend!"

"This, then, accounts for her love of intrigue—her perfidy to her husband."

"I care little for that, while she is true to me, for her lawful spouse is a false Whig; and thus I deem all that he possesses——"

"Wife included?"

"Yes; wife and wine-cellar are the spoil of those who serve the king."

"But the husband——"

"May be your spoil, if you please; though few, I fear, would care to ransom him."

"Thanks, *mon général*; I admire your liberality. Hand him over to the provost marshal. But there are the Lord Kenmure's trumpets sounding '*Halt*,'" I added, as the advance guard of Scottish horse, under the viscount, drew up at the market-cross, where three streets met; and on ending this bantering conversation, we found ourselves in Penrith.



## CHAPTER LIV.

## THE MOATED HOUSE.

AFTER seeing all our troops to quarters, the men in their billets, and the horses in such stabling as could be procured or made up for them ; after the guards had been detailed, and out-pickets posted on the roads to the front and rear of Penrith, Forster again reminded me of his fair one, and his intended visit to her.

"Beware, Forster !" said I. "You may be betrayed."

"How ?"

"In many ways. This woman may have forgotten you."

"It is not likely."

"I think it exceedingly so."

"Why ?" he asked, with some irritation.

"Because a woman who is false to her husband can never remain true to a mere lover."

"Egad !" said he, laughing ; "experience has taught me there is some truth in that."

"Her husband is your friend."

"Was, you mean."

"You quarrelled ?"

"The surest way to lose a friend is to lend him money, or make love to his wife. But I know women well, Errington, and shall never lose either my head or my heart in their cause. Bah ! how often does a thoughtless girl give to a knave or fool the kiss a brave and honest fellow would face both fire and steel to win ?"

"A kiss !—perhaps so."

"Yes, a kiss—which, if rightly bestowed, might have been in some man's heart the happy memory of a lifetime."

"True, Forster ; but what is all this to the purpose ?"

"Merely that I am resolved to go ; and all you have hinted about danger makes it more necessary that you should accompany me."

"Lead on, then, and I will follow you !"

Quitting Penrith by a narrow alley, we rode through

green lanes bordered by hedgerows, and along paths with which Forster seemed as familiar as his moss-trooping ancestors may have been, till, after riding about two miles, we reached a densely-wooded locality and hollow dell, where stood the Moated House, so named from a deep fosse which encircled it, and which was filled by the water of the Lowther. It consisted principally of a flat-roofed tower, of no great height, all built of massive stone, and surmounted by a machicolated parapet, well loop-holed in the olden time, for arrows or arquebusses. The lower and more modern portions of the edifice had mullioned windows, of a size that the earlier proprietors of the place would by no means have approved of, as in their architectural enterprise they had been animated by one sole idea when constructing their dwelling—defence against the Scots.

"If the husband is here," muttered I, as the outline of the tower rose above us, on our reaching the edge of the fosse, "we may be missed from parade on the morrow!"

"No danger of that: he is M.P. for Cumberland; and when last I heard of him, was in his place in the House of Commons, voting supplies against us; for Neville is a rank Whig."

"His name is Neville?"

"Master Godfrey Neville, of the Moated House, who ought to have been with us to-night: for no man in all England has less reason for being a Whig than he."

"Why?"

"You saw yonder ruined castle at Penrith—a huge wilderness of red walls upon a mass of gray rock!"

"Yes,—the rising moon shone through its open windows as we left the town."

"It was the seat of his ancestors, who came to England with the Conqueror—as the ancestors of every Englishman did, apparently;—but at the Revolution it was lawlessly reft from the Nevilles, and gifted by William III. to Ben Tinck, one of his Dutch followers, whom, with great complacency, he created Duke of Portland; and now this Godfrey Neville, whom we might make again lord of the manor and honour of Penrith, like a cowardly hobnail, is content to farm the lands of the Moated House—but here it is!"

"And the wife?"

"Is the very reverse of her husband, else she had never

attracted a rattling dog like me. She is pretty, witty, and gay ; he ever sour, sullen, and sombre : a tall solemn fellow, who always wears black velvet, long jack-boots, and a black wig ; so, now you have his description, as if it was where it may one day be,—in the ‘Hue and Cry.’”

My animosity to Willoughby stifled all compunction or scruple I might have had in abetting the avowed intention of Forster in this visit ; and I was not without hope that we might find my rival and betrayer housed here ; and if so—but could I draw upon him when under his sister’s roof ? The drawbridge of the mansion, an appurtenance that had no doubt been long disused, was now repaired and drawn up as in the olden time, before the union of the kingdoms ; thus, we had to shout, and ring a huge copper bell that swung on a post, before the barrier was lowered to admit us, and even this was not done without a reconnoissance and some delay. The fosse, I observed, was about fifteen feet broad, and full of slimy water ; its depth I could not calculate. An arched gate, surmounted by a coat of arms, gave us admittance to the court. On one side rose the square tower with the modern buildings ; on the other stood the stable offices and granaries, where, in time of war, grain had been stored up, and provisions laid in.

On General Forster inquiring if Mr. Neville was at home, the servants replied that he was not, but with a hesitation so apparent that I suspected them of being prompted ; and my friend had the same idea.

“He is a cunning Whig—this Godfrey Neville,” said he ; “and our approach to Penrith may have made him seek concealment within the house,—if he has not ‘evacuated Flanders,’ as the soldiers say, and sought it elsewhere. Keep our nags in the yard,” he added, to the servants, “for we would only spend an hour or so with your lady. Zounds ! I hope *she* at least is here !”

“Yes, sir ; Mrs. Neville is at home.”

“Then say that two gentlemen desire the honour of waiting upon her.”

“What names, sir ?” asked a powdered lacquey.

“Do none of you recognize me—your master’s friend in London ?”

“No, sir,” replied he of the powdered wig, peering at us.

and holding up a candle, the flame of which streamed in the wind.

"This is fortunate," whispered Forster to me; "at two miles from our camp our names are better unknown. Lead on, and announce us!"

"By what names, gentlemen? for you have given me none," urged the inquisitive lacquey.

"Say, 'Two gentlemen,' fellow;—and trouble thy noddle no more about it," said Forster, slipping into the man's hand a seven-shilling piece, which ended all his scruples at once.

"Hark'e!" said I, as we ascended the stair,—“is your lady's brother—the Squire of Weston Hall—here?"

"No, sir; he was here lately, however."

"Indeed! when?"

"But three days since."

"You hear, Forster; this man still hovers in our vicinity. And now——"

"He is with the Lord Lonsdale's army; but were you anxious to see the squire, sir?"

"Particularly so," I replied, while playing with my sword-knot; "for he and I are old acquaintances."

This answer, the import of which was known to myself and to Forster alone, quite reassured the lacquey, who by some strange intuition, doubted us both; but with a low bow he ushered us into what I conceived to be the drawing-room of the Moated House.

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## CHAPTER LV

MRS. NEVILLE.

A LADY, who wore her hair dressed *à la marquise*, and was seated at the arched fireplace, with her dainty little feet resting on a crimson velvet tabourette, placed thereon her snarling King Charles's spaniel, and advanced to greet us.

By the ruddy gleam of the fire of coal and bog-oak, which blazed in the low grate between jambs lined by glowing

Dutch tiles, and by the light of two tall wax candles in silver holders, I could see that she was a handsome woman, about the middle height, and four-and-thirty years of age, so nearly as I could guess: her complexion was colourless; her hair a deep black; her eyes were of the darkest gray, with thick lashes and well-defined brows; her manner was graceful; her expression and smile most winning. She started on perceiving Forster; but, whatever the relations between them may have been, she evinced no emotion, and not the faintest vestige of a blush, on meeting him; for there are women who, under all circumstances, can exhibit this useful degree of impassibleness. I could perceive no resemblance in feature whatever between her and her brother Willoughby, and was glad of this, as otherwise I might have felt constrained and uncomfortable.

"Madam," said Forster, after he had kissed her hand, "permit me to introduce my friend Errington, a lieutenant in the French army, but now enjoying the rank of major in the army of King James!"

The lady bowed, and said with a droll smile, "You have no fear, Mr. Forster, in telling me all this?"

"None, madam: are we not within *your* house, and only two miles from our outposts?"

"But I am within half a mile of the beacon, which may alarm the whole country, from the Solway to Berwick."

"Never mind the beacon, dear Mrs. Neville. I——"

"What! do *you* hesitate in aught you mean to say?" interrupted the lady, laughing merrily, and showing her beautiful teeth; "if so, you are a changed man."

"Well, then—your husband! Where is he?"

"Oho! you have come to inflict upon us your presence——"

"Ah, Arabella! there was a time when my presence was not deemed an infliction."

"Hear me out, sir—to inflict upon us your presence, and, I was about to add, levy a little military contribution?"

"Nay, nay; understand me, in turn. Accompanied by my *aide-de-camp*——"

"Now you speak like a *maréchal* of France. Well—with your *aide-de-camp*?"

"I merely rode over here to have the joy of once more

seeing you ; for I can never forget the days of old—the pleasant times we passed in London.”

“ I think you might blush when reverting to them,” said the lady, in a low voice, while looking down.

“ Nay, nay ; do not speak thus,” he added, in a whisper,—“ but how changed you have become—you are all coldness to me now, Arabella !”

“ Mrs. Neville, if you please.”

“ We parted on very different terms.”

“ That folly is past.”

“ And some one else is in favour, I presume ?” said Forster, whose brow began to darken.

“ If my husband——” began the lady, with some irritation.

“ Ah ! your devil of a husband,” muttered Forster ;—“ well, where is he ?”

“ Where every loyal subject of our gracious King George I., and every true member of the Church of England, should be.”

“ Explain yourself ; and where is that, my pretty Whig ?”

“ With the Lord Lonsdale.”

“ Indeed ! and what may my old friend the Lord Lonsdale be about ?”

“ Mustering men to oppose the rebel leader Thomas Forster, of Bamborough. Do you know such a person ?”

“ Lonsdale had better have remained at his castle of Appleby, and looked after his wife, or his wine-cellar ; but I find I must stop your roguish mouth in the old fashion,” said Forster, kissing her ; “ the rebel, Tom Forster, will make ducks and drakes of Master Godfrey Neville’s goods and chattels, if his wife’s tongue runs on thus.”

Finding I was now somewhat *de trop* here, I withdrew a little, and affected to admire the paintings which hung on the walls, and the decorations of the room itself, which were in the florid style of Louis XIV ; but the entrance of two lacqueys with a large mahogany tray, covered with a white cloth, and having thereon cold fowl, a pie, some confections, and four decanters of wine, rendered my withdrawal unnecessary ; for we sat down to supper round a little tripod table. We conversed with great animation on all manner

of subjects—from the trimming of a lady's dress to the remodelling of the British constitution ; and from the proper adjustment of a pretty woman's patch, to the expulsion of the Elector of Hanover. In manner, I found Mrs. Neville alike winning, charming, and dangerous ; and deemed the general a lucky fellow in having achieved such a conquest. She dismissed the servants, and did the honours of the little supper-table with a grace and hospitality peculiarly her own.

Her hands and arms were exceedingly fair ; but, though lively and witty, her manner was somewhat wanton. She seemed a woman without solid judgment ; and, by what fell from her in the course of conversation, I learned that she found a residence on the secluded borders intolerably dull ; that she could not feel happy without a crowd of gay fellows buzzing like flies about her, rehearsing mock sentiments and flatteries gleaned from the drama and novel : that if she had her will, no day should pass without some scene of pleasantry, and no night without a ball, masque, or concert ; and thus her whole thoughts ran on such things, with capuchins, hoods, sacques, pelerins, fardingales, muffs, cuffs, laces, and gloves, the parks and the theatres, amid the pastoral solitude of the Cumberland hills. Thus, I have no doubt, whatever she may have affected on first seeing Forster, or whatever new fancy had possessed her since they last parted in London, our visit was a source of real satisfaction to her ; for there were many topics on which we could all converse in common. Thus, we became very merry upon the port, malmsey, and good cheer of her husband, Mr. Godfrey Neville, on whom we forgot to bestow a thought.

How little we imagined that the said Godfrey Neville was concealed behind the hangings of the inner drawing-room, and, with a brace of loaded pistols in his girdle, was overhearing every word we said !

“And now about your brother, the wild squire of Weston, who has played us so many scurvy tricks,” said Forster, who had too much good sense or good feeling to inform the lady of the unpleasant relation in which he and I stood to each other ;—“how is he,” he added with a wicked smile ; “in good health and jollity, I hope ?”

“He is the same sad dog as ever ; but is on the point of mending his fortune.”

"How : by the dice-box—by his old friends, the white bones of Beelzebub?"

"No ; by marriage with an heiress."

"Indeed ! with whom, pray?"

"A certain Miss Arden, of Hollywood, in Cheshire."

"She is not an heiress," said Forster, with an uneasy glance at me ; "but only a poor a *protégée* of her aunt, Lady Winifred, the widow of the late Sir Humphry."

"But Sir Lennard's estate will be forfeited by his levying war against the government ; and my brother hopes by his loyalty and good service——"

"Particularly at Holy Island !" suggested Forster.

"To secure the reversion of it."

"But the cause is not yet lost, madam," said I, swelling with anger, while Mrs. Neville so unwittingly unfolded to us the deeper scheme of the villain her brother.

"Thou art right, Errington. By Heaven ! it is not, nor scarce is it begun," exclaimed Forster ; "and when we are joined by those twenty thousand brave, hot-headed, and hard-handed lads whom I expect from Lancashire, I should not give much either for the Elector's crown or the squire's chance of an heiress, unless it be the scavenger's daughter in the Tower of London. But enough of this—let us talk of other things. I have promised myself the pleasure of your society, Arabella, till twelve o'clock, when we must return to our cantonments at Penrith ;—'tis nine now," he added, looking at his watch, "so let us be happy, as of old, when we talked only of ourselves, my dear friend, and never of other people."

As Forster, when saying this, drew his chair nearer to her, the lady became very uneasy, and repeatedly lowered her voice and her eyes. Conceiving that my presence was the cause of this, I pleaded fatigue, and, unbuckling my sword, passed through an archway which was hung with festooned damask curtains, into the inner drawing-room, and lay down on a *fauteuil*, where for a time I affected—and afterwards really endeavoured—to sleep ; but a vague sense of danger, excited by Forster's playing this silly and immoral game at such a time, with a Whig's wife and a traitor's sister, kept me awake. They now conversed in low tones—so very low, that I could only hear them at times.



"It was very rash of you to venture hither," Mrs. Neville observed; "and I tremble for your safety."

"A man cannot venture too much to please the woman who loves him, Arabella."

"As I love you!" whispered the lady; and the sound of something like a kiss followed.

"I have been a wild fellow in my time, Arabella; and when I first went to Parliament none ever danced round the London Maypole more than I."

"The Maypole!"

"Yes—the last! It stands yet, in front of Somerset-house,\* and many a jig I have had there, with the country girls who came to the Hay-market!"

"Mr. Forster, your tastes were rather remarkable."

"General, now, Arabella."

"Well, *General*, since you will have it so—I blush for you."

"When I look on you, Arabella, there seems to be only one pair of eyes in the world!"

"And these are?"

"Your own."

"You still admire them—though little crow's-feet are beginning to appear; so that I scarcely dare to smile."

"At four-and-thirty, Arabella!" he whispered, and encircled her with his arm. "But we have had enough of this——"

"You cannot love me, Forster!"

"Why?"

"There can be no true regard between us!"

"'Tis too late to tell me this now, dear Arabella. Why should I be different from all other men who see you, and who have the joy of knowing you?"

"But I am married."

"That matters nothing to me, whose affection is purely Platonic! besides, your memory was less acute in London."

Mrs. Neville uttered one of her merriest laughs on hearing this, and said, "Platonism, indeed! yours is rare Platonism! But you are happy in your conceits."

"Happy when I see you! happy when I hear your voice!" resumed Forster, into whose head the good malmsey was

\* But was removed in 1717.

mounting, and who evidently had by rote all these love speeches, which, I fear, he would have uttered with equal facility to any other woman; but the lady coyly withdrew from his side, saying,—

“Tis time to end this, General: our parley becomes dangerous; but what does Ninon de l’Enclos say of love?”

“’Pon my honour, I don’t know; unless it be that ‘love destroys reflection, and reason in its turn puts an end to love.’—Is that it?”

“No, ’tis not that I mean.”

“Then try Errington; he has just come from France, where the trite aphorisms of the ever-blooming Ninon are in the mouths of all, like Scripture texts among the non-jurors.”

“Nay, let him sleep; the poor lad seems weary! I remember, now——”

“Good! I like to hear Ninon’s mock French sentiment in your pretty mouth, Arabella.”

“‘How unhappy are women!’ she wrote. ‘Their own sex is their most inveterate enemy. A husband tyrannizes over them; a lover dishonours and despises them. Watched on all sides, and thwarted—without support or succour—with a number of lovers (like you, Forster), but not one *friend*!—is it, then, to be wondered at that they should become a compound of humour, dissimulation, and caprice?’”

“That was all a burst of momentary bitterness in the beautiful Ninon. But, hush!—what sound is that?” exclaimed Forster, as he and the lady sprang up in alarm.

While this silly dalliance had been passing in the outer apartment,—a dalliance and display of false sentiment of which I could not but disapprove,—a large dark window-hanging close by me was shaken violently from time to time, as I thought, by the wind. I was really becoming weary; and though the murmur of their voices sounded in my ears, was all but asleep, when I saw, as it seemed for a moment, and in a dream, the very person Forster had described to me as the husband of this Arabella Neville—a tall and sombre-visaged man, clad in black velvet, with long jack-boots, and a black wig,—emerge from the aforesaid curtain, and stand between me and the star-lighted window, with a stern brow, and face deathly pale with anger and

excitement. I seemed, as I have said, to be in a dream, and gazed at him in silence, with the feelings of one who is fascinated. He raised the window, and, as I started to my feet, sprang out, and disappeared. The crash of the descending sash, with all its panes broken, roused Forster and his innamorata from their seats, in high alarm. Whether the lady's emotion was real or affected, I know not; but, in full possession of all my faculties, I rushed to my sword, exclaiming,—

“Her husband, Forster—by Jove! her husband, Neville, has just sprung over the window. Up, Forster; we have been lured to our doom!”

I threw up the window and looked out, but could discern nothing below, save the reflected stars shining in the slimy water of the fosse.

The hiss of a rocket ascending from the tower-bastion into the night-air now whistled overhead; and as its shower of sparks descended, arching through the sky, a red light began to gleam on the heights northward of Penrith.

“The beacon has been fired!” shouted Forster, starting up, and drawing a pistol from his belt; “God’s death! we are lost—betrayed!”

The flame, which twinkled, shrunk, and flashed again like a little star, now shot up into a sheet of fire, that reddened the sky above, and glared on rock and river, wood and wold, mountain slope and moorland waste below—a fire that would rouse all the borders; for this great beacon was visible from the peak of Hellvellyn, from Ullswater, the misty head of Skiddaw, the height of Saddleback, and all the eastern chain of hills which stretch from Stanemoor in Yorkshire, through Westmoreland and Cumberland, into Scotland.

“The whole country is roused now by that accursed flame!” said Forster, on whose excited face fell the red wavering glow of the distant fire.

“And now,” said the lady, wringing her hands—but whether with real or affected sorrow, I know not—“the Lord Lonsdale, with all his men, will fall upon your people in Penrith!”

“To horse, Errington—let us begone!” cried Forster.

We rushed to the courtyard, and found that, though our

steeds still stood there, the drawbridge was up, and that Mr. Neville had taken the key of the bridge-gate with him; thus, we had no means of crossing the fosse, and were left, as Forster said, "like rats in a trap, to be taken and killed at leisure."

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## CHAPTER LVI.

### THE GATE.

"WRETCH!" exclaimed Forster, turning towards Mrs. Neville, in the blindness of his anger, with a cocked pistol, "you have in the same moment betrayed the king's cause and destroyed us."

"Hear me," said she, with clasped hands, while a crimson flush, like that of rage or fear, alternated with a deadly pallor in Forster's changing cheek.

"What have you to tell me, woman, but of your double perfidy?" demanded the general fiercely. "You were right, Errington—the woman who deceives her husband can never be true to a mere lover, and this lost one has been as false as Lucifer to both."

"Oh, misery!" said Mrs. Neville, weeping, and covering her face with her handkerchief—"misery, that this should ever be said to me!"

"You knew, madam, that your husband was concealed in the house?" said I sternly.

"I did."

"Yet you said he was with the Lord Lonsdale."

"I did in that as he desired me, to save him from being made prisoner as a member of Parliament; but as God hears me——"

"A pure spirit you are to address Him!" interrupted Forster disdainfully; "a woman steeped in dissipation and wickedness."

"Ill does it become *you*, Thomas Forster, to taunt me with that," was the bitter reply.

"Perhaps so, Arabella; I am wrong,—forgive me!" said Forster, struck by her manner.

"I knew that Mr. Neville was concealed in the house, and meant to join Lord Lonsdale on the morrow; but I swear to you that I was ignorant of his being in the same apartment with us, or that he was in communication with those who kept the beacon on yonder hill; and ere this——"

"Well, madam, what else?—Ere this——"

"The Lord Lonsdale, with many thousand men, will be on the march, to cut off your people in Penrith."

"While we are prisoners here!" I exclaimed furiously; "escape we must, Forster, or die in the attempt; for to be taken here, is to forfeit our lives without a struggle, and without achieving anything."

"True, Errington; I could die cheerfully on the field of victory, but the veriest Whig is not more a coward than I, at the prospect of such a death as will be ours, if taken here."

"And still that warning beacon blazes, alarming both sides of the Border," said Mrs. Neville, weeping.

"Withered be the hand that fired it!" added Forster, with a heavier malediction than I choose to repeat.

This enormous beacon, the source of our alarm, blazed like a huge volcano, on the summit of the hill, being fed by piles of dry wood, bog fir and oak, coals, turf, and every species of combustible; and now from afar off the night wind brought the hum of human voices, announcing a muster or gathering of an alarmed multitude,—a sound, to us, full of vague danger; and nothing lay between us and liberty, save a wooden bridge some fifteen feet long, and a gate of oak crossed by bars of wood and iron, locked on the outside.

"Bring fire!" said Mrs. Nevile, with sudden energy, "and apply it to the gate; burn down the barrier, even though the house be burned with it. Oh, Forster, I would not have your life imperilled even for a crown of gold."

"Thanks, Arabella, you are my old love still!—commend me to a woman's wit," replied Forster, kissing her hand; "now I shall begin to believe you again, though I had sore misgivings at first."

Fuel was brought and piled against the gate, burning coals, wood, straw, and turf,—while oil was poured upon the barrier, to make it burn; and being old, it burned readily

enough ; and then the quickly-fed flame licked and scorched the planks and cross-bars, while the smoke filled all the stone archway. Through this, half-blinded and half-suffocated, I dashed again and again, to heap on more fuel, or to deal a blow with a heavy axe at the burning gate ; and at the third stroke a huge burning mass fell outward before me, and then a current of night wind rushed through, to fan the flames within, and blow a cloud of ashes, brands, and embers about us. Encouraged by this, I plied the axe with both hands, and hewed away at the calcined bars and blazing wood-work of the gate till a passage sufficiently large for a man was made. Springing through it, I gained the counterpoise of the old draw-bridge, and lowering it too hurriedly, it descended thundering into its sockets, with such force that it was nearly dashed to pieces. Two of the startled and terrified lacqueys led out our snorting and restive horses, and in less than one minute more we were free, and dashing along the road to Penrith.

We had just escaped in time, as a multitude of men, whether armed I cannot say, were visible, by the light of the moon and of the still blazing beacon, descending a road that led direct to the Moated House.

"After this devil of a business," said Forster, panting with exertion, as we galloped along, "I shall become a very Cato in virtue and severity ! Yet I do not think that poor woman meant to deceive us, after all ; for where a woman has once loved, she will ever feel an interest ; and sure I am, that Arabella loved me dearly once, but our *liaison* has had the usual fate of all such naughty affairs. The lady ceases to love you, without knowing why, and even shrinks with shame at her own inconstancy perhaps, and thus continues to act a part long after the passion that first inspired her is dead."

"All this sounds very like French morality."

"But you have just come from France, my boy."

I made no reply ; but knowing his fair one to be Willoughby's sister, I had grave doubts on the subject of her sincerity at any time, and cared not to analyze the amount or nature of her present regard for Forster.

"Our little affair has come to an end—good-bye, Arabella !" said he tauntingly, as he looked back to the tower

"like other follies, I have completely been cured of my fancy for you to-night."

And he laughed heartily as we galloped into Penrith at a furious rate ; so fast, indeed, that we were nearly being fired on by some of Lord Kenmure's troopers, who formed the out-picket in that quarter, and required the parole, before we could rein up our horses and give it.

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## CHAPTER LVII.

### THE ROUT OF LONSDALE.

A SHORT sleep in which I had indulged was interrupted, about daybreak, by the strange and wild sound of Mac-Intosh's bagpipers blowing the "gathering," and the trumpets of our Scottish troopers sounding the call *to horse*. As we had intended to halt at least two days in Penrith, I started in alarm at these unexpected and unwelcome sounds ; dressed hurriedly, buckled on my sword, and in the twilight hastened to the main street of Penrith, which I found full of our soldiers, horse and foot, hurrying to arms and falling into their ranks, while inquiries, orders, the various roll-calls, and exclamations in English, Broad Scots, and Gaelic were heard on every side ; and night-capped townsfolk peered and peeped fearfully from their upper windows, in dismay at the sudden turmoil and warlike tumult of which their quiet market-town had suddenly become the scene.

Grey morning was brightening the eastern quarter of the sky ; the hills yet looked dark and dreary, and on one the smoke of the expiring beacon yet curled slowly upward, like the puffs of a threatening volcano.

I soon found the general, whom I knew by his crimson roquelaure, his curly wig, and tall red feather, and to whom Robert Hepburn of Keith, who commanded an out-picket of horse on the southern road, was relating the alarming tidings that great masses of armed men were on the march towards Penrith from the direction of Carlisle. There was not a moment to lose in having every effective man at his

colours ; and thus, long ere the lagging sun of November had risen from his saffron bed, our whole strength, horse and foot, were under arms, and defiling from Penrith to the front, with drums beating and standards displayed. As if vain of our strength, we made a circuit of the little town, and debouched upon the piece of waste land named the Moor of Penrith, where all our out-pickets joined us, and on the verge of which we beheld a complete army drawn up to oppose our slender band.

At last, the enemy were before us ; living men whom we were to slay—men whom we had never met before, and who knew us not—were now to meet us, foot to foot and hand to hand, intent on bloodshed and slaughter. All this seemed strange, and difficult of realization ; yet it was so. Many were to meet on that ground, and perhaps never part more, but to sleep to the end of time in the same narrow bed,—friend and foe, kinsman and stranger, horseman and horse !

Forster, who was pale but determined, rode forward at a canter to reconnoitre, while Keith, Kenmure, Derwentwater, and I accompanied him. We halted beyond musket-range, and steadily examined the foe.

"They are without cannon," I remarked.

"But have horse enough to swallow us up !" said Derwentwater.

"How many men do you think may be there, Errington ?" asked Forster ; "speak, for your eye is a practised one."

"About fourteen thousand, or more, probably."

"Fourteen thousand ! and we have but fifteen hundred foot, two hundred horse, and not a single cannon !"

"Reckon again, sir," said Lord Derwentwater uneasily.

"There are twelve battalions, my lord, having an average front of five hundred files ; and there are four regiments of horse, two on each flank, in troops of twenty-five swords each. Among these forces, I have no doubt, will be many militia and trained bands, all anxious for an opportunity of displaying their red coats."

"They usually are when danger is remote ; had we men enough to make a brisk attack, I doubt not the chief part of the said red coats we should see would be the backs thereof."

"I hope so."



"Can you doubt it?"

"What say you to all this, MacIntosh?"

"Attack them," was the pithy reply.

"My dear brigadier," said Forster grimly, "you are amazingly cool in this matter; you seem quite indifferent whether you assail a hundred men or fifty thousand with your little troop of half-clad swordsmen."

"You asked for my opinion, General Forster, and I have given it," responded the bearded cavalier. "My father in his youth fought under Montrose, and in his old age under Dundee; they never reckoned their foes *before* a battle. I said attack them! Had I thought otherwise, I should have said something else."

"But their flanks overlap our centre by more than half a mile."

"Well, what would you do? Reflect; to fall back is to fall to pieces—to fall to pieces is to court destruction in detail. Better die on the field than on the gallows; so I, with my Highlanders, will advance, while you, with the mounted gentlemen, may cover the attack or look on, as you please."

MacIntosh now brandished his half-pike, and braced on his left arm a little round shield, similar to those borne by his soldiers, who on the march wore them slung by a strap across their backs. It was covered with triple folds of bull's hide, studded with brass knobs, and had in its boss a pike of steel as long as a dagger. He exclaimed something—I know not what—in Gaelic to his soldiers, who, with their swords sloped on their shoulders and their heads stooped behind their shields, advanced steadily towards the enormous mass of the enemy. Their colours were brandished, the warpipe sent up its wildest yell of defiance, and as those fine fellows, so fearless and so brave, advanced in their ranks, presenting only a front of about five hundred, we held our breath with astonishment, and with something of regret and dismay; for we felt assured that their extinction and our flight were sure to follow.

I had correctly estimated the numerical strength of the forces before us. They were the whole *posse comitatus* of the county of Cumberland, drawn up in order of battle under Sir John Lowther, first Viscount Lonsdale,—a title he

had obtained for services performed to William of Orange in 1688; and his second in command was Dr. William Nicholson, then bishop of Carlisle, but afterwards of Derry, in Ireland. These forces were variously armed, a very few had pitchforks; but the arsenals of Carlisle had equipped the rest; thus, to the general eye, they presented a long line of pikes, fixed bayonets, and bright musket-barrels shining in the sun. Several of the companies wore red coats, but the majority were in canvas frocks; while a few standards, judiciously displayed at intervals, added to their imposing aspect.

As the Highlanders advanced and began to open their files, for the double purpose of receiving a volley and enabling them to have full swing for their long swords, a most palpable wavering and vibration were perceptible along Lord Lonsdale's far-extended line, and pike and bayonet were swayed to and fro like reeds in the wind. In short, the English border peasantry had invested the bare-kneed soldiers of King James with the most dreadful attributes and propensities, carnage and cannibalism being the most trivial among them. Already the lines were within musket-range of each other, and brandishing their swords, the Celts advanced at a rush, with their usual cry of

“Rìgh Sheumas gu Bragh!”

And now the mass before them, instead of levelling their muskets, which by one volley would have swept thrice the force of MacIntosh to destruction, flung them on the ground, and as one man, turned and fled *en masse*, horse and foot together. In one moment the whole of Penrith Moor was covered by a terrified mob of disordered fugitives.

“Forward, gentlemen! forward the cavalry!” exclaimed Forster, on beholding this astounding and unexpected result; “gallop on them—cut, hew, and capture!”

Horseman and Highlander went on together; the latter uttered screams of delight, while the former waved their hats, stuck their flowing perriwigs on the points of their swords, and, with loud cheers, congratulated each other on so easy a victory; of which, however, but for the reckless courage of MacIntosh and his men we never could have boasted.

In the pursuit and scuffle, Forster came on with his

quondam friend Mr. Neville, of the Moated House, and exchanged pistol-shots on horseback, but without damage ; and after this they luckily missed each other in the confusion. We captured a vast number of prisoners ; how many I know not, for having neither the means of feeding or guarding them, we released all and bade them go home ; on which the poor fellows, who had been dragged from the plough and harrow to fight in a cause for which they cared not a straw, repaid us by shouting,—

“ God save the old Forsters of Bamborough ! ”

“ God bless King James, and prosper his noble army ! ”

However, with all these signs of goodwill, they lost no time in getting out of the vicinage of the Highlanders, with whose appearance they seemed by no means delighted. Deserted by all, save Mr. Godfrey Neville and twenty other friends, Viscount Lonsdale rode as if the devil were after him, and never drew bridle until he reached the old castle of Appleby in Westmoreland ; whilst his spiritual coadjutor, the Most Reverend Father in God, William Nicholson, vanished like a ghost at cockcrow, and could nowhere be found. The moor was strewn with arms of every kind, and we captured horses enough to mount another troop of cavalry.

My past education and experience had taught and convinced me how little reliance can be placed upon the mere valour of an armed mob, when opposed to the coolness and discipline of the trained soldier ; and yet our Celtic swordsmen were but rustics—shepherds and ploughmen.

Encouraged by the result of this strange encounter, we resolved to advance at once into Lancashire, giving out everywhere that “ the army of his Britannic majesty King James III. had gained a most glorious victory over the rebels under Lord Lonsdale ; ” and placards to this effect, prepared by me, were printed and dispersed in every direction with our manifestoes, proclamations, promises of reward, and threats of proscription. Yet our forces never increased, and from the day we left Kelso until we reached Preston not a man joined the standard of King James.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

## THE BARRICADES OF PRESTON.

EVERYWHERE the people fled before us, for the pages of the London press and the servile pamphleteers of Grub Street had long teemed with the most pitiful abuse and slanderous attacks upon the Highlanders, whom they characterised as monsters in form, attire, and disposition—felons, cut-throats, and cannibals ; thus, wherever the poor fellows marched, to their astonishment they found that women and children fled for safety to fields and thickets, or hid themselves in cellars and under beds, to avoid being devoured alive and eaten up bones and all, sans salt and cooking.

On the 5th of November, we found ourselves traversing the beautiful valley watered by the Ken, and there we halted at the old town of Kirby-in-Kendal, about sunrise.

Though the season was the last month of autumn, the hedgerows were still green ; a slight morning shower had just fallen, and now from the whirling leaves and the bare drooping branches—from the grass and the earth itself, there exhaled a fresh aroma which, with the beauty of the magnificent valley we traversed, filled one with melancholy and tenderness—but a melancholy that was not unmixed with delight, though I know not what inspired the last emotion, unless it were that each day's march lessened the distance between me and Hollywood Hall.

But, alas ! between Lucy Arden and me—between us all and our dearest hopes—were the forces of the Elector, gathering like a rampart, that barred our way alike to victory and success.

As the sun soared upward and the haze arose from the stony channel of the Ken, the beauty of the scenery increased, and the tall Lombardy poplars that rise like leafy spires above the roofs of the town, and the four broken towers of the old castle of Kendal, which, with a connecting mass of shattered wall, crown the summit of a steep elevation above the river, cast their shadows to the westward.

Not a man joined us here ; the spirit that of old inspired

the Kendal archers seemed dead now, and with ebbing hopes we pushed on through Kirby Lonsdale to Lancaster, where the advanced guard, under Mr. Hepburn, broke open the town prison and released a person named Syddal, who had lately led a mob to the demolition of a dissenting chapel. We heard a sermon in the old church, and devoutly prayed God's leave to kill as many Whigs and red-coats as possible.

Here, Forster resolved, by a forced march, to possess himself of Warrington bridge,—a measure which I warmly seconded, urging that from thence he could easily command Liverpool and levy military contribution in that celebrated seaport ; but in this movement we were already anticipated by General Willis, the officer commanding in Cheshire, who, on the 10th of November, made that important passage the rendezvous of the forces, which he was collecting with ease, as at that time Birmingham, Chester, Manchester, Stafford, and Wolverhampton were full of Government troops. Menaced by this officer in front and followed by General Carpenter and his cavalry in our rear, our position became one of excessive doubt and danger ; and by the “handful” of English who adhered to Forster daily a thousand execrations were uttered against our apathetic countrymen, with bitter regrets that they had not taken the advice of our Scottish comrades, and united our fortunes with those of the earl of Mar.

General Willis dispatched a message through Lancashire and Westmorland to General Carpenter, urging him to push on, without an hour's delay, to enclose us ; and though his troops were harassed and fatigued by their long and desultory marches, he lost not a moment in following us by the way of Newcastle and Durham.

This message, we afterwards learned, was borne by Mr. Willoughby, of Weston.

The tidings of being so suddenly menaced in front and rear came like a prophetic warning of defeat and destruction on the harassed band of Forster, when at Preston, where they dared neither disperse nor remain together. Yet the spirit of the gallant English gentleman who led us never seemed to sink ; and sturdy old MacIntosh, unyielding as the mountain pine, was worth a host in himself.

"My friends," said the former, "we have now but a choice of difficulties."

"Name them," said the bearded brigadier; "my own lads are ready for anything."

"We must either march out and force the passage of the Ribble, in the face of Willis's horse and artillery, or abide his attack here."

"In an open town?" questioned Lord Derwentwater.

"The town is open—true, my lord; but we may defend it behind such barricades as may be erected in a few hours."

We had now reached the stage of indecisive hopelessness, when any suggestion was accepted without a murmur, and thus the fatal defence of Preston, in Lancashire, was resolved on—I say *fatal*, for such indeed it proved to all the loyal and gallant gentlemen who were concerned therein, but to none more than the unfortunate Scots whom we had lured so far from their own mountains. Exertion and the preparations for a vigorous defence roused our energies and spirit, and, with this new excitement, hope began to dawn again; so, while working cheerfully at the defences, we were not without expectation, if not of being victorious, at least of securing for ourselves the courtesy of war, or of dying with desperation and honour.

During all this time, we knew not how the king's affairs prospered in Scotland, under the earl of Mar; but with twelve thousand Highlanders at his back we had no fear for the success of that high-spirited noble.

It was on Friday, the 11th of November, we took possession of Preston, where our hopes received a sudden and most unexpected inflation on finding that Stanhope's dragoons and a regiment of militia retired from it at our approach without firing a shot, while we were joined by all the High Church gentlemen of the neighbourhood, with twelve hundred followers, by whose arrival our strength was nearly doubled. Poor Forster's exultation was unbounded; and, in the exuberance of his spirit, he ventured to express doubts "whether Willis would venture to attack him after such an accession of power;" he also mentioned something about marching on London, at which old MacIntosh laughed outright. These new auxiliaries were a mere rabble of rustics and clodpoles, in canvas frocks and hob-nailed shoes.

The poor fellows scarcely knew for what purpose they had been collected. Some had old muskets ; others had rusty halberts and swords of all kinds, from the old Cromwellian backsword to the slender spit used by the beaux of Queen Anne's reign ; many had only pitchforks ; and some, on seeing a guard of Highlanders, under Invercauld, at the bridge of the Ribble, fairly turned and fled from them, as if they had seen a band of war-painted Mohawks, or wild Delawares covered with scalp-locks.

"Forster, are these the fellows you intend to fight Willis with ?" asked the grim brigadier, as he saw them defile past ; "by my faith, man, an ye had ten thousand such, I would engage to beat them all, with one squadron of Willis's dragoons !"\*

The town we were to defend is situated on a gentle elevation, at the base of which the Ribble flows towards the Irish Sea, through a country full of richly-wooded scenery. Preston was then small, and being sequestered, was the summer resort of many old and respectable families, and quiet-living old folks, whose means of subsistence were slender, and who loved retirement. The streets were broad and well paved ; the houses were all of monotonous red brick ; but its principal features were the tower of an old church and a huge windmill, with the remains of the Greyfriary, which modern utilitarianism had desecrated into the common prison of the town.

The Ribble, a broad and beautiful stream, which rises in Yorkshire, was crossed by a long and narrow bridge, the defence of which was our most important point. Thus it was assigned to John Farquharson, of Invercauld, lieutenant-colonel of the earl of Mar's regiment (a chieftain distinguished alike for courage and good judgment), with one hundred chosen Highlanders. His orders were "to maintain the defence of the bridge at all hazards, until ordered to withdraw." Beyond this bridge were a number of green lanes and hedgerows, favourable for ambushes and operations against cavalry ; but of these, owing to the slender force at our disposal, we could make no use. Four strong barricades were all in course of erection at once ; and among our workmen, to encourage them, might be seen all the Scottish earls.

\* Annals of King George.

with Derwentwater and Viscount Kenmure, shovel or pick-axe in hand, in their silk waistcoats, lace ruffles, and overlays of point d'Espagne.

One of our barriers was formed below the green bank on which the old church is situated, and the defence of it was assigned to Brigadier MacIntosh, a body of whose Highlanders, with a number of gentlemen volunteers, mustered in the burial-ground ; and with these were the seven finest cavaliers of our army—Robert Hepburn, of Keith, and his six stately sons.

The second, named the Windmill barricade, was commanded by the brigadier's nephew, the laird of MacIntosh, whose clan covered the Lancaster road, with a few English gentlemen under Sir Lennard Arden and the venerable Colonel Errington.

The third, formed at the end of a long lane of thick and evergreen hedges, was assigned to the Lord Charles Murray and his Athol Highlanders ; while the fourth, which barred the street that led towards Liverpool, was manned by the gentlemen of Teviotdale and the Merse, with a body of moss-troopers under Captain Hunter, a wild fellow from Northumberland. At each of these breastworks we placed two pieces of cannon, while, to flank them, the houses on each side were filled by our Lancashire lads, who barricaded all the doors and lower windows, and by means of beds, books, trunks, and whatever came to hand, narrowed the upper windows to loopholes, from whence they prepared to pour a destructive *mousquetade* over the heads of those who maintained the street barriers, and on whose manhood and firmness the principal defence of the town depended. Encouraged by their nobles, chiefs, and officers, our men worked with great vigour, and, long ere the dim November sun set amid the frowsy clouds of the west, where the mist bore a dim and wintry hue, Preston had been extemporized into a fortress, bristling with arms, and full of soldiers, who slept at their posts *en capote*, with their weapons for pillows.

Our men must have been weary with toil ; for when I accompanied Forster in a round of the posts, we heard not a sound under the still midnight moon, save the murmur of the shining Ribble as it flowed through the flat open landscape below.



## CHAPTER LIX.

THE TWELFTH OF NOVEMBER.

ON the day we took possession of Preston, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Willis, Knight of the Bath, the same officer who, in 1739, succeeded the marquis de Montandre as field-marshal, left Manchester at the head of one regiment of infantry, Sir George Preston's Scottish Cameronians, and the four dragoon corps of Brigadiers Dormer, Munding, Wynne, and Honeywood. *En route* through Wigan, he was joined by Pitt's and Stanhope's dragoons, with the militia regiment which had fled with the latter on our approaching Preston. Lieutenant-General George Carpenter was advancing from the north with more dragoons, and Sir Charles Hotham's foot; so the forces against us were overwhelming. On one hand were numbers, money, and discipline; on the other were only enthusiasm or despair.

To assist King George in coercing the English people, on this very night three thousand yellow-coated Dutchmen came up the Thames, and were landed at Deptford, from whence they commenced at once their march for the north.

On the morning of the 12th November, clouds of dust rolling along the far-stretching highway towards the bridge of the Ribble warned Farquharson of Invercauld that the foe was approaching; and ere long the momentary flash of steel was seen through the dust; then the standards of the cavalry; then their red uniforms; and soon the clash of the cymbal, the rattle of the kettledrum, and the sharp note of the trumpet, were borne across the flat valley towards us on the wind.

Forster, I know not why, now sent me to Farquharson, with an order for him to withdraw into the town; and add his hundred Highlanders to the defenders of the nearest barricade; a measure unaccountable to me, as it left the important passage of the river free and uncontested; but I obeyed in silence, as it would have been unwise to dispute the orders of our general, when the enemy were almost

within cannon-shot of his position. As the Highlanders re-entered Preston, at a trotting pace peculiar to themselves, I drew my bridle on the eminence above the Ribble, and looked back towards the foe. My heart began to beat high as the troops approached in regular order, with colours flying and weapons glittering in the sun ; while the merry notes of the cavalry march, with trumpet and drum, became distinct and clear, and clearer still the sharp fifes of the Cameronians as they played a lively Scottish quickstep. The aspect of these soldiers stirred strange thoughts within me. It was long since I had seen bodies of regular troops, and they made me think of the old Irish Brigade and my comrades in the regiment of Fitzgerald.

"Now it is that I feel my heart almost fail me !" said a voice at my side ; and turning, I met Sir Lennard.

"How ?" said I, with surprise.

"To see yonder bands, who, forgetting all sectional ideas of Celt or Saxon, Englishman or Scot, remember only that they are *British soldiers*, and fight——"

"For the German elector and his guilders ?" said I bitterly.

"Nay, for glory and their country ; for, in their hearts, what care they for the act of settlement or revolution treaty ?"

Now the music ceased ; the troops halted, and three officers rode forward to reconnoitre, and leisurely surveyed Preston, but carefully kept beyond musket-range. These, we afterwards ascertained, were General Willis, with Brigadiers Dormer and Honeywood. Finding the bridge open and undefended, an oversight which excited their astonishment, these officers began to dread an ambush beyond it ; thus, their main body did not pass until a party of light cavalry, clad in large square-skirted blue coats with red facings, and flowing white wigs, had ascertained whether the hedgerows were lined by musketry. Finding all clear, the march was resumed ; and the whole of the troops—horse, foot, and artillery—defiled across the bridge, and deploying to the right and left, in columns of attack, encircled the town, which the lieutenant-general and his two brigadiers again reconnoitred, with daring courage, at half musket-range.

They perceived that our barricades were not formed at the extremities of the town towards the open fields and gardens, but midway across the streets, to prevent their flanks being turned by parties sent through by-lanes, and to make our fire more concentrated on those who might approach us. General Willis resolved to make an attack upon two points at once; and having selected six troops—one from each of his cavalry corps,—he ordered them to dismount, “and prepare to storm the place by dint of sword and pistol.”

Three of these troops were led by Brigadier Dormer, whose orders were to carry the post of Brigadier MacIntosh near the church of Preston.

The other three were led by Brigadier Honeywood, with orders to storm the barricade of Captain Hunter, on the Liverpool road.

An hour elapsed before these preparations were complete; and all was still in Preston, save the snapping of flints, and a few whispered hopes or fears among those who manned the barriers, or the voices of officers giving orders and exhorting their men to do their duty and to die at their posts; while the unfortunate inhabitants, the monotonous current of whose existence had been so abruptly and roughly interrupted by our arrival among them, found themselves suddenly in a besieged town, and were seen peeping fearfully, and with pallid faces, from their upper windows, though many had fled for greater safety to stable-lofts and to the depths of cellars.

I could easily perceive that on Brigadier MacIntosh Forster mainly relied for advice at this dangerous crisis; and, consequently, we remained together at his barricade as the stormers approached.

From an available point, a few cannon-shot were fired without effect at this post, and the boom of the opening gun sounded strangely in our ears, for it was the funeral-bell of many a brave fellow.

As the dismounted troopers, in their heavy jack-boots and square-skirted coats all trimmed with white braid, and their hair *en queue* under their cocked hats, came rushing up the street towards the barrier, led by Brigadier Dormer, a fine old soldier, who waved his sword and hat in front of them,

our two pieces of cannon at that point were fired, and two spreading showers of grape and canister tore through them with a whirring sound that made one shrink, and many a wild cry and many a falling corpse told how fatal their effect had been; while from every window and hastily-constructed loophole that faced the street by which these stormers approached us, and from the summit of the barricade, there was poured a withering fire of musketry, under which nothing could advance and live. The din of this conflict, with the cheers of the combatants and the shrieks of the falling soldiers, rang with a hundred varying echoes in the brick streets of Preston. The crash of glass, as windows were shattered, and the clatter of falling bricks and tiles, were heard on every side, while the air became so full of gunpowder-smoke as to be almost suffocating.

The dismounted troopers dashed gallantly up the street, but vainly strove to reach the barricade, where old Borlum stood sword in hand, with his white beard waving, and his fierce keen eye fixed on the scene of conflict; and he uttered a shout, with a fierce mocking laugh, as they were forced to recoil from the attack, and, full of fury, after attempting to fire some of the deserted houses, had to leave the street entirely, after it was strewed with half of their number, while on our side no man had suffered even a scratch.

The assault made by Brigadier Honeywood on the MacIntosh clan at the Lancaster road, and the post of Sir Lennard Arden, had the same result. The laird of Kynnachin occupied the lofty windmill in that quarter, and his Celts, with their long-barrelled Spanish guns, picked off the officers with a precision so deadly that the three troops of dragoons lost all courage, and fled with precipitation beyond range, leaving the streets encumbered by maimed men rolling about in their agony, and by bodies gashed and clotted with blood—the dark thick purple blood that oozes slowly at last from the wounds of the dying.

Willis now became alike excited and exasperated, and about mid-day sent forward his regiment of Scottish infantry, the Cameronians, to assault the post of Borlum, who sat on the summit of his barricade, smoking a long Dutch pipe, with a coolness that astonished all.

These Cameronians were a veteran regiment, composed of strict and stern Presbyterians, being recruited from the sect which bore their name ; and their commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Forrester, was an officer of matchless bravery, experience, and conduct. To encourage his men, he galloped his horse, a beautiful charger, along the street close to the barricade and back again, under a terrific shower of balls, which he escaped as if by a miracle, or as if he had been shot-proof.

"Shoot—shoot that fellow!" was the cry on every hand, as he rode off at a break-neck pace.

"I have missed him thrice," said Will Tunstall of Derby, our quartermaster-general, then esteemed the best sportsman in England ; "and he rides so fast, that even Robin o' Risingham would miss him, though *he* was an archer that could hit a gnat in the air."

Forrester escaped, but his brave and stern battalion, which had shared in all the glories of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplacquet, required no such rash example to encourage them, as in a solid mass (close column at quarter distance), with bayonets fixed and colours flying in front, they rushed along the corpse-strewn street, which once again rang with the sharp fierce roll of our musketry—and up they came, close to the barricade, firing their muskets over each other's heads, and stabbing wildly with the bayonet.

Sure and deadly was the aim of the Highlanders, as they volleyed over the barricade, while their broadswords and terrible Lochaber axes beat or hewed down the foremost of the assailants. The brave Cameronians perished there in piles under the fire of their countrymen ; for, when the order to *advance* was given, they had come on like a living tide, each being heedless of the irrevocable destiny that hurried him to a sudden doom !

Ere long the cheers died away, and the roar of musketry, with the varying cadence of the Highland pibroch, alone were heard ; though, ever and anon, the grape and canister from our guns tore through these fated stormers at less than pistol-range. The Cameronians dead lay literally in heaps at the foot of the barricade, and far beyond it. Among them lay many a veteran officer, who had faced death with

Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and many a smart young subaltern, in their lace ruffles and white wigs, their silk waistcoats and diamond buckles ; while chargers were seen rushing to the rear, riderless, limping, and mad with pain and terror ; and all round Preston curled a garland of smoke from the skirmishers, whose discharges rose in white puffs, that started sharply up from the leafless copse or green hedgerows where they lay concealed. Several houses were set on fire ; and by the lurid glare of their conflagration, which streaked with flame the dusky sky of the early November evening, the conflict was long protracted by desultory and random firing which caused the loss of many lives.

At last the Cameronians gave way, and a triumphant shout from Borlum and his Highlanders, that mingled with a hearty English cheer from our Lancashire lads, announced that the second attack upon Preston was abandoned ; and for that day no further attempt was made to storm the post, though till midnight the dropping shots of the skirmishers continued, and more than once the roar of a whole platoon of muskets or carbines awoke the stillness of the hour, while the flames of the burning houses wavered, shot up, then sank and died away ; and again the moon ascended into the clear sky, to light the scenery, and silver the windows of Preston and the waters of the Ribble, near which lay many a gashed corpse that yesterday had been a living and breathing man,—a brave good fellow, perhaps. The love of many a maid, and the fond hope of many a mother were lying there, with their white faces blanched by the dew.

So closed the night on Preston, amid wounds and blood, destruction and death.\*

\* This evening Willis, according to *Salmon's Chronicle*, lost "at least three hundred of his men ; nor could the common soldiers—who were most of them newly-raised men—be brought without difficulty to renew the attack."—Vol. ii. 1747. Five of his dragoon regiments had been embodied in the preceding year.

## CHAPTER LX.

THE THIRTEENTH OF NOVEMBER.

MIDNIGHT had scarcely passed, when a rustic, who proved to be no other than my old friend Toby Lilburne of the Spindlestone-heugh, arrived on horseback at Preston, bringing intelligence that General Carpenter, with a body of horse and foot and two pieces of cannon, was approaching us from the north, by the Lancaster road, and before sunrise would unite his forces with those of General Willis. These tidings caused considerable alarm, and the dread of being hopelessly shut up in Preston, made Brigadier MacIntosh, Sir Lennard Arden, and others, propose that a body of select horsemen and Highlanders should make a sortie upon Willis's men before daybreak, and cut off as many as possible, before their succours arrived. All being impatient for action, notwithstanding the excitement of the past day, we prepared to put this idea into execution at once.

"I would that the little boy, my brother, had been spared," said Sir Lennard, thoughtfully, as we rode together to the muster-place ; "for if I fall to-night, then farewell for ever to the Ardens of Hollywood, for I am the last of the race !"

I remembered these words long afterwards, for they were terribly prophetic of events about to happen.

Under the command of the earl of Derwentwater, the Scottish nobles, Sir Lennard, and others, our mounted gentlemen, to the number of two hundred and fifty, mustered in the main street, about four in the morning, when the moon was waning pale and amid a misty sky at the dark horizon ; and a strict inspection was made of every strap and buckle, sword-blade, and pistol-lock. The Highlanders, numbering eight hundred claymores, drew up on their left, under old MacIntosh, who appeared at their head with a ponderous Lochaber axe, which he had substituted for his half-pike. They underwent no examination, these wild fellows being prepared for bottle and tumult at all times,

even in their sleep ; and the moment all preliminaries were over, we left the town quietly and softly, defiling through a narrow and hitherto unnoticed alley, on the flank of the barricade near the Liverpool road. By this time the moon had gone down, and the dense obscurity of a starless November morning enveloped Preston and all the surrounding scenery.

We had with us one standard, being that which Lucy Arden had made for us ; and it was borne by Will Lutterel, who was ever by the side of Sir Lennard.

Hepburn of Keith and his six sons led the van, and passing through a network of narrow lanes, they soon came upon the videttes of Brigadier Honeywood, whose hasty challenge was answered by a volley from their pistols. One dragoon fell dead ; another, who fell wounded from the stirrup, was dragged away by his horse ; and then, with a cheer, we gave and received a volley of carbines from the out-picket, and rode sword in hand upon the brigadier's troopers, who were all dismounted and bivouacked in a field ; but every man was at his horse's head, or asleep beside it, with the bridle round his arm. Entangled as we were among hedge-rows in the dark, and having made a confused sortie without any other idea than the destruction of life, we had no plan of operations ; and thus, long before we came to blows with these troopers, the whole blockading force was alarmed, and their trumpets were everywhere blowing, *Boot, saddle, and mount.*

Issuing from a gap in a hedge, we formed up to the front in pretty good order, and, with a loud hurrah, fell tumultuously upon Honeywood's regiments, when only half the men were mounted ; and on every hand we cut them down, riding through them as through a field of rye ; but such is the effect of discipline, that ere we could close our files and reform beyond, they were all—at least all who were untouched—in their saddles, and in line to oppose us ; while the Cameronians got under arms upon our left flank, and had they not been charged briskly by MacIntosh, must have swept us away by the first volley, especially as they had with them one or two field-pieces posted between fascines in their rear.

"Claymore ! claymore ! draw down your bonnets and fall on, my boys !" cried the old brigadier, and a true Celtic yell



went up to heaven as the Highland swordsmen flung themselves like a swollen flood upon the levelled bayonets of the Cameronians.

In the darkness of the yet unbroken morning, there now ensued a desultory and terrible conflict, of which I can give no very distinct account, as every man of our band seemed to fight for safety and a retreat back to the town. The Highlanders, with their swords or poleaxes, fought madly, hewing and slashing away among dragoons and infantry.—now assailing the rider and now the horse; while yells and cries, the clashing of steel, the sharp explosion of pistols, the rattling of musketry fired half at random, the *whiz, whiz, whizzing* of the passing balls, were heard on all sides, and every instant the dusky gloom was streaked by a flash like that produced by summer lightning, as the field-pieces opened in rear of the Cameronians, and lent a dose or two of grape to enhance the terror of the scene.

The laird of Kynnachin, in this *mêlée* slew seven men with his own hand, by as many consecutive blows of his poleaxe.

"Be proud of your strength, Kynnachin!" exclaimed his brigadier.

"I am thankful for it, Borlum," he replied.

"How?"

"Because it was given me by God!" replied the Celt, lifting his bonnet, and again betaking himself to his terrible axe.

"Retire, retire for Heaven's sake, gentlemen!" exclaimed the young earl of Derwentwater, who had lost his hat in the charge, and whose eyes seemed bloodshot with the fury of battle and despair of success. "I heard the sound of musketry on the Lancaster road—General Carpenter has come up—we have not a moment to lose in retreating.

This proved to be but too true, and a garland of fire, streaking the darkness with a line of horizontal flashes, as a volley ran along the line of a battalion of infantry, at once confirmed the announcement of the earl. The Highlanders broke through the Cameronians and rushed across a miry field to reach Preston, but not until they received a fire from the advanced guard of Hotham's foot, whose fusillade was directed by the flames of a tall brickhouse, which took fire near us at this juncture.

For some minutes the flames burned steadily with a red glare, and the mass of combatants, horse and foot, trooper and Highlander, all fighting madly in the narrow compass of a furrowed field, presented a scene alike striking and terrible. And there, over all, was the white banner borne by Will Lutterel swaying and waving from side to side, over the human surge below. The greatest press seemed around the poor standard-bearer, at whom a hundred threatening swords were all uplifted at once. I rode to his succour, cutting down two dragoons who attempted to withstand me; but I was too late, for, amid a shout, the banner went down, and with it the brave English yeoman, who was pistolled, and fell to rise no more. A ball passed through his head. Bounding from the saddle convulsively, he fell heavily to the ground a corpse, and the tide of men swept over him; but being determined that the standard Lucy's hands had wrought should never become a trophy of the enemy if I could preserve it, I made incredible efforts to recover the prize, but in vain; for ultimately it was torn from Lutterel's dead hands and borne away. This was not, however, until many a brave fellow perished for it; and Sir Lennard had received a terrible wound. When the shot struck him, he uttered a cry of agony that made our horses rear, and fell forward upon the mane of his charger.

"There goes the flower of English gentlemen!" exclaimed Viscount Kenmure, in a voice of sorrow.

"Heed me not, noble viscount; and you, my dear comrades," said Sir Lennard, as he hurled his sword at the enemy; "for I am not the last of the Romans. Long live King James!—but lend me a hand, some of you, in Christian charity," he added, "for, oh God! this growing agony is worse than death!"

Here, too, Hepburn of Keith was unhorsed, taken prisoner, and surrounded by some twenty or thirty dragoons; but he was not in captivity more than one minute. With a cry of rage, side by side his six sons rode furiously to the rescue, and broke through the old man's captors, hewing with their swords and firing their pistols with the bridle-hand. The stern cavalier was freed in a trice, and dragged forth, and, on being remounted, joined us; but the dragoons reformed to intercept his sons. There was a desperate and slashing

*mêlée* with the sword, I have been told, and, with a wild cry of despair, the old man saw his six brave sons perish in as many moments ; for they were all shot down and sabred, as each gallant brother fought to save the other.

Our retreat now became a flight, and my whole energies were bent on conveying Sir Lennard Arden to a place of safety. His left leg was shattered by a musket-ball, so that without assistance he could not keep his saddle ; but the son of Gaffer Becket and another of his Hollywood tenants supported him, while I led his horse by the bridle ; and thus, amid a mass of mounted fugitives, gentlemen and yeomen, troopers and Highlanders, we re-entered Preston by the avenue from whence we had sallied ; and once more (minus, alas ! many a brave comrade) manned the barricades.

This was just about sunrise, when we heard the trumpets of Carpenter's cavalry sounding a flourish as they joined and saluted Sir Charles Willis, the senior general officer.

On the summit of a barricade, I saw a wild and haggard-looking man, around whose pale damp visage, which was streaked with blood, the black hair hung in tangled elf-locks. His right hand grasped a notched and bloodstained sword ; his black velvet coat was cut and torn to shreds by sword-blades and passing bullets. He was gazing with hollow and wandering eyes into the white morning mist that curled from the field where we had fought for ourselves so fatally ; and where, through the thin floating vapour, the figures of the enemy could be seen bearing off their wounded ; and this solitary man was muttering,—

"All gone—all gone ! not one left of all the seven now, for her, or for me !"

This man, so pale, so wild, so changed, was Robert Hepburn of Keith, who gazed upon the spot where, amid a pile of slain, his six sons were lying cold, pale, and stiff, and drenched in blood. My heart was melted at this loyal gentleman's bereavement and sorrow. I pressed his hand in silence as I passed him ; but he neither heeded nor seemed to know me, so I hastened on to procure a fitting shelter for Sir Lennard. We lifted him from his horse ; laid him on a bed in the nearest house ; bound up the broken limb as well as we could, being without a surgeon ; and desiring the two Hollywood men to remain by his side, I retired to seek

the general, whom I found moody and dispirited by the result of the past affair, and utterly without hope for the future after Carpenter's junction with Willis.

These two officers reconnoitred Preston once more, and drew so complete a line of blockade round it, by a chain of horse and foot, that we were as hopelessly shut up as if the wall of China enclosed us. Thus our fate became inevitable.

Around us on every side were scenes of misery and agony ; our poor fellows limping about or lying bleeding in the streets, and breathing out their lives shattered, slashed, and shot in every imaginable way ; their open wounds unstanched, and presenting in more than one instance a raw stump, from which the last blood-drops were oozing into the kennel.

The town was now half deserted by its inhabitants, and those who remained were more disposed to plunder than protect the wounded adherents of King James.

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## CHAPTER LXI.

### DISCORD.

VISCOUNT KENMURE as general of the Scots, and Brigadier MacIntosh, with all the nobles and principal gentlemen, were with Forster when I entered the dining-hall of Sir Henry Haughton's house, in which he had established his headquarters ; and there was not one among those present who, in his attire or person, by a wound, a bruise, cut or slash, bore not evidence of the past morning's disastrous work ; and though they drank deeply of wine and brandy, their almost total prostration of spirit and exhaustion were too painfully apparent.

" Welcome, Errington ; though first in the field, the last at our conference !" exclaimed Forster, throwing on the table a silver tankard, from which he had just drained a deep draught of claret. " Where is Mr. Hepburn, of Keith ?"

" At the barrier on the Liverpool road. His sons are all slain ; and he, poor man ! seems to have no longer aught in this world to care for."

"Poor Hepburn! seven nobler lads never drew sword upon the border-side," said the earl of Winton.

"Seven, my lord?" said some one; "I thought he had but six?"

"One was slain the day we rose in Scotland."

"And how fares Sir Lennard Arden?" asked MacIntosh.

"Badly enough," I replied.

"He is wounded."

"A leg broken."

"Is the ball lodged?"

"I think not; but a surgeon, if we had one, would soon bring him round."

"Tis well," muttered Forster; "I would not lose the future earl of Hollywood for half our cause."

"Which seems of small value at present," added Derwentwater.

"Well, my lords," said I gloomily, "what is our next move?"

"I might ask you that question, Errington," said Forster, "for it is that point we have met here, by common consent and all unsummoned, to discuss; for, by my soul! I know not what to suggest, or what to do. We are fairly checkmated, with the enemy's bayonets close to our barricades."

"Then what is the order of the day?" asked I.

"I fear me that nothing remains, but——"

"But what?" asked MacIntosh impetuously.

"I blush to name it."

"Then name it not," said the brigadier gruffly.

"Nay, out with it, Forster!" said Viscount Kenmure. "This is no time for mincing words. Nothing remains, you would say, but——"

"*To surrender!*"

"To surrender is to die!" exclaimed MacIntosh fiercely. "Never! We must not—we *shall* not surrender!" he added; and, with one voice, the whole of his countrymen echoed his resolution—for the desperate state to which we were now reduced, had, I could perceive, a very different effect upon the natives of the two kingdoms.

"The English gentlemen (to quote an historian who has written correctly and well) began to think upon the possi-

bility of saving their lives, and entertained the hope of returning once more to the domestic enjoyments of their homes and their estates ; while the Highlanders, and most of the Scottish insurgents, even of the higher class, declared for sallying out, and dying like men of honour, sword in hand, rather than hold their lives on the base tenure of submission."

"Stay, gentlemen," said MacIntosh, waxing wroth, as the dispute grew loud on both sides—so loud, that he had to strike the table with his drawn sword to obtain attention ; "hear me, sirs,—I have some counsel to offer you."

"Is it good?" asked several.

"Yes."

"I am glad of that," said Forster, "for good counsel is rare, brigadier, especially at such a time as this ; so please to be brief."

"I ever am, general," responded the bearded Highlander haughtily ; "the more so that I speak in English, which is a foreign tongue to me."

"We are all attention," said the Lord Widrington.

"Let us to-night spike our cannon, of which we have but six ; set Preston in flames in four quarters, to the windward ; and sallying out sword in hand, cut a passage towards the borders ;—and once let me see but the hills that look down on the vale of Kendal, and I shall deem myself safe. All among us cannot perish, and those who fall will not die unavenged. It is a sharp weapon that arms the hand of despair !"

"We shall all find our graves here, if this rash gentleman's advice be adopted," said the Lord Widrington, with great irritation of manner.

"And what of that, my lord !—what matter where you find your grave?" responded the stern old man, every hair of whose glistening beard seemed to bristle with energy ; "we must all die sooner or later, and why not now as well as at another time ? Surely, it is a thousand times better to die sword in hand on the field of honour, and in the open air of Heaven, for King James and the good old cause, than, after a long and degrading imprisonment, to perish miserably on a common scaffold, and, though gentlemen and patriots, to die the death of thieves and felons !"

"Brigadier," said Forster, "you counsel boldly."

"Because I counsel well, and yet I hope not selfishly ; for I am an old man, and cannot expect to live many years more ; while you — Colonel Errington excepted — are all young in life and health, with long lives, I would hope, before you. But I give you only a choice of deaths in sallying or surrendering."

"Brigadier, speak not for the English," said Lord Widrington ; "we will trust to the mercy of the government and of our countrymen."

"In that, excuse me, my lord. I speak but for myself and my Highlandmen, who would rather die with their hands in the iron baskets of their claymores than in the iron ring of an English fetter. If my speech be rude, my lords and gentlemen, I pray you to pardon me ; for though speaking your tongue with difficulty, I speak and think as I hope I have ever acted, like a Highland gentleman, a soldier, and the liege man of King James VIII. of Scotland, whom God long preserve, though He, like your Lancashire Jacobites, would seem to have abandoned us to the Philistines."

The Scots, as one man, were of the same opinion as MacIntosh, while the English adhered to Derwentwater and Widrington ; Forster argued with the latter ; thus the dispute was long, and at times fierce and noisy. At last Forster, whom we were all bound to respect and obey as the commissioned general of the prince for whom we had risen in arms, resolved to send me to the enemy, bearer of a flag of truce, with powers to treat about a surrender.

From this MacIntosh still dissented ; but he and the Scottish gentlemen promised to keep my mission secret from their followers ; who, if they had divined its object, would undoubtedly have shot me down, as I passed through the streets, where they stood in armed groups, sullen, suspicious, fierce, and disorderly.

I put my two military orders on the breast of my uniform, furnished myself with all my papers, diplomas, &c., and mounted on my bay—Sir Lennard's gift—with a white handkerchief displayed from the point of a halbert, I quitted Preston at the barricade near the Liverpool road, and, unquestioned by our people, rode straight towards the enemy.

## CHAPTER LXII.

## GENERAL WILLIS.

As I traversed the scene of the past morning's work, I saw many a revolting incident of slaughter and agony; for our wounded had been left there to die untended and unheeded by the red-coats. I passed where the six sons of Hepburn were lying dead. One yet grasped the staff of a broken halbert; another still had a sword in his hand. I knew them by their great stature, their dark hair and fair skins; for having been richly dressed, their bodies had all been stripped nude by the soldiers or the peasantry; and with their ghastly wounds visible, the six corpses lay near each other among the furrows of a ploughed field; and from that terrible scene my mind reverted to their mother and sister, who were far away, whom I pictured in fancy, and who had seen them ride from the hall of Keith on that ill-omened morn when Adam fell—and to their bereaved father, who was still sitting in a stupor of grief by the barricade I had left.

After riding about eight hundred yards, I saw the cocked hats and feathers of two cavalry videttes appear above a lofty hedge, and heard the jingle of their carbines as they were unslung.

"Stand! who comes here?" cried one.

"An officer with a flag of truce," said I, waving the extempore standard.

"With whom do you wish to speak?"

"Your general commanding, of course."

"Sir Charles Willis?"

"Yes."

"Pass on, then," replied the troopers, as they slung their carbines, and, resuming their immobility of aspect, sat like statues in their saddles, staring straight between their horses' ears, as I passed them, and approached the main body of the picket, from whence the officer in command at once, and with great politeness, passed me onward with a



file of men as an escort to the quarters of the general, which proved to be in a little wayside cottage. At the door stood a guard of Hotham's regiment under arms, and commanded by Sergeant Gorget, who was as stout, pompous, and portly as ever, and who recognized me at once, as I could perceive by the broad grin on his rubicund visage. But this guard, although I wore epaulets and the green uniform of the Irish Brigade, accorded no salute to me as I approached them; and from this omission of courtesy I augured ill of the result of my interview with their general.

The cottage occupied by the latter was situated in a secluded hollow near the Ribble and beyond reach of cannon-shot. Here, in a low-ceiled and brick-floored apartment, I found the two generals, with various staff officers, seated or loitering round a rough oak table, whereon lay a map of the county of Lancaster, flanked by bread and cheese, with several bottles of wine and brandy, from which it was evident all had been making a hasty breakfast. The generals Carpenter and Willis were men well up in years, and in one who wore the Grand Cross of the Bath, and was a remarkably fine-looking but proud old man, I instinctively recognized the senior officer. He had served under King William, in Flanders, and commanded a brigade at Malplacquet; he led the stormers at the siege of Keyserwart, and served in all the campaigns of Marlborough. He was erect as a pike, with a long thin face, high forehead, and keen eyes that had coolly surveyed the bristling front of many a line of battle.

In a corner of the apartment stood the standard which I had that morning, about four hours before, striven to preserve, and which I had seen torn from poor Will Lutterel's dying hand—the standard wrought for us by dear Lucy Arden, and bearing the wheatsheaf, the cognizance of her house, in golden threads. I gazed at it wistfully, and thought of her and of Sir Lennard, whom I had left writhing on a bed of agony. In the next moment my eyes met those of Willoughby, who stood near the drooping and tattered banner; but I turned with scorn and anger from his dark malevolent smile, which tortured me.

"Sir Charles, a flag of truce," said Captain Gastrell, a staff officer of cavalry, introducing me.

"Whence come you, sir?" asked General Carpenter.

"From the head-quarters of General Foster."

"General?" reiterated Sir Charles Willis in a tone of undisguised contempt.

"From General Forster, of Bamborough Castle, commander-in-chief of his Britannic majesty's forces in South Britain," I repeated emphatically, with a military salute.

"If *he* is so, then what the devil am I?" asked the general, with a laugh, in which the staff immediately joined with great hilarity.

"I am not here, sir, to discuss points of precedence with you, though aware that you have the same rank, but *not* derived from the king of Great Britain and Ireland."

"From whom, then?" asked the general haughtily.

"George, elector of Hanover, an alien and a foreigner."

"All that *your* king owns of English ground is bounded by the range of your cannon, young man."

"At present such may be the case; but be assured, sir, the struggle will not end at Preston."

"It is extremely probable it will end at Tyburn; but enough, sir," said the general haughtily, and shrugging his shoulders until his gold aiguillettes shook; "to the point—you are come here to play the old Roman, I suppose."

"No; I am here to fulfil the part of a loyal English gentleman—an officer of his majesty James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland."

"Speak, then—what want you?"

"To express the wishes of General Forster and of my comrades; and to conclude with you terms of honourable surrender of the town of Preston by treaty."

"To what effect?"

"That we march out with the usual honours of war—our drums beating, our colours flying, and with one piece of loaded cannon in front, horsed and traced, by the bridge of the Ribble towards Wales, or under escort to the borders of Scotland."

"Never!" exclaimed Willis angrily.

"Indeed!"

"I am resolved—this can never be."

"Well, then; with arms reversed and colours cased, if you will."

"Never! you shall not march out at all but as *disarmed* prisoners, who have yielded to the mercy of the government, and of the *elector* too, if you like not his title of king."

"This is impossible, Sir Charles Willis!"

"Wherefore, young man?"

"We have, in Preston, certain regiments of Scots, who are all clamouring that they will rather die in their ranks than surrender, remembering the treatment experienced by their forefathers at the hands of your predecessors."

"Whom mean you by *my* predecessors?"

"Monk, Lambert, Cromwell, and other regicides, who sold as slaves ten thousand Cavalier Scots, who surrendered as prisoners of war upon honourable treaty, at Warrington Bridge."

Sir Charles Willis flushed to the temples with anger.

"I understand the taunt, young man; but disdain to reply to it. I am not to be taught my duty by a Frenchman."

"Sir, I am no Frenchman, as my name of Errington may tell you, though most of my life has been spent in foreign lands, and camps and fields; and though I presume not to teach you, a veteran soldier, his duty, I hope to read you, at least, a lesson in courtesy."

"Sblood, sirrah!" sputtered the old man furiously, starting forward.

"General Willis, I bear a flag of truce," said I coldly.

"From one whose right to send it we do not recognize," said General Carpenter, a coarse-featured and severe-looking man.

"No, of course not," added several of the staff.

"Of course not," chorussed Squire Willoughby, behind them, while he put his hat on to express disdain, and smiled with all the malevolence of a coward who exhibits a triumph at the failure of those who were once his friends, but are now his enemies.

"In assuming this high tone with me, gentlemen," said I, "you forget that though the remnant of the poor fellows in Preston are harassed and dispirited, the earl of Mar is still at the head of twelve thousand soldiers of King James, in Scotland, and there, at least, the crown hangs on the issue of a battle."

"Nothing I know was ever lost or won in Scotland by one battle," said Willis, who had carried the colours of Sir James Leslie's regiment (the 15th Foot) at the field of Killycrankie ; "besides, sir, I have nothing to do with what is passing there. I am simply commander-in-chief of King George's troops in these parts, and, as such, must do my duty in refusing you the terms you desire,"

"Then we shall defend ourselves to the last !"

"Do so ; but bear in mind, sir, that General Forster, as you entitle him, will have to answer to God and King George, to heaven and to earth, for the slaughter that must ensue ! Enough ; I will order a general assault upon all your posts within an hour. Who are the officers in waiting ?"

"Captain Gastrell, of Stanhope's horse, and Captain Clayton, of Hotham's foot," replied Willoughby.

"Desire them to summon the officers commanding regiments, and send orderlies to Brigadiers Dormer and Honeywood, to come hither instantly."

"Stay, general," said I hurriedly.

"Oho !—you think better of it. Well, sir ?"

"Understand me, Sir Charles Willis ; I am here only on the part of the Englishmen in Preston."

"And what of the Scots ?"

"They will not surrender ; and being determined to fight to the last gasp, they keep shouting, 'Home ! home ! each man for himself—God for King James and us all !'"

"Woe to them, if their mulish obstinacy forces me to storm Preston !"

"These fellows, *M. le Général*——"

"Oho ! I am *M. le Général*, am I ?" said Sir Charles, winking to Carpenter, who surveyed me from head to foot with a frown.

"Pardon me," said I, colouring ; "but long service in France——"

"We will take all that for granted. Well, and those fellows, what of them ?"

"Heed a volley of musketry just as their native rocks do a shower of hail."

"We shall see ; I will undertake to tame these warlike donkeys ; but ere you go, permit me to ask you one or two questions."

I bowed.

"Whence got you that gold order and red ribband!"

"The cross of St. Louis?"

"Yes."

"I received it from the hand of his most Christian Majesty. Here are my diplomas and papers—my commission in the Irish Brigade."

"And the Bath?"

"From his Majesty James III."

"For what service?" asked Sir Charles superciliously, as he scanned over my papers through his gold-mounted eye-glass. "Excuse me, but being a G.C.B. myself, I may be permitted to feel some curiosity on the subject. For what service?"

"Rescuing his betrothed queen from a most unworthy and unjust captivity at Inspruck."

"The deuce! that affair made some noise at St. James's Palace!" said Carpenter with surprise.

"You got the St. Louis, your diploma says——"

"For saving a colour of Lord Mountcashel's brigade at the affair of Almenara in Catalonia, in 1710."

"Indeed! you served there?"

"I had the honour."

"You must have been very young?" said Sir Charles kindly.

"But seventeen, general, and yet I was senior to many subalterns in the Irish Brigade. We, who eat the bread of exile, learn early to handle our swords, and to tighten our waistbelts over an empty stomach and an empty purse. I was then an ensign in the battalion of Fitzgerald."

"General Carpenter and I were both wounded there," said Sir Charles, relaxing his grim demeanour, and at last condescending to smile. "'Twas a sharp day's work, that! I saw Count Nassau d'Auverquerque and the earl of Rochfort fall across each other dead just as night came on, and King Philip began his retreat under the guns of the castle of Lerida towards Saragossa."

"I remember well that field, general; it was among my first."

"Poor fellow! *Your* parole will be accepted," said he, returning my papers, with a polite bow. "You must drink with us—we have here some capital brandy and claret."

“ Thanks ; and now about our surrender.”

“ I cannot—excuse me, sir—treat with rebels, who, as they have slain many of his Majesty’s subjects, must expect the same fate.”

“ But as a soldier you must be humane ; as a man of honour you must be generous, and show some mercy to countrymen who are willing to submit.”

“ Yet you told me the Scots were resolved to die at their colours ? Return to Forster, and say this : That if his men will surrender themselves prisoners at discretion, I shall, till further orders, prevent my soldiers, who are exasperated by the slaughter of their comrades, from cutting all to pieces who are in Preston : and now adieu.”

This was a humiliating ultimatum, but we were without alternative.

“ Sir Charles,” said I, “ I have but one favour to ask.”

“ Say on.”

“ I have in Preston a wounded friend who is incapable of removal.”

“ His name ?”

“ Sir Lennard Arden.”

“ Ah ! of Hollywood Hall, in the county of Chester—an earl among the Jacobites. His name is specially marked in my list of insurgents to be seized. Well, sir ?”

“ He is wounded.”

“ Severely ?”

“ A leg shattered by a musket-shot.”

A gleam of joy, which he could not conceal, passed over Willoughby’s sinister face at this announcement.

“ Poor fellow !” said Willis, “ he shall not be moved after the capitulation ; but some accredited person must be accountable for his appearance when required.”

“ Mr. Willoughby, who is here, is a justice of the peace for the county of Cheshire,” said General Carpenter ; “ and he, I have no doubt——”

“ Sir Lennard would rather die than stoop to take his protection !” said I ; “ but farewell, general,—and farewell, gentlemen ; may our next meeting be of a more pleasant nature !”

I bowed to all the officers, and though my heart was sinking, I swaggered proudly out with my left hand on the

hilt of my sword, giving Willoughby, as I passed him, a parting glance of hatred and profound disdain.

Remounting, I galloped back to report to General Forster the depressing and futile result of my mission.

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## CHAPTER LXIII.

### MY SECRET AGAIN.

UP the green slope, which was dotted by the red-coated dead, thickly as I had seen a harvest-field by scarlet poppies, I rode to the nearest barricade, and re-entered Preston with a heart sincerely affected by grief and mortification. Enthusiasm had now passed away, and hope itself was dead ! Alas, for the poor human heart when hope dies within it ! Love for Lucy Arden and loyalty to King James seemed now without a ray to lighten the gloom that had fallen upon their future. Our sun seemed to have set in blood, defeat, despair !

I galloped straight to the quarters of Forster, without replying to the anxious inquiries which were pressed upon me from many persons, as I rode through the streets. Forster was still seated in conference with Brigadier Mac-Intosh and others.

"Welcome back, Errington," said he cheerfully ; "I began to fear yonder fellows had made you prisoner."

"Far from it ; I was treated with every courtesy."

"You saw Sir Charles Willis ?"

"Yes, and General Carpenter, a cross old *sabreur*."

"And their terms ?"

"Are unconditional surrender."

Every countenance fell at these words.

"Hell and damnation !" exclaimed the old brigadier, starting up, his countenance inflamed with fury ; "dared the Saxon cur say this ?"

"He did."

"And the alternative ?"

"The edge of the sword."

"And to these terms," said Forster hesitatingly, "you—you——"

"Assented."

The word had scarcely left my lips, when the shot of a pistol which the brigadier had drawn from his belt whistled past my ear ; and I am assured that, in his blind wrath, this fiery old man would have slain me, but for the earls of Winton and Nithsdale, who seized his sword-arm, and, assisted by others, forced him back into his chair ; where he glared at me in stern fury, and muttered fierce things—I know not what—in the guttural language of his native mountains ; but I pardoned all this ; for I felt that we had treated these Scottish gentlemen unfairly. Forster at last succeeded in pacifying him ; by asserting that the terms I had made were for the English alone. On this the Highland chieftain left the room, saying,—

"My lords and gentlemen, I have been too long a soldier not to know how miserable is the fate of a prisoner who surrenders at discretion. My followers are all men of desperate fortunes ; far from their native homes and fastnesses, deeming themselves when here, in a foreign land, where their manners, habits, and language, are unknown ; men who, if they cannot have life and liberty with honour to themselves and their posterity, are at least resolved all to die together."

The Honourable Captain Dalyell, brother of the earl of Carnwath, was now sent to Willis with another flag of truce, to procure terms for the Scottish insurgents.

"Return to your soldiers," said Sir Charles ; "I can give them no better terms than those we have accorded to their English comrades."

"And these," said the captain, gnawing his moustache.

"Are, that they shall not be instantly put to the sword."

After this, it was concluded, through the diplomacy of Colonel Cotton, a gentle and benevolent officer on the staff of Sir Charles, that we should all open the barricades, and surrender ourselves prisoners at seven o'clock next morning. As evening closed in, fierce tumults and disputes ensued between the Scots and English in Preston. The whole of our Highland forces were in a state of open mutiny, and



used their formidable swords and pistols so freely and recklessly, that many persons were slain, and many seriously wounded ; while several desperate duels took place. They taunted the English with falsehood in luring them so far from their own country, to betray them at last by a degrading capitulation. Surrounded by a guard of English, poor Forster remained in Sir Henry Haughton's house, and dared not appear in the streets, lest some "hot and termagant Scot," especially among the MacIntoshes, should hew him to pieces ; and, ere night was passed, an attempt upon his life was actually made in his own apartment, into which a Highland gentleman, named Murray, forced a passage sword in hand, and after furiously upbraiding him with the ruin of the king's cause in England, and with cowardice in surrendering, he fired a pistol at him, and at a distance so short, that he must have been slain, had not Mr. Buxton, the chaplain, who hurried in, thrown up his arm, by which the bullet pierced the ceiling ; and then the laird of Kynnachin arrived in time to drag away his infuriated countryman. While many such brawls as these filled Preston with tumult, disorder, and bloodshed, I anxiously sought the house in which I had left poor Sir Lennard Arden, whose wound had never yet been dressed.

I found the mansion deserted ; for, in the excitement about intelligence of the terms granted to us by the conquerors, the two Hollywood men to whose care I had committed their wounded master, had left him to his fate, while selfishly inquiring what was to be their own. The dusk had set in ; and as I opened the door and entered, a wild despairing cry from the upper floor of the house gave me a shock like that produced by electricity. Startled and excited by a sound so unexpected, I drew my sword, and sprang up stairs ; but being unacquainted with the passages and rooms, some minutes elapsed before I discovered Sir Lennard, whom I found, to all appearance, dead ; yet, when I placed a hand on his clammy brow, it was still warm.

The blood rushed back upon my heart at this dire catastrophe, and I stood for a moment paralyzed and irresolute. One thought came vividly before me,—the recollection of all his aged mother would suffer on learning the death of one who was so dear to her—one who was her

pride, her hope, her idol ; his death in a cause on which, from his childhood, she had never ceased to urge him, as one for which every true Englishman should freely peril all,—even as he had perilled life, limb, fortune, and title,—and to lose them all ! What would be her emotions now ! How unavailing her tears and her remorse !

“Poor corpse !” said I, “who deemed me unworthy the love of your kinswoman,—a single sod will cover now that heart of pride ! But that terrible cry ! Whence came it ?—whose lips uttered it ?”

As I spoke, the seeming corpse moved, unclosed its eyes, and gazed at me.

“Sir Lennard !” I exclaimed, “you still live ! Sir Lennard, ’tis I—Errington—your friend, who will bring you aid.”

“Stay !” said he, clutching my hand with a cold, but firm grasp, while his quivering voice, and the livid hue of his visage, when seen by the last dusky light of evening, arrested me. “I am past assistance now ;—but—but tell my poor mother that in my last moments I thought of her, and prayed for her,—for her and dear Chatty. You—you love my cousin Lucy, Errington : to such a mind as yours, love is a noble and a generous spur to rectitude and honour ; win her and wed her ; may you and she be happy when I, and others who have this day fallen with me, are in our graves and at rest. May Heaven receive and have mercy on me !”

His voice sank into a whisper, and he closed his eyes as he ceased.

“And Chatty Leigh ?” said I, drawing near. A tremor shook his limbs, but at her name the dying man could only sigh and weep. Astonished at this excessive debility, I turned down the coverlet, and found his body drenched with blood, from two deep wounds in his chest.

“Heavens ! Sir Lennard, you had but *one* wound—a shot in your thigh—when I left you,” I exclaimed. “How is this ? Will this blood never cease pouring ! Below, there,—get a surgeon, some one. Help !—for God’s sake, help ! Whence come these frightful wounds ?” I continued, endeavouring to stanch the terrible current that oozed slowly and heavily from them.

"Thorley has been here," gasped the pale sufferer, who was too near death to feel even animosity.

"Thorley !"

"Yes."

"And these wounds——"

"Were inflicted by him—by his knife—O Errington !"

"The villain—the fiend !"

"His hatred of my father and of all our race," he whispered, "but chiefly his—his insane hatred of me led him——"

"To assassinate you ?"

"Yes—yes ; but oh ! I have so much to say—so much to tell you, if I could but live for five minutes—O God, give me but life for five minutes !—it may not be—oh my mother ! my mother !"

"And Chatty Leigh ?"

"Poor Chatty—beloved Chatty Leigh ! and you too Errington—I have been so used to call you *Errington*, that even yet—He told me that—that——"

"What ?—oh, what ?"

"You—you were—were——"

"Who—what—who ?" said I, placing my ear close to his trembling lips, for his voice had sunk into a feeble whisper ; "speak, dear Sir Lennard !—speak !"

"*Were*——"

His jaw relaxed ; a spasm crossed his features, and pointing with an effort to the door of an inner room, he suddenly fell back on the bed and breathed his last. I found myself alone with the corpse of my friend !

In the excitement of this terrible event, I forgot even the secret he had died without revealing—the secret he had so evidently learned from Thorley ; and I stood gazing on his whitening features, with a sorrow so sincere, that my eyes were full of tears. Death by a musket-shot in the field is fearfully sudden at times ; but happily there is no space for sombre thought or salutary reflection then ; one breath—one pulsation, with the roar of battle in our ears, and before the next throb of life can pass we are in eternity. Yet there was something to me calmly and solemnly terrible in the lonely deathbed of Sir Lennard, passing away from me, a spirit, in the gloomy twilight of that November evening.

I perceived that he had been plundered ; for the order of the Bath had been torn from his neck ; a diamond ring from his finger ; his purse was gone, and his watch, which I knew was set with brilliants ; as also a gold locket which contained the hair of Chatty Leigh. His last action had been to point to the inner room. What could that movement mean ? The solution of this bloody mystery, perhaps, lay there. I drew my sword again, and dashed open the door, to be confronted by a man who was armed with a long knife.

This man was Samuel Thorley !

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## CHAPTER LXIV

### A REVELATION.

THE point of his knife or poniard—I know not of which fashion the weapon partook—was distinctly reddened with blood ; thus the terrible cry I had heard on entering the house, and the appalling scene in the antechamber, were now sufficiently accounted for. I covered the rascal with the barrel of my pistol, and would have shot him without further parley, but for the yet untold secret, of which I knew him to be now the sole possessor.

The aspect of Thorley was more malevolent, dark, and sinister than ever. His eyes had still their yellow glare ; his chin was fringed by a black beard of more than a week's growth ; his attire was a tattered blue seaman's jacket, a red worsted vest with huge horn buttons, a pair of old brown hair-plush breeches, and a flaxen-coloured wig, surmounted by an old battered hat of the Kevenhuller fashion, edged with white braid. Knife in hand, he was the smuggler and villain we have seen portrayed a hundred times, in every melodrama.

The expression of my face, on levelling my cocked pistol, awed even him, and he shrunk back with a cowering head and a louring eye, like a wolf at bay, watching for an opportunity to spring ; while a gleam of hatred and revenge lighted up his sombre eyes, and crimsoned his sallow visage

with hectic spots. My first impulse, to slay him without mercy, was still arrested by the secret I believed him to possess, and the memory of his conversation with Willoughby on the night we had all met at the Three Talbots. He rapidly concealed his knife as I entered ; but not so quickly as to prevent me seeing that he merely thrust it up his sleeve.

"I am an unarmed man, as you see, Mr. Errington," said he.

"You are, as I have ever known you, a villain—a coward—a murderer !" said I, choking with wrath.

"I am Squire Willoughby's most obedient servant," he replied, with a malignant grin.

"Wretch ! do you dare to hint that this most infamous assassination of a wounded gentleman was at the squire's instigation ?"

"I mean to say nothing of the kind ; but you are at liberty to *suppose* the worst you please. Now are you satisfied ? I would have killed Arden and his whole kindred by the same stroke, if I could have done so ; for I have an old score to settle with that brood—a score that *is* not closed yet. You have nothing to do with this matter," he continued, shrinking down and interposing his uplifted hand, as again I levelled my pistol at his head ; "look to yourself, for if you escape these wild Scotsmen, who swear to kill every one connected with the capitulation—Hah ! do you hear that ?" he added, as shots were heard in the streets without—"you will have enough to do to keep your own neck from the noose King George has woven for it—but you dare not assassinate *me* !" he added, with a voice more like a howl than a taunt in its tone.

"No ; but I dare do an act of retributive justice in killing you as I might a snake or scorpion."

"You dare not !" he continued in the same tone.

"I *dare* not ?"

"No."

"Why ?—a touch of this trigger, wretch, would silence your tongue for ever !"

"With the secret you long to learn—the secret I alone can tell you."

"Then give that secret up, fellow, or I shall destroy you where you stand !"

"The secret."

"Yes—the secret you boasted to the villain Willoughby of possessing?"

"Well, suppose I did boast of it," said the fellow sullenly; "a man's secrets are his own property—like his purse or his watch, I suppose."

"But this secret is mine."

"Then how comes it to be in my possession?"

"Dog! would you trifle with me on the verge of the grave? I have seen too many lives lost, and too much blood shed, these two days past, to place much value upon yours. How my story became known to you, I know not; but even for the value I place upon it, I will not stand dallying here with a fiend like you, beside the body of my murdered friend. Instantly unfold all you know of me and mine—of my father, my family, my past history, and by what mysterious and degrading tie we have been linked together in past years and the present time; give me some undoubted clue to all this, or by the hand of Him who made us, I will in one minute send a bullet through your brain!"

His face, the expression of which was alike fiendish and hateful, was now overspread by a silent laugh, the origin of which I could not fathom; but it puckered up the corners of his mouth, and drew his nose down over his sharp and jagged teeth. I was almost blind with rage and sorrow; and know not *now* by what mystery—even by the value of this supposed secret—I spared him so long. Finding all his efforts to draw near the chamber door fruitless, he whined—

"And so, you would slay me?"

"Without remorse or pity;—so stand off, for to advance one step is but to anticipate your doom!"

"Marry, come up! am I brought to this?" he growled, full of rage and terror; "by the pit of hell! 'tis a fine pass, when the wretched brat whom I might have strangled a hundred times has me thus at bay, and measures out death and life to me."

"Enough," I exclaimed, panting with indignation; "die, villain—die!"

I fired one pistol at his head, and so great was my excitement that the shot missed, and was flattened against the

wall beyond ; but to snatch another from my belt, to thrust him furiously back by dashing the muzzle against his chest, to cock, and level it at his ear, were all the work of a moment.

"Hold, for God's sake ! hold !" he screamed, covering his eyes in abject terror,—*"I am your brother !"*

I remembered the taunt of Willoughby, and this terrible revelation paralyzed me. I lowered my hand ; the pistol fell from it, and exploded on the floor, while I staggered back, to survey the horrid visage of the felon who claimed a kindred so near. He now uttered a laugh like a growl, and springing forward, beat me to the floor ; then placing his knees upon my chest and his left hand upon my throat, he held a knife close to my eyes, while triumph and hatred flashed at once from his.

"How is it with you now, fool ! who thought to outwit Sam Thorley ? The same steel that Willoughby hired to take Sir Lennard from his path, that he might secure the forfeited estates, the old hall, and Miss Lucy to boot, is now thirsting for your life. But, listen : a moment ago, you were without mercy, without pity, and without remorse for me ! Ha ! ha ! Mr. Errington, as you call yourself, what will you give me now for my secret ? Life, gold, or liberty ? I would not sell it for all the gold in the Bank of England ; and so, you shall die without knowing it."

He made a furious effort to slash the knife across my neck, but I grasped his wrist ; and, failing in this, he clutched the weapon in dagger-fashion to stab me. My strength and breath were alike gone—I saw only his glaring eyes and the hateful blade gleaming above me in the twilight ; I felt his knees, like a mountain, crushing down my chest, and believed all was over with me ; when, suddenly, there was a sound in the next apartment—a blow was given, Thorley staggered up, and I found myself free, but stunned and confused, as I confronted old Brigadier MacIntosh, Colonel Errington, and other gentlemen of our army. They had been passing that way, and hearing the explosion of two pistols, together with the stormy debate between us, had arrived thus opportunely to save me—for the brigadier, by a stroke of his half-pike, had almost broken Thorley's back.

"Seize that fellow !" I exclaimed ; "he is an assassin and

a spy !” But Thorley was gone, like a spirit of evil or a flash of fire ; and though every part of Preston was searched, we could find no trace of him for that night. I was severely bruised in this encounter ; and his revelations, together with the fatal end of my friend Sir Lennard (whose body we conveyed to Preston Church for interment), and the desperate state of our military affairs, left me full of anxious and sorrowful thoughts.

Thorley’s odious claim of kindred—a claim so strangely corroborating Willoughby’s taunt to me on a former occasion,—and my memories of Chester, and of Gammer Thorley, the wrinkled hag, his mother, were ever hatefully before me, filling my mind with a maze of conjectures so vague and mystifying that I shrunk from them.

“Impossible !” said I ; “’twas but a cunning *ruse* to startle and overcome me—a *ruse* which must have had a fatal climax, but for the good old brigadier.

And so closed the night of the eventful 13th of November in Preston.

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## CHAPTER LXV.

### THE SURRENDER.

NEXT morning the drum, the trumpet, and the Highland pipe summoned us all to our muster-places ; but, alas ! for the last time. The guards were withdrawn from the barricades, and General Forster drew up his little band of English gentlemen and half-armed rustics ; while Brigadier Mac-Intosh arrayed the sullen and infuriated Scottish nobles, gentlemen, and soldiers, preparatory to receiving and capitulating to the enemy, the blare of whose trumpets and the rattle of whose drums were heard in the early morning air, when, formed in two columns, one led by Sir Charles Willis, and the other by General Carpenter, with strong advance-guards of light cavalry, they approached Preston from the south and north, and ere long we heard their martial music ringing in the echoing streets.

Though vanquished and humbled, every heart in our forlorn band beat quicker, as these sounds drew near ; and



then the red mass and glittering arms of the marching columns were seen, when, about sunrise, they entered Preston, and halted in the market-place, enclosing us on both flanks. Most of the Lancashire men who had joined us were permitted to retire over night, their peasant costume facilitating escape from detection ; thus there surrendered with General Forster only *seventy-two* Englishmen, among whom were the heads of the houses of Derwentwater, Widrington, Errington, Beaumont, Thornton, Swinburn, Clavering, Gascoigne, and Standish. With Brigadier MacIntosh were *one hundred and thirty-eight* Scottish officers and nobles, with *fifteen hundred* men, who all laid down their arms on the simple promise of QUARTER.

The earls of Nithsdale, Winton, and Carnwath, Viscount Kenmure, the lord Nairn, Brigadier MacIntosh, and others, were all treated with the same severity as the common men. My French commission gained me liberty on my parole of honour ; but my soul was stung with sorrow and mortification at the sights I witnessed in Preston.

While Major Nairn, with Captains Lockhart, of Dryden, Erskine, and Shaftoe, four brave and high-spirited gentlemen, were tried at the drum-head, by orders of Sir Charles Willis, and shot as deserters, for having served in the wars of Queen Anne, and being officers on half-pay, the whole of the ill-fated Scottish peers and gentlemen, their comrades, were treated with great brutality by our conquerors. On laying down their arms, the mass of prisoners were bruised and beaten to the effusion of blood ; and were driven like a herd of cattle, goaded by bayonets and halberts, and by the butt of the clubbed musket, into the old church of Preston, where, on a cold, raw day, most of them were so stripped or denuded of their clothing, by rascals of Stanhope's and Cobham's regiments, that they were glad to tear the green-baize linings from the pews, to cover their nakedness ; and many of the persons subjected to such gross indignities were gentlemen belonging to the best and oldest baronial houses in the two kingdoms. Yet they never ceased to shout—

“ God save King James, and prosper the noble earl of Mar ! ”

On the latter and his army now rested all their hopes of life and liberty.

During the enaction of these barbarities, I made every inquiry for Willoughby, but was informed by Captain Clayton, of Hotham's regiment, that on the night preceding our surrender, he had prudently left their bivouac.

"For where?" I asked.

"For some place in Cheshire."

"Hollywood Hall, perhaps?"

"I believe it was," was the careless reply; while I trembled for the mischief the squire might make if he had really gone there.

A prisoner on parole, after being duly registered at the castle of Chester, I would be free to go wherever I chose, provided I did not leave the kingdom without permission; thus, on discovering that five hundred of the unhappy captives were selected for the jail and castle of Chester, I attached myself to them, as I knew that the march of this forlorn band would lie near Hollywood, under an escort of Hotham's foot and Stanhope's dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Ingoldsby (an officer who was dismissed from the service, when a brigadier, after the battle of Fontenoy); these prisoners marched out of Preston by the bridge of the Ribble, in the afternoon of the 14th of November. Mounted on my own horse, I accompanied them, after taking a sorrowful farewell for ever of Generals Forster and MacIntosh, and of all the gallant peers and gentlemen who were reserved to form a procession through the streets of London,—an exhibition which served to show the malevolence of the ministry, and the mean exultation of cowards whom chance or fortune favours with a casual triumph and victory. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that my eyes filled with tears as we parted; and when I looked back from the opposite bank of the Ribble to the old church of Preston, which had become the temporary prison of so many brave men, and where poor Sir Lennard Arden was lying in his bloody shroud, my heart was wrung within me.

A few words will tell the story of my comrades.

At Barnet all these peers and gentlemen were pinioned with cords, like the vilest felons; and thus they were received at Highgate, on foot, by a body of horse grenadiers and the unruly mob of London, which surrounded

them in vast multitudes. The patrons of the mug-houses particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion by rattling stones in warming-pans, in allusion to the vulgar falsehood propagated by William of Orange regarding the birth of King James's son. This was on the 9th of December.

"No warming-pan king, and no popery!"

"Down with the Scots!"

"Down with all Jacobites, and hooray for King George!"

Such were the cries that filled the air; while every scurrility, abuse, invective, and obscenity greeted the prisoners on all sides, with other tributes to their loyalty, in the form of decayed cabbages, stale eggs, old oranges, mud, and stones; while their ears were stunned by the clamour of cheers, the jingle of church bells, and rattle of drums. Amid all this, the four earls, the viscount, the lords Nairn and Widdrington, old Brigadier MacIntosh, Forster, Hepburn, and others, maintained a bearing of dignity and composure, which, as they were led thus guarded, pinioned, and bare-headed through the streets of a hostile city, inspired many with pity and compassion.

The humiliating scene—humiliating at least to government and the conquerors—terminated only at the gates of the Tower, of Newgate, and the Marshalsea, into which my comrades were thrust and heavily ironed, like common malefactors; for the ministry were so thoroughly foreign in all their ideas, that, as a Scottish song has it,

"The very dogs of England's court,  
They barked and howl'd in German;"

and thus they knew not how to treat English gentlemen, but basely pandered to the malevolent passions of an ignoble mob. If such was the conduct of those in power, and of this mob their patrons, the fair dames of London paid a very different tribute to the fallen; thus the captive cavaliers became so much the objects of their pity, that ample subscriptions were opened for their benefit, and money flowed in upon them so fast, that it soon became a current joke, when change of a guinea could not be had in a shop, "to try among the Scots in Newgate;" and there old Brigadier MacIntosh was enabled to drown his cares in rosy

wine, and nightly to toss off huge bumpers of claret to "the fair dames of old England and the king *over* the water!" and one prisoner in particular, the handsome young laird of Fascally, in Athole, had so many fair ones visiting him to express their tender sympathy for his forlorn condition, that many brocade fardingales were crushed and torn, and more than one reputation was seriously damaged, in consequence.

The noble Kenmure and Derwentwater sealed their loyalty with their lives on a common scaffold; but William Maxwell, earl of Nithsdale, who was to have perished with them, escaped by the courage and tact of his countess, Winifred (a daughter of the marquis of Powis), who changed clothes with him, and remained in his place, after having vainly thrown herself at the feet of the implacable George, to crave pardon for her husband. He reached France, but the noble title his Scottish sires had won by their swords in the Border wars of old was lost for ever.

Infuriated by the result of the insurrection, the judicial murder of his friends (twenty of whom were executed at Preston with a barbarity at which Choctaws might have shuddered), and with the treatment of his clansmen, who were all shipped off as slaves to the plantations—Brigadier MacIntosh, a strong-handed, stout-hearted, and desperate old man, resolved to break from his prison in London, or die in the attempt. On the night of the 10th of May, 1716, finding that his right hand slipped out of one of his iron cuffs, he speedily found means to get rid of the other; and on forcing the door of his cell with the iron bar of the fetter-lock, about eleven o'clock, he reached the foot of the prison stair. There he remained for a time, irresolute how to proceed, when a loud knocking without made him shrink into the shadow of a recess, where a dim oil-lamp hung from a chain overhead.

Grumbling and swearing at the disturbance, the principal turnkey came drowsily, in his nightcap and slippers, to admit the knocker, who was some belated servant of the prison, and of whom, while putting the key in the lock, he demanded the password for the night. At that moment a thunderbolt seemed to descend upon him, while a thousand lights danced before his eyes. It was the clenched hand of the brigadier,

who, by one tremendous blow, laid him prostrate and senseless at his feet.

"The devil!" grumbled MacIntosh; "it is too bad that honest men should have as much trouble as thieves to get out of prison."

He possessed himself of the keys, and opened the door. As the man without was about to enter, MacIntosh gave him also a tap on the head, which laid him beside the turn-key; he then thrust both into the nearest cell, and locked them up. Though the avenue to freedom lay open now, the veteran was too generous to avail himself of it alone; he released seven of his companions in loyalty and misfortune; namely, the laird of MacIntosh (his nephew), Captain Charles Wogan, Robert Hepburn of Keith, James Talbot, William and Alexander Dalmahoy, and James Tasker, with whom he overpowered the sentinels, and wrested away their muskets; after which the eight fugitives issued out at midnight into the dark streets of London, where they all shook hands, embraced, bade each other adieu, and separated, each to shift for himself. The old prison of Newgate then stood north and south over Newgate Street, with an arch or postern underneath, and a grating at which the poor debtors daily solicited charity from the passers.

God was kind to these poor Jacobite gentlemen, for though a thousand pounds were offered for the brigadier next day, with five hundred for each of his companions, dead or alive, they all reached France in safety, save Mr. Talbot, an Englishman, who was retaken and executed.

The unhappy Hepburn of Keith, gloomy, misanthropical, desperate, and penniless, wandered through the strange and then deserted streets of the great metropolis for two hours, knowing not whither to go or whither to turn, and almost heedless if he was retaken. On passing through an alley which was involved in gloom, as the wind had extinguished all the oil-lamps, a light streaming from a window drew him warily towards it. Peeping in, he saw on a table of the apartment a huge silver cup having large chased handles. He could not be mistaken!

It was the Keith tankard.

It was the old heirloom of his house; the same goblet

from which he and his seven sons had drunk their stirrup-cup on that fatal morning when young Adam fell by the hand of Lammerlaw, and when he, with the remaining six, hewed, sword in hand, a passage to Lord Winton's muster-place ! By what miracle was it here ?

Fearful of making inquiry, irresolute, and without friends, in a town where the very accent of his voice marked him as a Scot, and consequently a suspected person, he stood for some moments gazing with bewilderment at the ancient cup, which on many a yule, birthday, and baptismal feast, had graced the board of his forefathers. Unable longer to repress his curiosity, he knocked at the door. After a pause it was warily opened, and the fugitive was received in the arms of his wife and of Dolly his daughter ! They were the inmates of a humble lodging in an obscure and gloomy alley, which was dangerously near Newgate ; for, in his wanderings and total ignorance of the city, Hepburn had come almost back to the spot where he and his companions had separated. In the arms of the only two beings he cared for on earth, the forlorn Jacobite regained courage, and ultimately eluded the fangs of the law.\*

My friend Thomas Forster had the same good fortune, being amply supplied with means of escape by his fair friend Mrs. Neville of the Moated House. In one loaf of bread he found a sharp steel file, in another a purse of gold. With the former he sawed through the iron bars of his prison window ; with the latter he rendered the sentinel without both blind and deaf, and found a passage to the continent ; but after twenty-three years of penury and obscurity—his magnificent castle of Bamborough, and all his estates, being forfeited by the Whigs—he died at Bologna, in November, 1738, regretting nothing that had been lost in the fatal rising but the cause of King James III.

\* His wife and family “knew of his purpose to escape, and took lodgings as near the jail as they could, that they might afford him immediate refuge, but dared not give him any hint where they were, otherwise than by setting the well-known flagon where by good fortune it might catch his eye. He afterwards escaped to France.”—*Scott's History*, vol. ii.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

## THE MARCH TO CHESTER.

IN all this I have somewhat anticipated the time of my own story. The same political scurrility, unmerited opprobrium, and vulgar epithets which hailed the prisoners at Barnet, greeted those with whom I marched, as we proceeded towards Chester ; and my uniform, which I wore as an officer of the Irish brigade, a uniform which had nothing Scotch about it, and was unknown to the English, alone saved me from severe and muddy marks of popular ill-will to the unfortunate, especially as we traversed the mining districts about Wigan, in the streets of which I saw more than one of the disarmed and pinioned Highlanders beaten to the earth, bleeding and senseless, under the storm of missiles thrown among them. My heart swelled within me at these wanton atrocities, when I remembered how gentle and conciliating had been the conduct of these poor mountaineers during their march through England ; and I had ever but one thought in my heart—one wish unuttered on my lips—

“Oh for a few of the old brigade here, to scatter these red-coats and this mob of *canaille* !”

Though that red-coat was inseparably connected with the military glory of England, I could not but view it with hostility, and had sympathy for nothing but my vanquished comrades and King James's hopeless cause.

“Rebels ! Tories ! Jacobites !” everywhere rang in our ears. “Down with the Scotch Stuarts—no warming-pan king !”

I generally rode beside my friend Captain Jasper Clayton, who was now mounted on a fine black horse, which, by the white star on its forehead, I knew had belonged to the Hollywood stud, but had become the Captain's lawful property as a prize taken in war, when farmer Becket's son, whom we had improvised into a trooper, had fallen, shot from its back in a scuffle with the Scots. I found that

Clayton, with a great deal of military inflexibility, was a well-read man, a scholar, and a pleasant fellow ; but we had many irritating arguments about the cause which had gained me the honour of his acquaintance, and the defeat of which had rendered me more than usually fretful and bilious on the subject. He was morally, politically, and decidedly averse to the house of Stuart, as all his sympathies, with his sword, were enlisted in the cause of their adversaries, whom I, from childhood, had been taught to consider as usurpers and rebels. When I sought to influence his patriotism, by saying that no true Englishman should stoop to the yoke of a foreign king—

“Patriotism !” he exclaimed ; “clap-trap ! it is now the rubbish by which knaves gain place and power, and by which the player delights the eighteenpenny gallery at old Drury.”

“Well, well, sir,” said I, concluding a long and rather hot discussion, as we drew near the familiar spire of Warrington, “I have but one argument left : ere long we shall all be in the field again ; for whatever brave men and gentlemen of spirit can do, the followers of the king will accomplish ; and the earl of Mar must prove victorious, unless God is against him.”

“Which is not improbable,” replied the captain.

“If Brigadier MacIntosh, with a few hundred Highlanders, dared to march from the Borders to Preston (one hundred and fifty miles into England), what may not the earl of Mar, with twelve thousand such men, achieve ?”

“Great things, I doubt not ; but Argyle, the king’s general, has many of the Whig clans in his army—and hark ! what are the bells in yonder steeple all in full peal about ?”

“The landing of King James in England, perhaps,” said I, with a heart that quickened, as loud hurrahs greeted the appearance of the disarmed prisoners in the narrow market-place at Warrington, which was surrounded by quaint old timber houses ; and I saw the bayonets of the double line of escort swaying to and fro in our front, as the mob pressed upon them.

“You are vainly deceiving yourself, sir,” said Captain Clayton, returning to me, after having ridden forward to



make inquiries ; “ a great battle has been fought in Scotland——”

“ Between the earl of Mar and the elector’s lieutenant-general the duke of Argyle ? ”

“ Yes—at a place called the Sheriffmuir, near Dunblane.”

“ And the result ? ” I breathlessly inquired.

“ The retreat of Mar, and flight of the chevalier from Scotland.”

“ Retreat ! and flight ! ”

“ With the total dispersion of his clans. I regret,” said Clayton kindly, “ to be the bearer of evil tidings to one who can so ill afford to bear them. The left wing of each army was swept off the field by the adverse Highlanders, who were on the respective right wings, and whose furious charge made both lines wheel, as it were, upon their centre. Many brave nobles and officers have fallen on both sides. One circumstance is undoubted, that the insurgent Highlanders are retiring into their mountain fastnesses ; thus, sir, the cause of your king is gone for ever, and the fate of your titled comrades is—sealed.”

I felt bitterly the truth of this, and the placards headed “ Glorious News—Defeat of the Rebels ! ” everywhere met my eye, while the yells of the crowd, and the jangle of the bells, made my heart grow wild with indignation. An impertinent person, on perceiving that I was an officer of the defeated force, thrust into my hand one of the broadsheets printed by the elector’s government. It ran thus, and is a fair specimen of thousands that were circulated throughout Britain :—

“ Hue and cry after the Pretender ! Whereas, one James Stuart, *alias* Chevalier, *alias* Pretender, *alias* King, neither Cæsar nor Nullus ; neither a man nor a mouse ; neither a man’s man, nor a woman’s man, nor a great man ; neither Englishman nor Frenchman, but, mongrelion between both ; neither soldier, sailor, nor cardinal ; without father or mother, friend or foe ; without foresight, aftersight, brains, or bravery, without house or home ; made in the figure of a man, but just alive, hath clandestinely eloped from his friends through a back door, and has not been heard of since ; *whereas*, the said *alias* pretended to come here to watch and fight, to bring men and money with him, to train an army

and march at its head, to fight battles and besiege towns ; but in reality did none of these, but skulked and whined, and having smelled gunpowder, dreamed of an enemy, burnt the country and ran away by the light of it——”

I had read thus far, when Clayton snatched the paper from my hand and tore it to pieces.

“Captain,” said I, “what is the source of this indignation, which is rather remarkable in *you* !”

“Impulse, my dear fellow—impulse,” he replied. “I feel only contempt for those who would condescend to emit such scurrilous trash upon the downfall of an unfortunate prince in whose veins mingle the blood of all the royal races in Europe !”

For more than an hour after this I rode in silence, sunk in the deepest dejection—in solemn, sorrowful, and intense thought. In this time we had crossed the Mersey at Warrington Bridge, and memory went back to that heart-stirring night when, with the gallant and stately Sir Lennard Arden, stout Will Lutterel, and our brave little troop, we rode through Warrington, singing with our souls full of hope and ardour, a merry old song of the cavalier days. Their voices, their faces, and their bearing on that eventful night, came all vividly before me, and I gazed wistfully and sadly towards the brown leafless coppice, amid which the gilt vanes of Hollywood Hall were glittering in the sunshine, about two miles distant.

I asked Clayton if he thought that on his recommendation Colonel Ingoldsby, of Stanhope’s dragoons, who commanded the whole party, would grant me leave to visit the hall.

“I have dear friends there, whom I am longing to see,” said I ; “friends whose nearest and dearest kindred died at the barricades of Preston.”

“Do not risk the mortification of a refusal,” said he ; “for this Ingoldsby is somewhat of a bear at times. I served with him at the siege of Cadiz.”

I sighed and rode on, yet as we traversed Latchford and Wilderspools Causeway, across the marshes, I gazed back again and again, with longing eyes and wishful heart, where, beyond the oakwoods that shrouded the banks of the Mersey, the quaint turrets and shining vanes of the hall were still visible. Lucy was *there*, and my whole soul was filled with

intense anxiety to see and to speak with her. I now related to Clayton the manner in which I had been so repeatedly wronged by Mr. Willoughby ; and, like a frank soldier, he offered to give me every assistance in calling that person to a severe account on our reaching Chester."

"At the same time," said he, "as the eyes of our government are, I understand, upon *you* in particular, I would recommend you to lose no time in leaving England."

"And forfeit my *parole*!"

"No—I mean not that ; but——"

"What mean you by the ministry having their eyes on me in particular?"

"I have two sufficient reasons. That affair of Inspruck, by which the matrimonial and political projects of his present majesty on the princess Clementina were so skilfully baffled by you, and by which the Pretender——"

"Captain Clayton!"

"Excuse me—the Chevalier de St. George obtained the hand of the richest heiress in Europe. This is a service *against* himself which King George is likely to remember with some bitterness—for the princess is beautiful, and possesses that which is of more importance than beauty to our illustrious Brunswicker—a vast fortune. Moreover, it is known that you were the emissary——"

"Please to say *envoy*, if it be quite the same to you."

"Well—the *envoy*, charged with letters to the lords and gentlemen who rose in England, and with Mr. Forster's commission as general over them."

"All this is quite true ; but what then?"

"I am not without fear that the government may visit these remarkable and ably-performed services with some severity upon you."

"I am an officer," said I, "and bear the commission of his majesty Louis XV"

"So does old brigadier MacIntosh ; yet you saw him chained like a felon, and under orders for Newgate."

The suspicions of the captain—suspicions which future events amply verified—made me sufficiently uncomfortable and thoughtful at the time.

"But as to calling out this rascal, who has so vilely misused you, and betrayed his comrades and their cause ; that

would be my first impulse," resumed the captain, using his favourite phrase; "and it must be done, though I do not approve of duelling. Zounds! no—I have seen too much of it in my time!"

"It is contrary to the rules of your service."

"So is gambling—yet we rattle the dice in tent and barrack, for all that! In the late Queen Anne's wars, in the line we had a set of fellows who were called *triers* and *provers*."

"Strange terms!" said I.

"Their conduct was quite as strange," replied Clayton, who seemed in a very conversational mood. "On a young officer joining his regiment, one of these fellows was sure to pick a quarrel with him, whether with or without a cause mattered not. A duel followed, of course; and if the *new-come* acquitted himself with honour, he passed the rest of his days in peace; but if, as I have seen, the new-fledged ensign was a raw boy from school, and whose ideas of the nice punctilios of honour were vague, and he failed to resent severely the wanton insult of the regimental bully, he was hunted out of the service—by which her Majesty and the country lost many a good officer and faithful servant. Such fellows were always tyrants over their men. When I belonged to the 15th regiment (old Sir James Leslie's foot), in the Flanders campaign, our major—who had been a famous *prover* in his youth, and tyrant in maturity—commanded us (for we had but a nominal colonel, whom we had never seen). Like me, the major acted on impulse; but unfortunately his impulses were always bad: he flogged and battooned the soldiers for trifles—such as wearing their cocked hats on the left side instead of the right; for having their queues awry, or the most trivial dereliction connected with the niceties of flour puffs, blackball, and pipeclay, when we were in all the mud and misery of trenches and bivouacs in winter, till the men were wellnigh driven mad, and there was scarcely a private in the regiment who had not ridden the mare, run the gauntlet, or been paraded at the halberts. On that famous 13th of August, 1704, when we fought the French and Bavarians under the marshals Tallard and Marsin, at Blenheim, *ours* was one of the few British regiments that attacked the village, which was defended by twenty-

seven battalions of foot, and twelve squadrons of horse, within a pallisadoed entrenchment. It was hard work ; and, believe me, the poor fellows of the first column fell fast enough—they covered all the slope of the glacis of the place, lying endlong over each other, like fish emptied from a net. The 15th were then ordered to advance. Our major still commanded, for the colonel was absent—in fact, that gallant officer was almost a myth, not yet having left his mother's nursery, nor exchanged his petticoat for a pair of breeches. As we advanced under fire, a fear of retribution so strongly possessed our bullying field-officer, that—can you imagine it, sir?—he came in front of the line, and, raising his cocked hat, exclaimed,—

“ ‘Comrades of the 15th!——’

“ ‘Oho ! we are *comrades* to-day,’ I heard the men muttering.

“ ‘Comrades of the 15th ! I have been much to blame for many things during my command. I know that many among you hate me, and I have but one request to make of God,—that if I fall to-day, it may be by the hands of the enemy, and not by one of *you* ; and I assure you all, gentlemen and comrades, that if I survive this battle of Blenheim, I will be a changed man, and such you shall find me.’

“ I was close to him when he made this humiliating appeal, and saw that the poor man's face was as white as my shoulder-belt.

“ ‘March on, major !’ exclaimed an old grenadier, whom he had flogged but recently for being five minutes late from parade ; ‘the French are before us, and we have other things to think of than your misdeeds.’

“ The brave fellows of the 15th advanced like heroes to the assault. I was captain of the Grenadiers (this was *eleven* years ago, and, alas ! I am a captain *still*). We carried the place triumphantly ; and the French, after discharging all their muskets in the air, surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ cried our major, waving his hat, ‘hurrah ! the day's our own—the day's our own !’

“ At that moment a ball pierced his brain, and he fell dead close by me ! I turned him over and looked at the wound ; but whether he died by the hand of a Frenchman, or by one

of the old 15th, we never knew ; we could only hope it was by the former. To return to the subject which led me into these recollections of other days—in your quarrel with Mr. Willoughby, be assured that you may in all things command me.”

“ A thousand thanks, dear sir.”

At Frodsham we halted for the night. The prisoners were placed in a field near the Weever, and enclosed there by a chain of sentinels, whose orders were to shoot down all who might attempt to escape. Captain Clayton and I bivouacked at the foot of a tree, where we shared fraternally the contents of our canteens together. Captain Gastrell and a few officers of Stanhope's dragoons joined us, and between drinking, dozing, and chatting, we contrived to pass the first hours of the night pleasantly enough ; but still I could not keep down longings and bitter reflections, though the frowns of fortune were nothing new to me.

Bred in camps and fields, a career of hardship and bloodshed had been mine : a child without infancy, a boy without youth,—with the experiences of a lifetime compressed into a year or two.

I strove to sleep ; but our lost cause, the captured and the fallen, Sir Lennard, Lucy, Willoughby, and Thorley,—all hovered like phantoms before me ; till I muffled my head in my *rocquelaure*, and reclining against the knotty roots of the old elm tree, sought to shut out sound as well as thought.

At last I slept.

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## CHAPTER LXVII.

### STANHOPE'S DRAGOONS.

In my dreams, the late struggle at Preston came before me again : the clamour of the strife and of the slaughter of the barricades rang in my ears ; again I saw Sir Lennard fall by my side, and heard the brave sons of Hepburn calling on each other for succour, as they bit the dust in succession before the volleying carbines ;—but not falling unavenged, for these cavaliers slew nearly twenty of the enemy before the last

was shot down. Then the scene changed. I was wandering on, on and onward still, through the interminable corridors of a vast and silent mansion, where the melancholy gloom and stillness were oppressive. Then I was lying on a couch, weary and exhausted; kind hands were smoothing my pillow, for Lucy Arden was hanging over me; I heard her whispering voice; I felt her tears falling hotly on my cheek; and then a kiss—a kiss so palpable that I started, and awoke to find—a pretty little mouth suddenly withdrawing from mine!

Two clear dark eyes were fixed on me, and with an exclamation of surprise, I recognized Anna, the ballad-singer. I sprang up from my resting-place under the elm. Moonlight was beaming on the Overton hills, and silvering the waters of the Mersey and the countless pools that glimmered in Frodsham Marsh. The sentinels were resting drowsily on their arms, and the bivouac was buried in the silence of night, obscurity, and slumber.

"Anna!" I exclaimed, and caught her hand—but, tremblingly and hurriedly she withdrew it; "how came you here?"

"I have been following you from Warrington."

"Following *me*?"

"Yes, Mr. Errington, with an anxious heart and trembling limbs."

"You knew I was a prisoner, Anna?"

"Yes."

"Poor dear girl," said I, moved to momentary tenderness, "I know not how to repay these misplaced emotions and this unfortunate regard."

"One of the Hollywood men, who escaped from Preston, told me you were with those who were taken to Chester," said she hurriedly.

"And how did you pass the sentinels here?"

"By singing my old song of the '*Hollow Drum*'—for soldiers are always kind to me."

"How good all this is of you, dear Anna," said I, taking her hand once more, and endeavouring to draw her apart from my slumbering companions; "but—but this most flattering regard for me is so futile—so unavailing."

"Do not misunderstand me, sir," said she, in a husky voice; "I came to speak of Miss Arden."

"Of Lucy—you?"

"Yes—for perhaps at this hour—yea, ere this, she may be in great peril."

"How—how? speak!" said I, impetuously; "I do not understand you!"

"On this very night, the Broken-cross Gang, led by Samuel Thorley, mean to attack and plunder the old Hall, while the squire proposes to carry off Miss Arden in the confusion. Oh, it is a deep-laid scheme!"

"This night!—and you tell of it only now!"

"How could I tell you of it sooner?" she asked, in a plaintive voice.

"True, my dear girl, true. This night—and I am a prisoner! But how knew you of all this?"

"I heard the plot at the Three Talbots, between Thorley and the squire, who is now residing at the Hall, and hopes, by a display of pretended valour in saving the young heiress, to gain her gratitude—perhaps her love, while the plunder of the old Hall is to be the prize for which Thorley will yield up certain papers connected with the past life of the squire."

"Papers, said you?"

"Yes; which he found in a gaming-house in London; they relate to certain coinings and forgeries."

"Heavens! I shall go distracted. If I were at the Hall now, even single-handed——"

"One against a hundred, and an heiress for a prize!"

"How, an heiress?"

"I heard the squire tell Thorley that before the rebellion commenced, Sir Lennard, by a will, or some such document, had made over all he possessed to his Cousin Lucy and to Lady Winifred, and this deed, duly framed by a notary in Chester, is preserved in the Charter-room at Hollywood."

"You are certain, girl, that you heard the squire say all this?"

"At the Three Talbots, I repeat, when conferring with Thorley. I was in the room above them—have you forgotten the night we were in that room together?"



"No, dear Anna ; I shall never forget all I heard in that room. Thorley is your kinsman ?"

"Alas ! yes."

"Had he ever a brother ?"

"Yes ; but he was stolen, or alleged to be stolen, when a child, by gipsies from one of the gates of Chester."

"Can this shameful relationship, real or imaginary, be the secret he holds in derision over me ?" I asked of myself ; "oh that I were again far away from all these scenes of doubt, defeat, and trouble—once again with the light hearts of the old brigade in France, or that I had never seen the shores of England !—but, Lucy Arden ! Then I should never have known, or loved, or lost her !"

At that moment we heard a distant church-clock striking.

"Hark !" said Anna, while her eyes kindled ; "eleven is ringing in the spire of Frodsham Church, and already the gang will be drawing near the Hall."

"At what hour is the attack ?"

"Midnight."

"An hour hence !" I exclaimed, with hope ; "then we may save the Ardens yet !"

"It was with that expectation I followed you hither from Warrington, where the gang are to meet in the ruins of the old priory near the bridge."

I immediately sought Captain Clayton, whom I found reposing under a hedge, muffled in his military *capote*. On rousing him, he awoke with all his faculties clear, like a true veteran, to whom all hours and circumstances are alike. I related all that Anna had told me, of the danger which menaced the Hollywood family from a gang of ruffians who had resolved to make the most of the present tumultuous time.

"Such proceedings can never be permitted," said he ; "and if the girl's information be true——"

"For Heaven's sake, do not doubt—Mr. Errington will vouch for me !" said Anna, clasping her hands so appealingly that the officer believed her at once.

"Then let us seek old Ingoldsby, the colonel of Stanhope's dragoons : but he is a difficult fellow to manage."

We found that officer, with several others, seated under the shelter of a haystack, with a lighted stable lantern in

the midst of them : around it glittered several wine-bottles, and most of these being now empty, the colonel and his companions were in a high state of fun and inefficiency.

"Well, Captain Clayton ; what would you have me to do ?" asked the cavalry officer, who was as flushed as two bottles of port could make him, and with difficulty understood what we related.

"Do ! I would have you to mount, colonel, and ride to the rescue ; such would be my first impulse," exclaimed Clayton.

"But our devils of rebels here ?"

"Leave them under a sufficient guard. Excuse me in saying this, colonel, for I do not presume to dictate ; but consider the urgency of the affair,—a loyal old lady——"

"Whose son fell in charging us at Preston ; a great example of loyalty that !" said a young officer.

"But whose husband led the line of battle for the king at Sedgemoor," I added, with asperity.

"For a Stuart king !" continued the cornet, contemptuously.

"I was a subaltern of horse at Sedgemoor," grumbled the half-tipsy colonel, "but do not see why I should deviate from the direct line—no sir," he continued, rolling his head from side to side, "I don't see why I should de-deviate from the direct line of my duty, to prevent the house of a rebel from being burned about an old woman's ears. The man is dead, and a smaller house than his old hall will suit him now ; and if he lived, we should probably hang him ; so it would come to the same thing in the end. Come, captain, take another glass of port, and have no more bother on the subject."

"But Lady Winifrid," urged the captain, "a loyal old lady, who was formerly *dame-d'honneur* to a queen of England."

"Old women," lisped the cornet, "are only fit to be tied to a post for ball practice."

"The old lady your mother, for instance," said the captain, angrily : "but there is a young lady too."

"Ah—the deuce—a young one ! that alters the affair entirely," said several officers, looking up and laughing.

"And how name you the venerable dame who is the object of such interest?" asked the colonel, pettishly.

"Lady Winifrid Arden," said I.

"Arden—what! the widow of old Humphry Arden, the fat baronet who commanded a regiment of horse at Sedgemoor?"

"The same, colonel," said I.

"Egad, gentlemen!" said the colonel, staggering up; "I must have been very drunk not to remember all this before. She was the first woman I ever loved. Though it is a deuced old story now—ay, thirty years past; her name comes back like on old song to my ear. Order Captain Gastrell's troop number one to mount and depart at once; but who will guide them to Hollywood?"

"That will I do, readily, colonel," said I.

"But you forget that you are a prisoner, sir."

"A prisoner, it is true; but I am an officer with permission to retain my sword and epaulettes, being in the service of King Louis."

"Umph! I like better to see his uniform opposite than beside me. Are you going with this party, Clayton?"

"With your permission, colonel, I will, and shall also pledge my word for the return of Mr. Errington before you march from this."

"Very well—he may go, then."

"Thanks, colonel," said I; "and to you, Clayton, my deepest gratitude."

"Take my horse, Clayton, but be careful; he cost me ninety guineas," said Colonel Ingoldsby.

While this was passing, the soldiers of the roused bivouac had gathered round Anna, and urged her to finish the song by which she had gained entrance among them. It was from the "Mountaineers," and I only remember one verse, but her voice trembled and died away as she sang—

"When the hollow drum has beat to bed,  
And the little fifer hangs his head,  
All still and mute,  
The Moorish flute,  
And nodding guards watch wearilie;  
Oh then let me,  
From prison free,  
March out by moonlight cheerilie."

"Now, my lads," said Colonel Ingoldsby, "number one troop—are all you fellows mounted—quick—cover, cover to to the rear."

"All ready, colonel," replied Captain Gastrell, lowering his sword in salute, as the troop, muffled in their cloaks, formed line.

"Draw swords—threes right—forward, march!" were the commands rapidly given and as rapidly obeyed, as sixty long straight swords flashed back the beams of the moon, and the troop, wheeling into sections, moved in a dark mass out of the bivouac.

"Press on at a gallop," cried the colonel, who was now sober; "use your discretion with these rogues; Mr. Errington will guide you, and when you see Lady Winifred, give her my compliments; Dick Ingoldsby's compliments—of Stanhope's dragoons, and say he has not forgotten the days when he carried her Bologna pug-dog at Bristol Wells, and rode at Sedgemoor with a fontange of her ribbons pinned as an epaulet on his shoulder."

In the excitement of the time, I had almost forgotten the existence of poor Anna, who, after her song, had shrunk aside, and sat in tears on the bank of a hedgerow.

"Adieu, Anna," said I kindly; "think well of me, dear girl, for I can never be insensible to merit so great, or love such as yours."

"Oh," she said with a shudder, "better let me die than love you!"

In a moment more I had left her, and we were all galloping along the roadway which led to Stockton Heath. As I spurred by the side of Gastrell's troopers, I could not but reflect on the strange chances of war and life; for now I was riding as a comrade with those among whose ranks I had so recently been hewing with my sword.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

## THE GANG.

THE moon waned as we passed old Walton Hall, and at a rapid trot debouched upon the open heath that lay between it and the Mersey.

"Push on, sirs," said I to the dragoons, "or we may be too late for Thorley and his rascals."

"Use your spurs, my lads," added the captain of the troop, in a voice of authority; adding to me, "Sir, I command here."

"Excuse me," said I, "and let my anxiety plead."

"A fellow such as this Thorley, who in cold blood murdered the wounded baronet, should certainly be laid by the heels without delay," said Clayton.

"I covered him with my pistol ten minutes after the deed, and yet spared him," said I.

"I wish your philanthropy had been with the devil," grumbled the captain of cavalry, who was almost breathless by the speed at which we rode; "for then we had been spared this night's march to Hollywood."

"True," added Clayton, with astonishment; "why the deuce did you not pistol him? Human life was cheap enough during those three days at Preston!"

I could only utter a bitter sigh, for the terrible exclamation of Thorley—the revelation which paralyzed my arm and stayed the death-shot, yet tingled in my ears.

"On, on, gentlemen," said I; "this night may solve more than one mystery."

"And whereabout does this old hall of Hollywood lie?" asked Captain Gastrell, as the arches of Wilderspool causeway rang beneath the hoofs of our galloping troop.

"To our right, among yonder trees," said I.

"Beyond the marshes—good; then here is Latchford, and we wheel off to the right."

The causeway was now left behind, and we traversed a narrow lane, where the grass and the leaves of the past

summer muffled the sound of our approach ; and now the quaint outline, the turrets, the huge vanes, and the ancient tower of Hollywood were visible. Suddenly we heard three explosions of firearms in the park, and then the rush of the terrified deer as they fled across the glade ; then came the mingled shouts of several voices, and a red light began to brighten the fantastic features of the mansion and light up the dewy trees.

"The attack has begun!" exclaimed several of our troopers, whose enthusiasm rose with the sounds of strife so close at hand.

"The villains have fired the old hall!" said I.

"Where is the park-gate?" demanded Gastrell.

"Here—here!"

The same avenue from which I had last issued with Sir Lennard, when we rode for the Borders, was reached, and in a moment more the whole troop were traversing the soft sward of the lawn, and forming line from the rear as they advanced. The crash of glass, as windows were broken by stones and other missiles ; the occasional report of a pistol and the din of hammers and levers on the old oak door in the porch, with the cheers of the desperadoes who surrounded the mansion, were now distinctly heard, while their dark figures were visible in the light of the flambeaux borne by several ; and by the blaze of some of the lower buildings in the now almost deserted stable-yard, to which, from their contents, such as straw, hay, and fuel, fire had easily been applied. Finding that the solid oak and iron bars of the great door defied alike their sledge-hammers and iron crowbars, they substituted a huge log of timber, which was dashed endlong against it by the united strength of twenty men ; but still the ancient barrier, in its socket of solid stone, resisted bravely for a time. The flash of a pistol from the upper windows, evinced that the butler, a bluff old yeoman, who had served under Sir Humphry at Sedge-moor, and other inmates of the Hall (perhaps the proud Lady Winny herself), were acting on the defensive ; but more than once the shrill cry of a female voice made me think of Willoughby's plot and Thorley's vengeance, and I writhed in my saddle with anxiety and terror for Lucy Arden.

In the gloom of the now moonless night, the dragoons were formed among the trees, or rather under their shadow, while the Broken-cross Gang, whose figures we could see moving to and fro in dark outline on the paved terrace, were so intent on the assault, and prospect of uninterrupted sack and plunder when the barriers were forced, that they never thought of casting a glance to their rear.

The terrace in front of the hall was reached by three flights of steps ; but at each end of the plateau was a grassy slope, which descended like the glacis of a rampart to the level of the park. I indicated these means of approach to Captain Gastrell, who immediately formed the troops into two sub-divisions, with orders to encircle the hall, to ascend the terrace, and put to the sword all who might be there ; for this officer was a Cheshireman, and knew well the lawless character of the people he was to attack. The sub-divisions which approached the hall on its flanks had advanced from a trot to half-racing speed, before the rush of hoofs on the soft grassy sward rang above the clamorous cheers of the ruffians who were gathered about the porch, and had actually dashed in the door, which at last had yielded, rent and fallen in pieces before their battering-ram ; when we burst upon the terrace, where, separating to the right and left, the dragoons encircled the whole building, riding over the mob of lawless desperadoes, and cutting them down on the right and left without mercy or compunction.

There was a confused rush : a shout of dismay on one side ; a loud hurrah on the other ; a sharp ringing of iron hoofs on the pavement of the terrace ; a flashing of swords in the glare of the burning stables, and of the flambeaux which had been flung aside to flare and sputter among the grass ; then came cries of astonishment and joy from the upper windows,—cries which, however, were lost or drowned in the shrieks of terror and agony below,—and *then* all was over.

The attack and total rout did not last a minute ! The terrace was swept of all, save a dozen of dead or dying men of the gang, while the dragoons, with cheers and laughter, were galloping over the level lawn in pursuit of the fugitives.

## CHAPTER LXIX.

## CALUMNY.

DISMOUNTING at the shattered porch unseen, I entered the once familiar house—familiar to me at least by nearly a three months' residence, and sought the old dining-hall, where many lamps and candles, all of which had been lighted in various chambers on the first alarm of the attack, were burning on the tables and buffets. At the upper end were two persons—a gentleman half supporting a lady, who reclined on his left arm and shoulder. In his right hand I saw the blade of a drawn sword glittering. On approaching, my first impulse was to draw mine, when recognizing Willoughby, and in his companion, Lucy Arden. She was attired in a long and loose dressing-robe of fine scarlet cloth, edged with white fur, and her beautiful dark hair hung unbound in one thick volume over her back and *his* shoulder.

On my advancing, she gazed at me with an expression of mingled grief and terror. A motion to approach me was arrested by Willoughby; then waving her white hand and arm, with a gesture so much as to say, 'Leave me,' she turned her face away.

"Lucy—Miss Arden," said I; "have fear or grief bewildered you? 'Tis I—Errington; look on me—hear me! After all I have dared and done since we parted—after all I have suffered from the treachery of that base wretch, whose touch degrades you, is it thus we meet again?"

I attempted to take her hand, but Willoughby, rendered furious by spite and jealousy, interposed his bare blade threateningly before me, and I dashed it aside with mine, and with such fury that I am assured his sword-arm tingled to the shoulder.

"Mr. Willoughby," said I, returning my weapon to its sheath, "do not tempt me to attack you before a lady; and I insist that, if you be a man, you return your sword to its scabbard."



"Leave us, Miss Arden," said he, rapidly obeying my request, for he seldom seemed at ease with a sword in his hand; "leave us; all danger is past—there will be no occasion for your quitting the hall to-night, as I first suggested, so pray return to your chamber, and remember all I have said, and all I have promised. I shall talk alone with this man, Errington."

"Oh! Lucy, stay," I exclaimed; "bound as our hearts are together——"

"Bound—by what?" interrupted the squire; "a cord or a chain? Your insolent fancy, sir, alone binds you to her."

"Silence," I muttered; "silence, Willoughby, and tempt me not to kill you before her face!"

My voice and manner awed him, and for a time he shrank aside.

"Oh, Mr. Errington!" said Lucy in a broken voice; "from all I have heard and now know, you never loved me."

"Never loved you!"

"Not, at least, as I would desire to be loved. Your passion was a chimera, or less—the whim of a day; but what more could I expect—I a simple country girl—from you, a man of the world, a French officer, to whom the great game of busy life, as played in camp, and court, and city, was so familiar?—but all is at an end between us now."

"Lucy!"

"And thank Heaven, we shall meet no more!"

"Explain to me—hear me—I am bewildered."

"Your sentiments—your passion, sir," she continued, becoming more calm, "have all been the contemptible caprice of a day, and I, for a time, their victim. Farewell! may I forget you, as readily as I fear you will cease to remember me."

"What insanity is this?" I exclaimed; "believe me, I am all unchanged, Lucy, I have a heart——"

"Perhaps so," she resumed, interrupting me with the same assumed coldness of manner; "but why carry into mine the sorrow, the ravage some wicked woman may have made in yours? Farewell, I say again," she added, melting into tears, and in a touching voice; "I weep for you, ungrateful! for you, in thinking of whom I for a time had forgotten even the misery of my only relation on earth, the death of her son."

the impending ruin of our house—*ay*, Harrington, almost God himself in loving you !”

I was so overwhelmed by all this, that I was speechless ; the language of the eyes and of the heart were alike lost to me, and before I could recover from my bewilderment, Lucy had covered her face with her hands and left the hall—yet, ere going, she lingered a moment at the door, and giving me a glance of silent agony, rushed away. Her absence broke the spell that bound me. I turned, boiling with fury, to Willoughby, whom I doubted not to be the author of all this mystery, which then I could not fathom. He grew deadly pale and made an involuntary step backward as I approached him.

“So—so, sir,” said I ; “it would seem that we were just in time to mar your pretty plot, and render futile your pretended display of courage and chivalry.”

“I do not understand you, sirrah !” he exclaimed ; once more drawing his sword with an air of terrible bravado, for at that moment Lady Winifred, Chatty Leigh, Sir Harry, and Captain Gastrell, of Stanhope’s dragoons, entered the dining-hall together, and he felt assured that no fighting would be permitted. “Draw, sir—draw ! I do not understand you, fellow, nor what purpose brings you here. I am in the commission of the peace for the county of Cheshire, and do not recognize the uniform you wear. Were you one of the rascals who assailed the hall to-night ? It is extremely probable, being, as we all know, one of the outlawed rebels who fought the king’s troops at Preston.”

“Lady Arden,” said I, holding out both hands to my once kind old friend ; “why am I received thus coldly ? I, who am charged with the last words and wishes of your dear son, Sir Lennard, who was murdered at the instigation of a villain yet to be unmasked, and whom, with my own hands, I interred in Preston Church—speak to me, dear lady, speak !”

Instead of replying, Lady Winifred sank into a chair and covered her face with a handkerchief ; while Chatty Leigh bent soothingly over her. Sir Harry shook his clenched hand, and surveyed me with a savage grimace from the curly depths of his huge periwig, and Clayton and the dragoon officer exchanged glances of surprise. But though half-

paralysed by anger, stupefaction, and dismay, I resolved, if possible, to unravel the affair at once.

"Mr. Willoughby," said I, through my clenched teeth, "I presume that the changed manner of Miss Arden and her friends towards me is attributable to your intrigues?"

"To your own, rather," replied the squire, loftily, while feeling the edge of his sword with his finger.

"To mine, said you?"

"Yes."

"Sirrah, explain yourself, or zounds!——"

"No blustering here, zirrah," interposed Sir Harry Leigh, "or, by cogsbones, I'll lay you by the heels in a trice—I will! None o' your voreign tricks—we have had enow of 'em at Preston."

"You know a girl named Anna Smith?" asked Willoughby, with contemptuous blandness and assumed composure of manner.

"I do know her—and what then?"

"You hear the admission, ladies and gentlemen: a singer of ballads—a tramper and vagabond."

"I deny that the poor girl is either of the last; and it is to her happy intelligence that you owe the pleasure of my visit here to-night, with a troop of (I could not say *the king's*) the government cavalry to rescue Hollywood."

"To *her* tidings—d—nation!" muttered the squire, under his breath, while his eyes sparkled with anger.

"Well, sir."

"Do you imagine, Mr. Errington, *as you call yourself*, that your *liaison* with a humble girl like this Anna could long elude the observation of Miss Arden and her friends—a *liaison* formed amid all your vows and protestations to herself? No, sir. She and her whole family circle know it all, for the girl, in person, confessed her secret meetings with you, and her passion for you to, Miss Lucy, to Lady Winifred, and to myself, on the very spot where you now stand, not two days ago."

"Confessed—impossible!" said I.

"Yes, all—that you already know too well."

"All this is false as hell! I swear it, gentlemen, by my honour," I exclaimed; "I swear it by my cross of St. Louis!"

"Cogsbones ! come, come ; master, none o' your voreign papistry here," said Sir Harry, lifting his cane.

"Is it false," resumed Willoughby triumphantly, raising his voice,—“is it false that, like a common bully, you fought for her with Thorley in the public street, before the King's Head, at Chester, when the landlord's written evidence proves that you did ? Is it false that you bore her from me on Stockton Heath, one night, when I was simply conversing with her ? Is it false that she remained till morning in your chamber at the Three Talbots, when she confessed to the landlord and others, whose written evidence we also possess, that she did ? Is it false that you had a solemn leave-taking with her on the night you quitted Hollywood with Sir Lennard ? that there you embraced and kissed her, and left her senseless on the grass at the private gate of the park, when we have incontestable evidence that you did ?”

"I will zwear to that," said Sir Harry, "vor I zaw 'em myzself, as I ztood under a helm-tree close by ; but at the time I thought 'um none the worze for buzzing of a pretty wench—not I,—zshould ha' done so myzself if I had the luck."

"So you see, my good friend, Mr. Errington, *alias* a lieutenant in the Irish brigade, *alias* major and chief of the staff to General Forster, that when all the clauses of this case are put together, even so lenient a judge as Miss Arden finds herself compelled to pass a severe judgment upon you, and withdraw her friendship from you for ever."

I strove to command my emotions to meet this most subtly-woven tale, which had so much of truth in its texture as to be exceedingly difficult of denial, and extremely dangerous too.

"Oh, yez," continued Sir Harry, shaking his preposterous peruke, "I zaw 'um kizz the wench at the helm."

"As a justice of the peace, Sir Harry," said I, "you must long since have learned the danger of wholesale condemnation upon mere circumstantial evidence."

"Cogsbones !—lookie, Vrenchman ?—teach your grandmother to zuck vilberts ; but, pish ! don'tee talk of law to me !" was the gruff reply.

"And now, I tell thee, Richard Willoughby, before these

ladies and gentlemen," said I, choking with fury, "that thou art a liar, a traitor, and a mansworn coward ; and on your body will I prove it now or at any time and place you may appoint."

"Bravo, Errington !" said Clayton, who cared not to see me baited thus ; "and I will stand by you like a brother soldier."

Willoughby grew paler than ever, and lowered the point of his still drawn sword, saying,—

"I cannot fight with an outlaw."

"Gentlemen," said the captain of Stanhope's dragoons, "we soldiers have nothing to do with all this, which appears to be some private quarrel, or family affair ; and so, with the permission of Lady Winifred Arden, I shall depart for Chester with twelve prisoners whom my troop have captured here."

"But after such language used and epithets exchanged, a hostile meeting *must* take place," said Captain Clayton ; "and, moreover, I am resolved that it shall ! Mr. Errington is a gentleman, and by the commission he holds under the king of France, is as much an officer as I ; therefore, if Mr. Willoughby declines to fight him, on political grounds, he can have no objection to cross his sword on mine. I am Jasper Clayton, of Clayton-hurst, in Yorkshire, and senior captain of Sir Charles Hotham's regiment."

"I have no quarrel with *you*, sir," said Willoughby, sullenly, "and beg distinctly to decline."

With these words he abruptly left the dining-hall.

"I believe that fellow to be both a coward and a bully," said the cavalry captain, with a glance of disgust ; "follow, Clayton ! and force him to arrange a meeting. I will delay marching for ten minutes, but shall, meanwhile, get my troop to horse."

Clayton and Gastrell left the hall together, and turning now to Lady Winifred, I took her hands in mine, and said,—

"I swear to you, dear madam, by all that I hold most sacred — by the grave wherein I laid your son [here she pressed my hands kindly], that all these calumnies are false, and can be explained away. Oh, believe them not ! In secret I loved Miss Arden long ; worshipping her even as Petrarch worshipped Laura, in purity and holiness of spirit—

with a love and truth akin to those of angels—a love divested of all that was earthly or sensual—a passion etherealized by the very halo imagination shed around her image, her name, and character; for in my heart of hearts I have enshrined her! Then, is it possible I could stoop to an intrigue so vile as this of which they accuse me? Save enthusiasm in the cause of our exiled king, I had no other thought but for her, to stir my soul. The cause of James is lost; at Preston and Dunblane his banners have gone down in blood; nothing remains to me but Lucy's love, and if that be lost, the future will be a dark and terrible chaos indeed!"

Lady Winifred retained my hand in hers, but answered only by her tears. I turned to Chatty Leigh, in the hope of winning over her; but she heard me with composure—a smiling composure,—which under all the circumstances, bewildered and mortified me.

"Let the wench, my daughter, alone, zirrah, and be off as soon as you may," growled Sir Harry, fixing his keen and wicked little eyes upon me. "Oddsvirkin! you've brought your Pretender's pigs to a vine market at Preston; hey, after all your vighting at home and intriguing abroad."

"When abroad, Sir Harry Leigh, I had the honour to associate with better men than you or the best of your ancestors ever did."

"Oh, indeed! beggarly Scotch lairds and Irish priests, hey."

"No, sir; with the son of James II. of England, and with the daughter of James Sobieski, whose servant and subject I have the honour to be, and in whose antechamber you may one day be but too happy to wait the pardon of your past disloyalty."

"Pish! cogsbones—cursed toad! d—n'e, I shall burst!" exclaimed the fiery little baronet, pirouetting about in a gust of spleen and fury.

"Oh, Chatty, Chatty!" said the old lady; "I knew that evil only was in store for us, when all the crickets disappeared on the night my dear dead son marched for the borders; and they have never since returned. It is an unfailing omen of coming ruin!"

To draw her into conversation and divert her grief, I now

gave her the message of the Lieutenant-colonel of Lord Stanhope's horse.

"Sedgemoor, you say. I was but twenty years old, or less, when that field was fought; and this cornet, who wore my ribbons——"

"Richard Ingoldsby, madam,—now colonel of Stanhope's regiment," said Gastrell, who had just rejoined us.

"Oh, I remember; he was a dangler," said Lady Winifred with a faint smile of gratification,—“a lover, if you will. Ah, me! I had many in those days.”

"Harry Leigh, vor one, madam," added the baronet, with an old-fashioned bow and a leer.

"But I abhorred Ingoldsby after the battle was won."

"A harsh word, madam! rumour says he fought valiantly there," said Gastrell.

"Bravely, indeed; but he it was who found the unhappy and fugitive Monmouth, when hiding in a ditch, on the verge of starvation, with a few dried peas in his pocket, and gave him up to the law,—alas! *even I* cannot call it *justice*."

"And who told you of this, madam?" asked the dragoon.

"Your own father, Captain Gastrell; the present bishop of Chester, and then the poor young cornet's bitter rival."

"Zounds! madam, you were quite a Circe in those days," replied Gastrell, with a very pointed smile to Chatty Leigh.

"I was a zoldier myself long ago, Captain Gastrell," said Sir Harry.

"Yes," added Chatty (who, under any circumstances, could never repress a joke), "my dear papa, at the head of the trained bands, about the year of the Union, when the Scots threatened to invade England, performed as many exploits on the Rood-eye of Chester as ever Jack-the-Giant-Killer did in Cornwall."

"Peace, hussy!" snapped Sir Harry.

"Now, sir," said the dragoon captain, "day is about to break, and we must rejoin our regiment on the road to Chester; or old Ingoldsby will bring us all to the drum-head."

"Adieu, Lady Winifred!" said I, kissing her hand with mingled respect and regard: "for all who come into this world there is a share of sorrow allotted—on some it falls

earlier, on others later in life. It has pleased Heaven to afflict me from my childhood upwards ; thus, sorrow, bitterness, and unmerited humiliation, are old acquaintances of mine. Alas ! madam, they are nothing new, indeed ! But to have one who loved me," I whispered, "one like dear Lucy Arden, was to have a charm lent to existence that I knew not it could possess. Farewell ! your best wish is, that you may never see my face again."

I hurried from the dining-hall, through the painted oriel of which the dawn was stealing, and neither by a glance nor a word did the old lady oppose me. This omission stung me to the soul ; for, at that time, I was not aware that she had swooned, from excess of emotion and previous excitement.

"And now, my friend, about Willoughby?" said I, grasping Clayton's hand as we mounted on the terrace.

"He has actually consented to meet you, with sword and pistol, on the Rood-eye of Chester!" said Clayton, laughing.

"When?"

"At dawn to-morrow."

"If he fails——"

"I swore to pistol him with my own hand. He may deceive you, who are half a stranger among us ; but he dare not play the fool with me."

"I owe you a thousand thanks, dear Clayton," was my reply, as the troop of dragoons broke into sections of three ; and at a trot we quitted Hollywood Park, just as day began to streak the eastern quarter of the sky, and throw forward in black outline the forms of the trees and windmills at the horizon.

After all the scenes I had witnessed of late, I could scarcely realize that I had seen Lucy Arden, and spoken with her, or that it was her voice that lingered in my ear ; for all the events of the past twenty-four hours seemed but a dream—a phantasy !



## CHAPTER LXX.

## ANOTHER CRIME.

ALL was faded now—glory and loyalty, hope and love alike had left me. Before leaving Preston, I had carefully consigned to the flames all letters and papers in my possession, save my French commission and diploma of St. Louis; and now I had no other prospect before me but to slay Willoughby as I might a snake or other reptile, and rejoin my battalion of the Irish brigade (which was then with the combined French and Spanish army, opposed to Count Staremberg), and, like others of that devoted band of exiles, seek food and fame in the van of King Louis' host, while striving to blot from my memory all the events of the last few months. It was with something of sadness, too, as we marched, I surveyed the vast extent of level landscape, with all its fertility, wood and water, deepening in the warm tints of the saffron sunrise; and that I reflected that never more would my eyes rest on this fair England—the England of our Stuart king—the land from whence my sires had sprung,—never more would I breathe its air, or tread its soil, of old historic memory. In the momentary whirl of thought that swept all time and place before it, I had half forgotten Lucy Arden. She was now her cousin's heiress, if his estates were spared, or rather protected by his will, written before we marched towards the north. Could this accession of fortune have influenced her bearing towards me? Or was the change attributable to the wiles of Willoughby alone? These reflections stung me like scorpions' stings, and the hours that must intervene ere he and I could cross our swords upon the morrow seemed as so many ages to me.

We had now left fair Hollywood behind, and with a dozen or more wounded wretches of the Broken-cross Gang securely manacled in pairs, were traversing the long arched causeway which crossed the then dangerous marshes on the left bank of the Mersey, when three dragoons, who formed an advanced guard, and were riding in front with their carbines

unslung, halted, and drew Captain Gastrell's attention to something like the body of a woman that floated in the water by the wayside.

"Some foul deed has been perpetrated here recently," said the officer, pointing to the edge of the causeway, which was covered with blood. "Dismount, a couple of you, and bring that body or bundle of clothes to land."

"There is a man's cap floating in the water close by it," added Clayton.

Two dragoons dismounted and stepped carefully into the marsh, where the water was so deep that it rose above their jack-boots and floated up their square-tailed red coats. One flung the cap upon the causeway at my feet. It was a well-worn headdress of fur, which I had so often seen upon the hideous head of Samuel Thorley, that I had little difficulty in recognizing it.

"My friends," said I, "there will be no trouble in identifying this peculiar cap; I have seen it worn at least twenty times by the rascal who acted as leader in the attack on Hollywood Hall last night."

"You are certain of this?" said Clayton.

"Quite."

"His name?"

"Samuel Thorley."

"Good—here are S.T. cut with a knife on the leather peak of the cap," added the captain of infantry.

At that moment the two dragoons who had reached the body, which was half submerged, uttered exclamations of horror and repugnance.

"How now, my men!—what the deuce is the matter?" asked Gastrell, hurriedly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said one of them, an old veteran who had seen all the war of the Spanish succession; "I served, as you know well, under old Stanhope at Lerida, at Saragossa, at Almenara, and at Penalva, where the rascally Spaniards cut our wounded into pounds' weight; but I never saw a sight like this."

"The poor woman has been literally chopped into mince-meat," added the other soldier.

"Make an effort, my lads, and lift what remains of her up here."

The soldiers, with evident disgust, did as they were commanded, and heaved up the body upon the causeway. The remains proved, by the appearance of the arms and shoulders, which were very white, to be those of a young woman, whose long black hair, matted by blood and water, hung in masses across her face ; but the whole of the fleshy part of her limbs had been cut, gashed, and to all appearance torn away, so that in many parts she was literally reduced to a mere bloody skeleton.

The halted soldiers gazed on this appalling spectacle in silence, or with muttered expressions of dismay.

"My God!" exclaimed the captain of cavalry ; "what a sight is this! This murder must have been the work of a madman, or of a demon!"

"Poor creature!" added Clayton, bending from his saddle ; "lift the hair off her face."

A dragoon did so, gently, with great commiseration, and before I could speak—for my tongue was paralyzed,—some of our prisoners who belonged to the Broken-cross Gang, exclaimed,—

*"It's poor Anna Smith, the ballad-singer!"\**

I was so shocked by this horrible catastrophe, the result, I doubted not, of Thorley's vengeance, that before I had recovered my faculties, or arranged my thoughts sufficiently to relate what I knew, or rather what I surmised of the affair, we had been some miles on our march, after leaving the remains of the unhappy girl with some peasants, who undertook, with all the morbid readiness of the vulgar, to convey them at once to Sir Harry Leigh, as being the nearest justice of the peace. The manner of the girl's death, and her subsequent mutilation, led us to have serious doubts of her destroyer's sanity ; and if he proved to be, as my companions surmised, a furious madman, then farewell, thought I, to all hope of attaining the secret he has boasted so long of possessing. It seemed to me as if I was now doomed to lose at one fell swoop all who loved or cared for me.

The strange beauty, the artless manner, the modesty, and truthfulness of this poor girl, with the futile love and gratitude she had cherished in her timid breast, all came strongly

\* Her death. See notes.

and sadly before me now ; and thus my heart had a new loss to sorrow for—another grief to swell it.

Over the memory of that horrible day I will gladly draw a veil, and hasten to other events, though some of these may be scarcely more cheerful.

We overtook Colonel Ingoldsby with his troops and the poor Jacobite prisoners, some miles beyond Frodsham, and together continued our march to Chester, which we entered on a dreary December evening. The antique streets looked dingy and muddy ; the atmosphere was dense, heavy, oppressive ; and the sombre tints of the winter twilight shed a gloom over all. Across the gray leaden sky snow-flakes were falling aslant ; the castle towers and cathedral spire looked gloomier than ever ; but it would seem as if all Chester had sallied forth to greet and to mock us ; for, preceded by a band of music, playing “ God save great George, our king ! ” and surrounded by a dense crowd, we were marched towards the old castle of the palatines, saluted by volleys of decayed eggs, mud, and heavier missiles, and amid reiterated cries of—

“ No warming-pan king ! ”

“ Up with the Protestant succession and the Protestant religion ! ”

“ Hurrah for the landed interest and liberty of conscience ! ”

“ No popery ; no slavery ; no foreign Scots king ;—so, down with the devil, the pope, and the pretender ! ”

And amid a storm of outcries such as these, the iron gates of the ancient castle of Chester closed upon our rear.

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## CHAPTER LXXI.

### HOW THE SQUIRE FOUGHT THE DUEL.

AFTER a few formalities, a few questions asked by some one in authority, and answered by me, my name and rank in the French service were entered in a book, and I was again at liberty, on parole, to wear my sword and go where-soever I chose. But I passed that night in the old fortress,

with the officers of Stanhope's dragoons, as an excited and somewhat malevolent mob, defiant even of the falling snow, hovered about the gates long after the darkness had closed in.

The drummers were beginning to beat *réveille* in the old castle yard, when Clayton and I, after passing the night asleep on chairs, muffled in *rocquelaures*, took our swords and pistols, and sallied forth to keep our appointment with Willoughby. Fired by the memory of the many deep and bitter wrongs he had done me, I was panting with eagerness to engage one in whom I had embodied the betrayer of the king's cause, the destroyer of Sir Lennard, the blaster of my name and love with Lucy Arden ; and I was quite oblivious of the frosty severity of the December morning, the cold of which was intense. The cold gray dawn was breaking palely in the east, and the castle towers and great cathedral spire of Chester, with many a quaint gable and clustered chimney, stood in black outline against the growing light. Elsewhere the sky was all a cold deep-blue, amid which the last of the stars were fading. Thick white frost, with a coating of snow, covered all the city and the flat country around it ; and between its whitened banks the broad blue river swept slowly past the ancient ramparts on its course towards the sea.

We walked hastily to the Rood-eye, or Island of the Cross, an extensive meadow on the western side of the city, and lying between it and the river, being a place where of old the youth of Chester were wont to practise archery, wrestling, mock fights, and hold the celebration of many a military festival. I had no fear as to the result of our meeting, for perhaps the loss of Miss Arden, or the terms on which I was placed with her, rendered me desperate and totally regardless of life ; thus, I had but one dread—that Willoughby might *not* come.

"The fellow is too malevolent to be brave," said Clayton ; "a coward never forgets an affront, while a brave man may forgive even a deadly wound."

"You are right," said I. "We have a common barrack-room story of Henry IV., in France, to this effect. He was so gallant and generous, that he desired M. de Vitri, captain of his life-guard, to enrol as a soldier the man who had wounded him at the battle of Aumale ; and one day, when

the Maréchal d'Etrées was riding by the royal carriage, Henry pointed to a trooper who rode on the other side, saying, 'See, maréchal, that is the brave fellow who wounded me at the battle of Aumale.'

We were congratulating ourselves on being the first men on the ground, when the report of a pistol drew our attention and our steps to an old ruined building connected with the races, which are annually held on the Rood-eye, and we perceived a man quietly practising at a mark, with pistols, which were loaded for him by an attendant. On coming up, we discovered the marksman to be Willoughby, with his friend, a tall, thin, and grim-looking man, who wore a black velvet cloak trimmed with sables, and long boots with steel spurs. The latter raised his hat with stiff and cold formality as we approached, and then I recognized the high pale forehead, the sharp visage, and louring eyes of Mr. Godfrey Neville, of the Moated House.

"Good morrow, gentlemen," said he, with a stern smile; "we are before you, it would seem."

"But this ball-practice of yours, Mr. Willoughby, is neither fair nor proper," said Clayton, indignantly.

"Sir," said Mr. Neville, "he was merely killing time, as your friend was not here to be killed instead."

"Precisely so," added the squire, with a laugh.

I surveyed the fellow with scornful surprise, and saw at a glance, by his pale visage, that this spirit of bravado was the result of recent potations; but coward though he was, I was as resolved to kill him as if he had in his heart as much courage and honour as he had rancour and falsehood.

"So, sir," I exclaimed, with stern joy, "we meet at last."

"To fight, I hope, and not to talk, eh?" said he.

"For six months, Mr. Willoughby, I promised Sir Lennard Arden a truce towards you, a promise useless now, by your more recent acts of treachery and deceit; for you, villain! by an artful tissue of falsehood, have turned against me the hearts of those I loved the most—the most on earth."

"Justice to you and others did so, not I. Moreover," he added, with a sneer, "you see that fickle women are to be found in England as well as in France."

"Sir, I do not understand you ; but if this is a sneer at Miss Arden, you shall pay for it dearly."

"I spoke plain enough English, but you have been so long among your plaguy foreigners, that doubtless it sounds odd to you."

"So odd that, by the sword alone will I answer you ; so now, on guard, sirrah ! On guard !" I exclaimed, and, drawing my sword, I rushed upon him with blind fury.

At that moment Willoughby sprang back, and uttered a shout—a signal, it would seem,—and from the old building close by there rushed out a posse of constables and tipstaves, who interposed between us their batons and long poles, and surrounding me in a moment, commanded me to surrender in the king's name.

"Ha ! ha !" laughed Willoughby ;

" ' By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked hither comes.' "

Neville reddened with shame, and drew back, but Clayton unsheathed his sword and exclaimed,—

"What means this, you scoundrels ? This gentleman is my friend—a French officer, at liberty on parole."

"He is a traitor," said Willoughby, almost dancing with joy at the interruption, for which he had specially provided ; "a lieutenant in Fitzgerald's Irish regiment — bearer of commissions under the king of France, and a spy of the abjured popish Pretender."

I made a furious lunge at the speaker ; but my sword was struck from my hand by the blow of a pole, and I was immediately secured.

"You have a warrant, I hope, for this foul outrage," said Clayton.

"Oh yes, warrant enough," replied one in whom I recognized Mr. Timothy Spry, the same constable who had behaved with such insolence to me on the night of my first arrival in Chester ; "and for all his laced coat and gold thingumbobs, he'll not again threaten to throw *me* out of a window, as he did, once on a time, at the King's Head."

"Show me your authority, sirs," said the officer.

"Here it is—oh, show, show him the warrant," cried the tipstaves officiously.

"It is signed by the secretary of state," said Clayton, as he glanced over it; "warrant for the arrest and incarceration in the nearest fortress or prison until further notice—um—um—Edward Errington—dangerous person—treason and so forth. This cannot be disputed—my dear friend, you must surrender."

"Then be it so," said I, giving Willoughby a terrible glance; "but, Captain Clayton, will you accept and keep my sword, which I would not have disgraced by the hands of wretches such as these?"

"Before this week is ended, I hope to have the pleasure of restoring the weapon to you," replied the captain, putting it under his arm.

"Never," exclaimed Willoughby; "he shall never leave yonder prison but to dance the devil's saraband at a rope's-end, on the Rood-eye of Chester!"

"Silence, fellow!" exclaimed Clayton; "or, by the coat I wear, I will pass *his* sword through your body!"

Willoughby sprang back a pace at this threat, which the captain made with great sternness of manner.

"Look'ee, Captain Jasper Clayton," said he; "I beg of you to remember that you are in the king's service, and that this is not a time when I, who am a justice of the peace for this county, will permit any man to bully me. Dare to say another word in threat, sir, and I will commit you to the castle of Chester. Zounds! I will neither allow you, nor your friend, this rebel Errington, a fellow picked up on the highway—some love-begotten or sin-abandoned brat,—to cross my path or purpose. Away with the prisoner to Chester!"

"Let us go, then," said I, anxious to end this humiliating scene. "Fate cannot have in store for me worse measure than she meted out yesterday."

The whole group now proceeded towards the town.

"Be consoled, master," said Timothy Spry, tapping me familiarly on the shoulder, with mock sympathy.

"Why?"

"You are going to the castle of Chester."

"Is that a cause of consolation?"

"Yes; some folks think so."

"How, pray?"



"We put only gentlemen in the castle, and common rogues in the prison."

At a place called the *Glover's Stone*, ninety yards from the outer gate, I was delivered with all formality to the deputy of the constable, as a state prisoner.

"Adieu, sir," said Willoughby, with a mocking smile. "I return to Hollywood, whither I shall be glad to convey your commands. You have none? 'Tis well. Remember what I told you at Holy Island,—*'Life is but a game ; you have your part to play, and I have mine ; Lucy Arden is our stake,—let us see who shall win in the end.'*"

With these taunting words, he mounted his horse, which a groom led up, and, with an ironical bow, rode off.

As we entered the castle of Chester, there were at the gate a crowd of rustics, who had brought thither a wounded man in a litter. Supposing he must be some poor Jacobite recently captured, I bade Clayton inquire, and he returned to me, with his face radiant with satisfaction, saying,—

"It is the villain Thorley, who assassinated the poor ballad-singer."

"Thorley—wounded?"

"And committed prisoner, charged with the girl's murder, on a warrant signed by Sir Harry Leigh."

"But his wound?"

"A shot in the side,—some random shot received in the attack on Hollywood. He was found lurking on the skirts of Delaware Forest, and is thought to be dying."

I remembered his *secret* again ; and with a heart oppressed by many bitter and conflicting thoughts, in five minutes after found myself a sequestered prisoner in a little apartment at the summit of Chester Castle.

Captain Clayton bade me adieu at the door, promising to meet me at an early period, but, to my great regret, I saw this brave and upright soldier no more ; for in an hour after leaving me he had to march for Liverpool with the Jacobite prisoners, who were doomed to life-long slavery in the plantations of America, and we never met again ; but the gallant Clayton lived long with honour, and died a general in the service of his country.

## CHAPTER LXXII.

## THE CASTLE OF CHESTER.

SEVERAL days now passed away—days in which, after the excitement of past events, the tame monotony of a prison, and of outward and inactive peace, became almost insupportable to me. Daily the drums beat reveille at dawn, and tattoo at eight P.M., as it seemed a rule of the service that his Britannic majesty's troops should always be sleepy about that time ; and from the barred windows of my room I daily looked down on Chester. How dreary the quaint old city seemed, alike under the wan December sunshine and the cold, thick winter mist, or through the snow-flakes that fell aslant the dark gray evening sky. The season was stormy ; the rain and sleet fell heavily, and the wind blew chill day after day, or howled by night in the courts of the old Norman castle. The grotesque thoroughfares seemed so dismal and cheerless ! The church bells rang hollowly on the fitful gusts that shook the ancient belfries where they swung ; while, ever and anon, the deep solemn boom from the cathedral tower woke strange emotions in my breast, for the notes of that bell seemed, I know not why, a familiar sound to me. Then I thought of Thorley, whom the same prison walls confined, and I shuddered with anger and shame.

I had no doubt that the surmises of Captain Clayton were correct ; and that my sudden incarceration *was* owing to the service I had performed the exiled prince, in rescuing the Princess Clementina from durance at Inspruck ; and for the part borne by me in recent affairs, more particularly in my character of envoy to the Jacobite gentlemen of Lancashire and the Borders. In proof of this, I was repeatedly questioned by the mayor and sheriffs, in presence of General Sir Charles Willis, as to my knowledge of the future projects of the exiled court ; as to what views were entertained by my Lord Bolingbroke and the duke of Ormond ; as to what other persons of the northern counties, besides those who had risen in arms, were implicated in our schemes ; whether,

before being taken, I had concealed treasonable papers anywhere ; or if I had destroyed such papers, what were their contents.

To these and many other such dangerous and vexatious questions, I made but one reply—that I was a lieutenant in the Irish Brigade, and demanded the acceptance of my parole !

Thus matters continued for several days, until General Willis marched northward, when the tone of my examiners and tormentors suddenly changed ; and the recorder of the city very plainly hinted that *ulterior* and more severe measures would be taken with me, if I continued thus in contumacious obstinacy. To me, who had been reared in France, a land where, by the state, torture was judicially applied on the most trivial occasions, I could not misunderstand this threat, which filled me with horror ; and with this new food for thought, after a long and irritating examination, at the close of a dark and snowy day, I found myself again locked up in my chamber, the windows of which, on one side, overlooked a dreary court, where moss, grass, and slime covered the old masonry, and where the sun seemed to have forgotten to shine.

On the wall of my prison was screwed a plate of copper, bearing an engraved extract from Sir Thomas Elliot, an ancient historian, who affirmed that the quaint old city of Chester was built by Neomagus, a grandson of Noah, who was a great player on the harp and a lover of plum-pudding. But old Father Higden, of St. Werburg, affirms that it was founded by Leon Fawr, a Welsh giant, who could swallow a bushel of leeks at a mouthful, and was twenty feet high ; so, with all respect for Noah's grandson, I am inclined to adhere to the giant and his interests,—the more so, as some years before the time of which I write, the bones of a tremendous fellow, several yards long, were discovered in the ancient thoroughfare, named Pepper Street, over against the Lamb Row in Chester.

Built by William the Conqueror, the old castle of Chester \* consisted of two courts, each having a strong gate defended by a round bastion on each side, with a ditch and draw-

\* Removed in 1790.

bridges. In the Upper Ward rose a massive pile named the tower of Julius Cæsar, having at its summit a chamber measuring nineteen feet long by sixteen feet broad, and sixteen feet in height. It was vaulted and groined with stone. The groins sprang from slender pillars of the twelfth century. It had a font and was ornamented by coarse religious frescoes, half defaced by damp and the Puritans; but enough still remained to show that these were originally legends of St. Werburg, the virgin and abbess, patroness of Chester and daughter of a Kentish king,—a lady the odour of whose sanctity was so great, that it could arrest the wind, roll back the ocean from the shore, and paralyze whole armies of Scots and Danes and Welshmen. Underneath this groined chamber was a crypt, for the place had once been a chapel; and there I was confined, until every feature of its architecture, every moulding and trefoil, every leaf on its sculptured corbels, and every stone in its walls, were indelibly impressed on my memory.

On the south side of the castle stood the noble hall built by Hugh Lupus, measuring ninety-five feet in length, by forty-five in breadth. It had an oak roof that sprang from grotesque corbels, and beyond it lay the council-chamber of the earls of the palatinate, decorated by the family device of Edward IV., the white rose—the same white rose of York which I had seen dipped in blood on the bonnet of many a poor Highland swordsman—with the fetter-lock, the broom-pod, and the wolf's head of Hugh Lupus, the great earl of Chester. It was in this hall I was repeatedly examined, and it was there that the alarming threat of *ulterior* measures was made to me. Secured and guarded as I was then, in that grim old castle of the middle ages, escape seemed hopeless, and I was not without dread, that after being subjected to extra-judicial barbarity to wrest imaginary secrets from me, the authorities might doom me to death *in secret*, in very shame for themselves, and to silence the voices of scandal and reprehension.

“Well, be it so!” thought I bitterly; “what have I left to live for? Revenge on Willoughby?—no, no; revenge would be but the poorest sentiment for wishing to prolong existence here. If I die, I shall at least have had the glory of living in stirring times—of essaying something great; of

seeking to shake these kingdoms to their centre ; to hurl from the throne a king placed there by the nobles, and of having served my native monarch faithfully and well. But to die, to lose Lucy Arden—a beautiful love and a young life together ; to die, not on the field sword in hand with my uniform on, with the *fleur-de-lys*, or the harp and crown, above me, and the Irish cheer of the old brigade in my ears ; but to die as a common felon, without a friend to pity or to weep for me, and with all the mystery of my birth unsolved ! ”

Oh, it was a bitter reflection—a horrible anticipation ! I had braved many a storm valiantly ; but to sink at last with the fetters of a prison on me !——

“ True, true,” I added, clanking them together ; “ but let me not forget that, in dying, I am a chevalier of St. Louis—a loyal cavalier of King James ! ”

Over this mortifying and painful portion of my life, I shall gladly pass with brevity. Like many other loyal gentlemen, my superiors in rank, in worth, and in position, I was hastily tried and convicted of treason ; *but*, unlike them, I was neither to be mercifully banished, hanged, nor beheaded. To the last I refused to plead guilty, and it thus pleased the Whig authorities in Chester, that my sentence should be one replete with horror ! In conformity with a barbarous English law, old as the time of Edward II.—a law *first* put in force in this same castle of Chester, on Adam, son of John of the Woodhouses, and revived again in the fourth and fifth years of “ the pious, glorious, and immortal King William III.,” I was sentenced, “ *for standing mute when arraigned, to be PRESSED TO DEATH !* ”

A copy of my doom was given to me by the cold and formal recorder, and its tenor was thus :—

“ That the prisoner, Edward Errington, now or lately a lieutenant of the Irish Brigade in France, and major under the abjured Popish Pretender, shall be put into a mean room, stopped from the light, and shall there be laid on the bare ground, without any litter, straw, or other covering, and without a single garment upon him. He shall lie upon his back. One of his arms shall be drawn with a cord to one side of the room, and the other arm to the other side ; while his legs shall be drawn asunder in the same manner.

Then there shall be laid upon his naked body *as much iron or stone as he can bear or more* : and the first day after, if he be alive, he shall have three morsels of barley bread, without any drink ; and the second day after, if he be still alive, he shall be allowed to drink as much as he can thrice of any water that runs near the prison door, except pure water, but without bread, and this shall be his diet till he dies ; and he, Edward Errington, against whom this judgment is given, forfeits all his goods to his gracious majesty the king."

In six days I was to endure all this, and die !

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## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### CHATTY'S LETTER.

ON the day after this terrible communication was made to me, I was roused from an uneasy dose into which I had fallen (the livelong dreary hours of the past night my eyes had never closed) by hearing near me, almost in my chamber, as it would seem, two voices that were familiar to me. I started up, to find myself still alone, with the dull light of the winter day lighting half my prison ; but still the persons continued their conversation. One of these was Willoughby—I could not mistake that hateful voice ; the other was Chatty Leigh ; and they were conversing in the corridor, without my chamber, at the summit of Cæsar's tower. What sought they there ? Was Lucy Arden with them ? Such were the questions that occurred to me ; but I remained mute and intently listening.

"What a capital skirmisher you would make, neighbour Chatty!" said my enemy the squire ; "the Jacobites should have had you at Preston. 'Slid ! how sharp your tongue is ! all the sharper under your velvet vizar—what says Wycherly in his 'Country Wife ?' 'A mask'—no ! 'A woman masked, like a covered dish, gives a man curiosity and appetite, when, it may be, uncovered 'twould turn his stomach !' But I marvel what the devil the jailor means, by letting us

cool our heels here, instead of showing us where this fellow Errington is confined."

"It is in this part of the tower, he told us, and here on this stone bench will I seat myself until he comes again," replied the pretty and wilful heiress of the Leigh, whom, by the squire's speech, I knew to be masked, a common enough fashion then with English ladies.

"Chut!" grumbled the squire; "I am impatient of returning to Hollywood."

"Bah! Lucy Arden thinks less of you than of some one else, be assured."

"Now, don't say this again, neighbour Leigh, or I shall leave you here to your own devices. It is all mere coquetry, this love affair of Lucy's with Errington; I was her lover long before he presented his infernal Jacobitical visage among us at Hollywood; but yoicks! she is the heiress of all, if the estate is not forfeited!"

"Her lover—*you?*" retorted Chatty, laughing; "but did she ever love you?"

"Can't say, for I never asked her; but no doubt she would have loved me in time, the sly little coquette, with her quiet black eyes."

"Lucy Arden is no coquette," said Chatty.

"Oh, don't tell me that, neighbour, for I know that she *is*. I can read the spirit of a coquette by her eyes, as I know the age of a horse by his teeth; and I have had some experience of women, Miss Leigh—'tis some time since that branch of my education was finished; and I know, neighbour, that you are one of the best at coquetting in Cheshire. Slid! I don't see why I should not marry you myself. Old Sir Harry, they say, will leave you a matter of twenty thousand a year."

"Silence, thou enormous goose!" retorted Chatty; "I could laugh at this impertinence were I elsewhere than here, or on another errand."

"Then I must have Hollywood, for every acre of Weston has gone to the children of Israel."

"But think you that a girl of spirit like Lucy Arden——"

"I know the sly little puss is proud withal; but I am determined to hang her cavalier, and break her pride——"

"Her heart, you should say."

"And then marry her. D—n that turnkey ! I'll horse-whip him within an inch of his life !"

"Yes ; my dear friend Lucy, with all her beauty and virtue, shall have Hollywood Hall to boot."

"I should say Hollywood Hall with all her virtue and beauty—cash first ; the other things as may be."

"What mean you, sir ?"

"Simply this, neighbour Chatty, that cash is indubitably the most important item to me," replied the squire, cracking his whip till the arched corridor echoed ; "but now, she is the sole representative of the Ardens—an heiress ; for even were the estate forfeited, in spite of Sir Lennard's will, it might not be difficult to procure a reversal of the decree if she married a loyal subject."

"Meaning yourself ?"

"Precisely so ; and now, Chatty Leigh, will you have the kindness to inform me, on what devil's errand you have made me escort you hither, and lose so fine a day's hunting ?"

I listened breathlessly to her reply.

"No devil's errand whatever, sir—I have come but to visit Mr. Errington."

"To visit him—damme you joke, madam."

"It is no joke whatever."

"But you will not be permitted to see him—a prisoner under sentence."

"I am aware of that ; yet I have a letter to give, and—but here, at last, is that loitering turnkey !"

"The rascal !" said the squire, as a heavy step approached them ; "where is the rebel Errington confined ?"

"There, squire."

"Within those doors ?"

"In the old chapel, sir."

"*Here !*" exclaimed Miss Leigh ; "ah, Heavens ! if he should have overheard——"

"I *have* overheard—I have overheard all, dear Chatty Leigh," said I, knocking at the door ; "and from my soul I thank you for this visit."

"My dear Mr. Errington," said she, in a tone of commiseration, "be assured that we have not forgotten you,



and that you have still friends who watch over and weep for you ; let this letter testify," she added, slipping a note under the door of my chamber.

"Hollo ! what is this billet about, madam ?" exclaimed the squire.

"Madam," added the turnkey, "this is scarcely——"

"Silence !" said Chatty imperiously ; then followed the clink of silver, by which, I presume, the scruples of this Cerberus were removed. "Adieu—adieu, and fear not !" she added, tapping with her little hand upon the huge oak door ; and then I heard the chuckling laugh of Willoughby as she hurried him away.

"Lucy—Lucy !" thought I, while tearing open the note ; which, however, was *not* from Miss Arden ; but ran thus,—

"Take courage, dear Mr. Errington ; you are not so friendless as you imagine. My father, crusty old Sir Harry—perhaps the last man in Cheshire of whom you might have expected it—has interceded with the ministry for you ; and Sir Charles Willis, who first accepted your parole, with the bishop of Chester (the father of that very handsome officer whom you brought to Hollywood), have vigorously seconded his efforts. A pardon has been promised you, and we expect it by the *next* mail from London. So be brave and of good cheer, for God will comfort you. Meanwhile, believe me ever your dearest friend,

"CHATTY LEIGH."

I kissed her letter, and burst into tears ; for, after the long fierce tension of my heart, her kindness affected me deeply ; and that her old irate and "crusty" Whig papa should take such vital interest in my fate, was passing strange indeed !

Three long and anxious days elapsed, yet I heard nothing of the coming mercy.

On the morning of the fourth, when the turnkey brought the food allotted to me, my first inquiry was, "When would the mail arrive from London ?"

"Do you 'spect any letters, master ?"

"I do."

"Then I would not give much for your chance of 'em."

"Why—how?" I asked hastily.

"'Cos the boy wot carried the mail has been shot by some of the Broken-cross Gang on Hoole Heath, and the whole of the bags have been carried off."

"My pardon!" I exclaimed, and pressed my hands upon my temples.

"Your what?" said the turnkey, looking at me askance over his shoulder; but, unable to reply, I covered my face with my hands, in a bitterness of soul all the greater, that hope for a moment had shed a ray of light upon the gloom that environed me.

I heard the cruel laugh of the turnkey mingle with the grating of the iron bolts, as he locked my door, and the echoes of his departing footsteps died hollowly and sadly away in the stone recesses of the ancient tower, as he descended the staircase.

On the *fifth* day my irons were taken off, and placed upon the hands of the loyal and unfortunate Colonel Henry Oxburgh, who, before his removal to die elsewhere, occupied a vault near me. Then it was announced to me by the recorder and sheriffs of Chester, that I was to be conveyed to the *Press-room*, on the morrow, at the hour of nine—conveyed there never to leave it alive!

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## CHAPTER LXXIV

### WILLOUGHBY RENEWS HIS SUIT.

WHILE these things were passing at Chester, a different scene was taking place in Hollywood.

Christmas was now at hand, and the mantling snow lay deep on the level plain and sloping upland. The Mersey from Warrington Bridge to Runcorn Gap had become a sheet of ice, and boat and barge, all powdered white with frost, seemed as if fated to remain there for ever. The bare trees around the old mansion glittered as if coated with prismatic crystals, and lazily the huge dark volumes of smoke curled in the keen and rarified air, from the chimney of the dining-hall, on the hearth of which a vast Yule-log

lay smouldering and crackling. The oriel windows were covered with frosty leaves like those of thistles, and the unmelted snow lay long between their fluted mullions, while ever and anon the white and down-like flakes fell silently athwart the chill blue sky ; while the footprints of man and horse, dogs and deer, appeared deeply in the otherwise spotless coating of the lawn ; while all the landmarks elsewhere, field and fence, road and track, were completely obliterated ; and while the frost had stopped the dials of the church clocks, and arrested the crystal flow of St. Helen's Well. A white coating covered all the black scutcheon of the late Sir Lennard, which hung above the porch ; yet the servants, in honour of the old custom, which neither death nor disaster could efface, had decorated the rustic pillars and pediment of the porch itself, and the stone fireplace of the dining-hall, with branches of the mistletoe and its pale berries, the dark green holly with its prickly leaves and scarlet bunches, ivy, bays, and other winter shrubs ; while the *lich-gate* of the ancient chapel, and the chapel itself, were laden with green boughs and branches, as if in the days of bluff King Harry himself. Rush-bearing was still the fashion in Cheshire, and thus the chapel path, and the pews, were all freshly strewed with the green spoil of marsh and mere.

But, with all this, the venerable mansion was silent and dreary ; the old butler and portly housekeeper sat over their hot spiced ale, and sighed for the Christmas days of old, when the laugh and Yule carol of stout Sir Humphry made the cobwebs start on the roof-tree ; and now Lady Winifred remained secluded in her own room, or sat in silence and tears by the parlour fire, gazing with bitterness upon the snow-covered landscape. Christmas had come ; the frost, the snow, and the green holly-trees were there as of old : but from the hall there came no sound of fife or drum, of song or violin ; nor was the breakfast a feast as in the days of Sir Humphry, with brawn, mustard, and malmsey, roistering and hearty old English revelry.

Sir Harry Leigh, who had ridden over to Hollywood to keep "neighbour Winifred from being vapourish," as he phrased it, had held the mistletoe over her white head, and over Lucy's dark tresses, as he saluted them in the purest friendship, for the time was scarcely one for frolic ; and then, as Lucy retired in tears to her usual seat, in one of the hall

orrels, Sir Harry and the old lady remained by the parlour fire, where the baronet's pint of hot sack simmered on the hob, and where, while sipping it from time to time, he sought to wean her from sad thoughts by mutually-remembered stories of other days, such as how it was just this time six, and-seventy years ago, there came to Chester an Italian-named Francisco Battaglia, who never ate anything but flint-stones, and was a prodigious drinker of strong waters; and then he remembered his father, old Sir Piers Leigh, who hated the Scots "worse than *tuoads*," speaking of the winter of 1606, when a stranger and his wife danced on the tight-rope across the High Street of Chester, to the edification and astonishment of the good citizens, who had serious intentions of rewarding the feat on a pile of blazing faggots on the Rood-eye, believing that such things could only be done by the agency of the devil.

Then the old lady spoke of the ancient Cheshire fashions that had gone out with the monarchs of the Stuart race, and how she was certain that in their time the snow was far whiter and the icicles longer in winter; how in her young days, on the first of May, young men placed birchen boughs over the door of their sweetheart's dwelling, and alder twigs over the door of a scold; and how on Easter Monday a chair decked with flowers and ribbons was borne along every road in the palatinate by the young fellows, who insisted on carrying every pretty girl they met, or making her forfeit a kiss; and how it was known that the queen of Edward I. paid a sum equal to four hundred pounds as a ransom for herself and seven fair ladies of her court at an Easter chairing in Chester.

"Alackaday!" added the old lady; "these merry, merry times will never come again."

"Still zad, neighbour," said the crusty baronet, whose invention (never very brilliant at any time) was now exhausted; "cheer up, vor better days are a-coming, please God!"

"But we must all learn to bear our crosses, Sir Harry, with pious resignation."

"I am much more apt to zwear like a heathen."

"The whirl, the horror, and excitement of past events have tried me sorely," said the old lady, looking down on her mourning-dress, as her eyes filled with tears; "I am

frail and aged, and feel that my days in the world cannot be many now."

"D—n it, neighbour, don't 'ee speak zo," grumbled the baronet, who was six years her senior, and fidgeted with his huge wig. "Cogsbones! it is this robbery of the Chester mail that hath upzet thee, and vears vor that Vrench yello's zafety. Cogsbones! I would his back had been broken the vurst day he zet voot among us here in England! yet I ha' done all I could to zave um, d—n um!"

The non-arrival of the pardon had indeed cast an additional blight upon my dear friends at the hall, for Lady Winifred loved me with a pure and unaffected regard; and tidings that the mail had been intercepted and robbed, that certain letters had been found strewed upon the frozen highway, but that no pardon for me was among them, had filled the motherly heart of the kind old lady with terror and compassion. She knew that now there was no time for further correspondence with the authorities in London, and that consequently the barbarous sentence of the court would, on *the morrow*, be executed upon me with all its rigour.

She knew this, and sought to avoid her niece, who was yet ignorant of the full extent, alike of the calamity which had befallen me, and the danger with which I was threatened. As she sat in the oriel, immersed in thought, Lucy heard a step approaching, and on looking up found Willoughby by her side.

In her suit of sable silk, with heavy knots and flounces of crape (her mourning for Sir Lennard), Lucy Arden looked pure, and pale, and beautiful. Her eyes were half closed, as if her very thoughts weighed down the long black lashes, that lay humidly over her cheek. Her hair, dressed upward over a roll, displayed her white temples and delicate ears, from each of which depended a diamond drop. Her beauty and prostration of spirit gave a momentary tinge of truth, even perhaps of poetry, to the love of the *blasé* Willoughby.

After commonplaces, he commenced operations by recurring to his constant topic, my unworthiness and falsehood to herself. To all his specious and cunning reiterations, she listened in silent grief; but when he sought to press upon her his own love, her anger could no longer be restrained.

"Even if this outlaw escape the death he is doomed to,

what good will a love for him ever do you? Even were you his wife, it would be but to weep and to suffer—yea, perchance to starve in France. While here, I could maintain you like the best lady in the shire, with a glass coach and six armed outriders; and believe me, dear neighbour Lucy, when you learn more of the world, you will know the accurate value of such a husband as Dick Willoughby, for I have sown such a crop of wild oats in my time that I have fairly come to the end of my harvest.”

“Sir, I can neither control my hatred nor my regard,” she replied in a low voice.

“And you—you hate me then?”

“I fear I shall end in doing so.”

“Thank you, neighbour Lucy; you are unpleasantly plain; and yet I know that, like all young girls, you have dreams and longings for a rich and handsome young husband, and I assure you, Lucy——”

Here Willoughby paused in his impertinence; for the expression, or rather total want of expression in Lucy’s face, arrested even him. For a time all human emotions seemed dead within her, and her pallid, placid face might have made a poet think of a calm lake, at the bottom of which some drowned man lay in death.

“‘Sblood!” said the squire, waxing wroth in his perplexity. “I see how it is; you are all against me here at the Hall. Lady Winny views me coldly, notwithstanding the service I did in exposing the true character of Errington, and now that hedgehog-snouted fool Sir Harry Leigh hath interested himself for the felon, and obtained his pardon.”

“Obtained, said you?” cried Lucy, starting forward; “said you he had obtained it?”

“He tried to do so, at all events,” stammered the squire, with a grin; “and now that saucy tomrig Chatty must needs play the fool with me, and make me her cat-paw in Chester Castle the other day; but the whole pack in full cry together, dear Lucy, shall neither cross me in my love or purpose,” he added tenderly, as he took her hand in his.

“You have, in your own fashion, loved many women, Mr. Willoughby; thus your avowal is but an insult to me—more especially, situated as I am,” she replied, while her tears began to flow

"I have loved many?" pondered the squire.

"Yes, or imagined you did so."

"Well, perhaps I have, but none as I love you, neighbour Lucy," he continued clumsily, but with increasing tenderness, for the squire had already two bottles of Burgundy under his belt; "cruelly as you have repelled, avoided, and cast contempt upon me—one moment treating me as a wicked town rake, and next as a rough country squire (for I know that I am somewhat of both)—I have ever loved you; and does not a love that thus endures merit some return?"

"At the expense of my future life, misery, and shame."

"Shame!"

"Yes, shame," said she, with sudden passion; "for you, Richard Willoughby, are the traitor who betrayed the faithful, the brave, and the true; the Judas who sold his master and his master's cause!"

At these words his eyes flashed and glittered with a strange variety of expressions—ardent passion, rage, vexation, and revenge.

"Say what you please, neighbour; say what you please," he replied, lashing his right boot with his whip; "for the time has now come when I must make terms with you, as I did with the Elector's government, when other matters became desperate. In these hard times men play their cards with care. I have but one left; one last move, and so shall be wary."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"You shall, madam, soon enough. On what have you decided to save the life of your friend?"

"What friend?"

"Errington; for I hold it in my hands."

"You?" she said, with scornful grief.

"Yes, I; listen. You know that the Chester mail was robbed the other night on Hoole Heath, and the bags cut open; that certain letters were scattered abroad, and others were supposed to be stolen."

"Alas! I do," said Lucy, beginning to weep.

"This was done by some of the Broken-cross Gang. These gentlemen are old friends of mine; for while Weston Hall was my dwelling-place, they were free to come and go, in park and paddock, meadow and preserve—thus even the

blackest rascal among them has some regard for Squire Willoughby. One of these good lads found a letter addressed to Sir Harry ; it contained *this*—your friend's pardon," he added, and suddenly displayed before the dilated and startled eyes of Lucy Arden the written document, to which several red seals were attached. She strove to cry, but the words died away from her white lips ; she made a wild effort to snatch the paper from him, but failed, and sank upon the cushioned seat within the oriel window.

"Hush—I tell thee, hush !" said he, in a fierce whisper ; "utter but one outcry, neighbour, and I thrust it into the flames ; and, moreover, into the flames it shall go, unless you decide at once."

"I have decided," moaned Lucy, covering her face with her hands, and sinking almost on her knees.

"To wed me ?"

"Yes," she replied, with a shudder.

"Ugh ! how mighty repugnant it seems to our delicacy !" said the squire, with a pitiless leer.

"Yes ; as the ransom of his life, as the price of the document, I promise to wed, and in secret to swear to you hatred at the altar—the undying hatred of a desperate heart ! Oh ! Edward Errington," she added incoherently ; "who will tell you of all I have endured—of the misery—the agony of such a moment as this ?"

Again the eyes of Willoughby gleamed with malignance, and he took her cold white hand in his.

"Oh, Mr. Willoughby" (she made a last appeal), "spare me this, in pity spare me. Your love for me will pass, as it has passed for others."

"Never !"

"You will soon find another to love you ; another more suitable than I."

"Never !"

"Another will give you that tenderness, that kindness and love, which I cannot yield—be generous ; be just !"

"Never, I tell you—never !"

"Think how my brave kinsman loved you ; how his stud, his purse, his table, were at your command ; how our home, this dear Hollywood, has also been your home. Think of how noble it is to sacrifice our own happiness for that of others, and pity me."



"Then please, madam, to sacrifice *yours* for *mine*. Practice is better than precept," replied the jibing ruffian, for the eloquence that desperation lent her only seemed to inflame his passion and jealousy the more. "Think of all this, indeed!" he exclaimed; "and yield you to that rebellious and misbegotten foundling, whom some runaway Jacobite, some gallowsbird, picked up in a gutter at Dunkirk! Ha! ha!—no, no." After a long pause, "Neighbour Lucy," he added, with a sudden relapse into tenderness; "ask me for my whole estate or fortune (a mere trifle, indeed!), yea, my life itself—for anything but to yield you to another; for never, while breath remains, will I do so, least of all to one with whom I have a quarrel so deadly; one who has thwarted and crossed my purpose, and won your heart—least of all, I say, to this upstart Errington! Listen: another instant, and this paper, on which depends his pardon, liberty, and life, or his death by torture, inch by inch, and hour by hour, in suffocation, thirst, and blood, is in the flames!"

He surveyed her with stern and unyielding anxiety; her cheek was deadly pale, her eyes expressed only horror, her poor little hands were clammy, cold, and passive in his firm grasp; for she was in a state that hovered between despair and apathy, yet she dared not move or summon aid, even if she had the power.

"Say you will love me," he whispered.

"I cannot."

"Say you will *try* to love me in time—or promise me marriage in writing, and ere midnight I will release this man from the castle of Chester."

"Have pity upon me!" she implored.

But the wine that mounted to his brain, and the sweetness of her dark, imploring eyes, only inflamed her tormentor the more.

"Refuse, and by this hour to-morrow his crushed bones will dangle from a gibbet on the Rood-eye."

"Oh! have mercy—have mercy!"

"Nor mercy, nor pity, nor patience have I—for *him*, at least. But consent to marry me, and all this shall be spared him. Consent!"

"I do!"

"Swear it!"

"I swear!—What more would you have me say?"

"Beloved Lucy, then this dear hand shall be mine at last;" and as he pressed it to his lips, he became nearly as pale with excitement as the unfortunate girl he tormented; while his excited eyes wore an expression so strangely full of love and triumphant malice, that she dared not look upon him. "Women, however, are fickle; so write me this promise."

"Is not my word sufficient?"

"Write, I tell you, woman—write!" said he hoarsely.

Her work-table, on which lay pens, ink, and paper, stood near, and, with a trembling hand, she wrote—she knew not what—some incoherent promise of marriage. Her tears fell upon the paper in hot blisters; and, as if in contempt of her sufferings, Willoughby, while whipping his right boot-top, struck up a political catch of the time:—

"Come, ye old English huntsmen, who love noble sport,  
Here's a pack to be sold, with stanch dogs of the sort;  
Nor Sir Sewster, nor Chetwynd, can match our fleet hounds,  
For breaking down fences, and leaping o'er mounds;  
Some are deep-mouth'd and speedy, some mad, blind, and lame,  
Some yelpers and curs, but all fit for the game.

Then to horse, loyal hearts, lest the Roundheads deceive ye,  
For they are the hell-hounds that ride to Tantivy!"

At last her writing was finished.

Willoughby gave one of his quiet laughs, as he read it over approvingly.

"I have obeyed you;—and now, sir, the pardon?" said Lucy in a strange and husky voice.

The villain gave another of his mocking laughs, and folding the pardon, was about to toss it into the flames on the hearth, when it was wrenched away by a hand from behind, while he was struck to the floor, as if by the blow of a giant, and while the extorted promise of marriage was torn from him, and scattered abroad in a hundred fitters and fragments.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

DR. SKALPEL.

I SHALL not detail the horror with which I counted, hour by hour—yea, minute by minute—the passing of my last day in the castle of Chester, or the agony with which I saw the

last feeble ray of the sun fade away from the stone floor of the old chapel in Cæsar's tower. This was just about three in the afternoon, when, suddenly and solemnly, the cathedral bell boomed the hour above the city.

Death, even in any form, I might have faced with courage ; but this new, and, to me, unknown torture, was a source of terror which I failed to control.

As the winter twilight deepened the shadows of the vaulted groins and grotesque corbels of the roof, I heard steps in the corridor without ; my door was opened, and the warder or jailor ushered in a stranger, who made to me a succession of profound bows. He was a tall and thin man, clad entirely in black, having a bushy wig and enormous steel shoe-buckles. He carried his hat under his left arm ; his legs were nearly as slender as his walking-cane ; and on the sharp red bridge of his long hooked nose rested a pair of large horn spectacles, through which he surveyed me from head to foot with marked attention, and muttered audibly,—

"Tall figure—good subject—very !"

"Are you an artist, sir?" I inquired, for sketches of Jacobite martyrs sold now at a premium among their admirers and sympathizers.

"No, sir ; I am Dr. Skapel, of Chester—Linnæus Skapel—at your service."

"And what may be the object of your visit? Be assured, sir, I am in no need of physic."

"I understand, my dear sir," said he, bowing very low,— "I understand that you are about—to be—to be——"

"Say on, sir, and fear not."

"Put to death !"

I bowed, with a stern smile.

"I deplore the untimely event which is about to deprive society of so useful a member," he continued, while stepping round me with a jaunty pace, and surveying me through his huge spectacles ; "but such things will happen, my dear sir—they will happen."

"To the point," said I, with gloomy impatience. "What is the object of this visit?"

"Sir, I am a naturalist as well as a doctor, an *anatomist* as well as a physician—one who dissects the human frame,—a term derived from the Greek verb *to cut up*."

"And what is all this to me?" I asked, while a cold shudder passed over me.

"I am passionately fond of demonstrating and discovering the uses and abuses of every part of the human form," continued this odd fellow, adopting insensibly the tone and manner of a lecturer, by laying, from time to time, his right forefinger impressively into the palm of his left hand; "for I consider that, with all his discoveries, the immortal Harvey has left us much in the dark,—yes, sir, much in the dark."

"Well?"

"You have, I understand, received two gunshot wounds?"

"I have had that honour, in a land where the character of a soldier is more appreciated than in this cold-blooded England of yours."

"I am anxious to observe the effect of such upon the healed muscles."

"Indeed! I do not quite understand you."

"Do you mean to make a will, my dear sir?"

"A will! I have nothing in the world, but my crosses of the Bath and St. Louis; and these, I hope, shall be buried with me. In this world I possess nothing more—nothing!"

"But your body, my dear sir—your body; how do you mean to dispose of it, or the reversion of it?"

"Sir!" I exclaimed with unfeigned astonishment.

"I am, I beg to assure you, a most skilful and delicate anatomist; but I sorely lack a good and healthy subject—one such as you—for three several purposes. *Firstly*, I wish to trace anew the thoracic duct, or common trunk of all the lacteals, which conveys the chyle into the subclavian vein; *secondly*, to demonstrate anew the absorbents in other parts of the body; and *thirdly*, the development of the glands or secretory organs,—for I am prepared to maintain that Pecquet the Frenchman, Rudbek the Swede, and Malpighi the Italian, were all wrong in their assertions on these points, and were mere children compared with me."

"And what is to be my temporal reward for making you this remarkable bequest?"

"The reward that must accrue to all who have done aught to advance science, and benefit their fellow-men."

"Mighty fine, sir: but he assured that I would rather

be blown from the mouth of a field-piece, than be carved like a turkey, or butchered as you would desire !”

“This is all taste, my dear sir ; all taste. Now, for my part, I should glory in being handed down to posterity in a handsome glass case, as the skeleton of Dr. Linnæus Skalpel ! But remember, sir, the bequest may not be of such value as you suppose.”

“How ?”

“It is not unlikely, my dear sir, that the cranium may be injured by the force of the pressing-machine. The last man we pressed here had the whole of the fourteen bones of the head fractured ; while the sternum, or breast-bone, and the seven true ribs, were worse than useless ; so we buried him at once. Thus, you see, the thoracic duct——”

“Madman ! begone, or I will dash your head to pulp upon that wall ! By Heaven ! I shall not be immolated for nothing in this accursed castle of Chester !” I exclaimed.

“Help !” exclaimed the doctor ; but he had not time to utter another cry, for, filled by a sudden gust of fury, the result of long-pent passion and excitement, I sprang upon him, clutched his long meagre throat, and dragged him with violence round my prison. Years of danger and intrigue had made me a man fertile in imagination, full of sudden expedients, and rapid and fortunate in decision. In our gyrations round the chamber, I stumbled upon something, and, looking down, perceived a bone—the remains of some former prisoner’s repast,—and this gave an immediate turn to my thoughts, and suggested the idea of escape. I was young, strong, and desperate ; while the doctor was a man well up in years, feeble, and full of terror, believing himself at the mercy of a maniac. Thus, with me to resolve and act—to conceive and execute—were the work of a moment.

I thrust the bone into his mouth, athwart the jaw, as I had often seen noisy prisoners gagged by a drumstick in France, and this I secured round the back of his head tightly, by means of my handkerchief, knotting it so fast that the poor naturalist could scarcely breathe, and still less could he attempt to utter a cry for aid. On this being achieved, I forced him by stern menaces to exchange his attire for mine. In lieu of my green uniform with its faded epaulets, I donned his loose and long-skirted black coat and deep-cut

waistcoat, with its enormous flaps, which reached to my knees; I put his voluminous periwig over my own hair, shifted the huge steel spectacles from his long sharp nose to mine, and then appropriated his hat and cane. Not content with all this transference of property, by tearing my pillow-cases into cords or stripes I pinioned him by the arms to my bed, and then bidding him farewell with stern irony, I turned to the door, on which I had to knock long and loudly ere the turnkey came.

By this time darkness had completely set in, and everything favoured an escape.

A wavering ray of light that streamed through the key-hole announced the approach of the prison-keeper. Drowsily and sulkily he came with a lantern in one hand, and a pot of mumbeer in the other. I had found the doctor's purse in one of his ample pockets, and taking therefrom a crown-piece, I slipped it, with great liberality, into the hands of the guardian, the moment he appeared; and being too much occupied by the unexpected gift to scrutinize the donor, he suffered me to pass, while he turned the crown over in the palm of one hand, and with the other mechanically locked the door upon the poor doctor.

Hastily, and with a wild, exulting hope beating in my heart, I descended the tower of Cæsar, and found myself in the snow-covered court-yard of the castle. After days and nights of close confinement, how sharp and bitter seemed the winter air! I boldly approached the gate.

"Who comes there?" challenged a sentinel from his snow-covered box.

"Doctor Skapel, of Chester," said I.

"Who comes there?" repeated the crossbelted Cerberus, making the butt of his heavy firelock crash on the sentry-box floor.

"A friend!" I answered—"a person wishing to leave the castle."

"Sergeant of the guard—gate—gate—the keys!" thundered the sentinel from his box.

"Here," responded a gruff voice, as a portly personage in a Kevenhuller hat and full-bottomed Ramillie wig came from the guard-house, and, by a ray of light streaming from a single candle in an iron holder through the window, I recognized, to my dismay, Sergeant Gorget, of Hotham's Foot.

"The devil!" muttered I; "I am lost—I thought this fellow had marched to Liverpool!"

Fortunately the snow and the sharp frosty particles were blown keenly into the sergeant's ruddy face; he scarcely deigned to glance at me, but said,—

"Pass him out, Tom—'tis only the doctor; his horse is in the porch without."

I was at once "passed" through the fatal barrier.

"There is your horse, and good night," said the sentinel sulkily, as he pointed to a stout little Welsh pony which stood drearily shaking its ears in the falling snow-flakes.

"Thanks," said I, as the wicket was closed with an angry bang, and in a moment more I was galloping fast from the castle of Chester.

The whole affair passed like enchantment—like a dream from which I feared to waken and find myself in the Gothic chamber of yonder gloomy tower, the outline of which rose darkly between me and the stars.

The entire face of the country was covered with snow, and a dread that the pony's hoof-tracks might indicate the route I had taken was my prevailing thought. Hollywood I had resolved to visit at all hazards. Alas! where else could I turn, in that time of despair, for shelter, or for such assistance as mere humanity could lend, to enable me to quit England for ever. Life never seemed so dear to me as on this night before my doom, and I felt a fierce exultation in having baffled my tyrants and tormentors!

The flatness of the country, the lateness of the hour, in which, at that season, no one was abroad, and the changed aspect of the landscape under its snowy mantle, soon bewildered me. Thus, after many deviations, I lost my way, and was fain to pass the night and the greater part of the next day at a farm-house on the borders of Hoole Heath, where I gave out that I was the physician of a neighbouring parish benighted when visiting a patient. Here I was made welcome, for a cow and two babies were sick, with I know not what; but I prescribed for all, relieved the farmer of two of his molar tusks, and about mid-day set out for Hollywood, which I reached about dark, unfollowed, unseen, and unsuspected.

The house seemed very silent and deserted. The dark

scutcheon above the porch was still covered by snow, and the green Christmas holly-boughs which wreathed the doorway bent under the white load that had fallen on them. The door stood wide open, and none came to greet me, as I buckled the pony to an iron ring, but two of those huge mastiffs which were always loitering about. The poor animals knew me well ; they licked my hands, whined, and crouched at my feet.

"A good omen !" thought I, as I gently opened the door of the dining-hall, to experience a shock on hearing the detested voice of Willoughby.

He was conversing with Lucy Arden, and the painful interview, with its sequel, have been already rehearsed in the preceding chapter. Resolved to test alike her truth (why did I for a moment doubt it ?) and his subtle villany, I stood in one of the oriels unseen, and heard all that passed. I heard him traduce myself, and urge his odious suit upon her ; I saw the terrible struggle in her heart, which nearly drove her mad, until desire to save me made her stoop at last despairingly to yield herself to him. I heard the terrible and husky voice, in which, after signing the promise of marriage, she said—

*"I have obeyed you ;—now the pardon, sir !"*

I saw the wicked intention of Willoughby, as he laughed at her, and stepped towards the fireplace with the abstracted pardon in his hand ; and then, rushing from my place of concealment, I struck him down like the dog he was, and wresting the pardon from him, thrust it in my breast. The extorted promise of marriage I tore into minute fragments. I placed a foot on his throat, and, in the blindness of my fury, am assured I should have strangled him, had not other persons come to the rescue. I then threw off the absurd wig and hat which disguised me, and turning, saw Sir Harry Leigh, a portly and pompous old gentleman whom I recognized to be Dr. Gastrell the bishop of Chester, Captain Gastrell the dragoon, and a number of servants, who, on hearing the uproar, had rushed to the hall with lights in their uplifted hands, and every face expressed astonishment.

The whole tableau would have formed a fine picture : the squire prostrate on the floor, the silent group around us, and apart from all, poor Lucy, pale as a lily with terror and emotion



## CHAPTER LXXVI.

### A CONFESSION.

THE arrival of the bishop, who had just ridden from Chester, calmed my anger ; and, at his request, I permitted the sullen and crestfallen squire to rise.

"With the permission of the ladies," said the latter, "perhaps, my lord, I had better retire. To-morrow is a new day, and then I shall bring this escaped prisoner to a severe reckoning for the outrage of to-night!"

"Nay, sir," said the old bishop sternly, "you must remain."

"Must?" reiterated the squire inquiringly and with scorn.

"Yes, I insist upon it," replied Dr. Gastrell, striking his cane upon the tiled floor.

"But, wherefore?"

"I have in my hand a paper which you must hear me read."

"A paper! What the deuce have I to do with it?"

"That you shall hear. It is the last confession of an unhappy being now lying under sentence of death in the castle of Chester."

"For what crime—treason?"

"No; a most foul and barbarous murder."

"It is Samuel Thorley!" I exclaimed, stepping forward.

"The same, sir," said the old bishop, bowing kindly toward me; while Willoughby most visibly changed colour, and betrayed great uneasiness.

"Well, Dr. Gastrell," said he, assuming somewhat of his old bullying tone, "I have nought to do with this fellow or his affairs. I am no Popish priest—no believer in the Council of Trent, to hear confessions."

For a moment the bishop reddened with anger, but he said calmly,—*"Though my opinions savour as little of Popery as your own, Mr. Willoughby, yet do I believe that confession, at times, is good for the soul of the dying; and moreover, in the present instance, it was but an act of common justice to the living. Neither alms nor prayers will avail a man who repents not at death; and had this sinner not repented*

he had not confessed, and a great secret had thus been buried with him in his felon's grave. Thanks to my humble ministry—or rather to Him who inspired me!—the poor man was contrite, expressing sincere sorrow for his past life, and detestation of it, with an earnest hope that, for this last act of satisfaction and atonement, those of this world might at least forgive him."

"To the point, my lord—I care not for sermons!" said Willoughby, whose anxiety to be gone was but too apparent.

"Listen, sir, for I should like you to know the contents of this document. At the request of my kind old friend, Lady Winifred, I visited the prisoner Thorley, and—praised be Heaven, and He whose unworthy servant I am!—my ministry has not been in vain."

"Death and the devil! At it again, doctor?"

"This confession," continued the old man, fixing his keen clear blue eyes on Willoughby with a piercing glance, beneath which he cowered at last, "is written down by me, and fully attested by the governor of the prison, and by my nephew, Captain John Gastrell, of Stanhope's dragoons, both of whom heard it made."

The bishop, without further preamble, read the following startling document :—

"CHESTER CASTLE, *Christmas Eve*, 1715.

"To-morrow I am to die—I, a most unworthy, crime-hardened and wretched creature, that has ever forgotten the divine beneficence of God, who hath spared me amid a thousand dangers, who hath loaded me with mercies which I despised and neglected, and before whom I am to appear upon the morrow !

"It matters not now, to trace how, when a youth, I fell into evil ways, corrupt practices and temptations ; for in that, I believe, we do but tempt ourselves. Yet, the memory of the horrors I endured when under sentence of death in Newgate for robbing Sir Humphry Arden, on Hounslow Heath, were so vivid and so terrible, that after my desperate escape from the condemned hold, I am assured I would have reformed and become another man, but for the merciless and unrelenting anger with which he pursued me from town to town and village to village, until, when driven to despair, I made a terrible vow of vengeance upon him and

his family, and this vow I have kept but too fatally for them and for myself.

"My poor mother, whom I had brought to the verge of the grave by my excesses, was the widow of an old and faithful servant of the Ardens, as her forefathers had been for many generations past ; and she was the nurse of the baronet's youngest son Oliver, while the eldest son, the late Sir Lennard, was at Oxford. On my return from a smuggling expedition—for, finding Cheshire too hot to hold me, I had betaken me to the high seas—I found the little boy Arden an inmate of my mother's house in Chester. She then lived near the King's Head, in the Pentise. In my rage, I threatened to 'strangle the young cub,' and, in terror of my violence, she fled, with her charge, to the old Hall, and remained there. Still, intent on working mischief, I hovered about the place ; and one day seeing the child playing by the bank of the Mersey, which flowed through the park, my first thought was to drown him ; but my heart failed me, for the poor child seemed so helpless, so innocent, and confiding. Then, I conceived the idea of causing his parents to suffer the same torments as if I had done so.

"I tore off his cap and upper garments, drenched them in water, left them among the reeds, and bore the child away with me. He was soon missed ; a search was made ; and when my mother found the little garment and cap all wetted by the river side, in despair and terror she rushed to Lady Winifred, threw herself at her feet, and announced that the child was drowned !

"There were heavy lamentations that night in the old Hall, while the boy, weeping fruitlessly for his nurse and mother, was with me in a smuggling lugger, tossing off the Mersey mouth and bound for the continent. We bore away for the coast of Flanders, and after many haphazard adventures, found ourselves at Dunkirk ; and though at that time I knew not what to do with the child, whom I abhorred for the blood that was in his veins, and whom I beat and used unmercifully, in a moment of caprice I pricked the initials of his name O. A. on his right arm, with gunpowder, and these must be there still to this day.

"In the streets of Dunkirk we had a conflict with the authorities ; in the confusion I lost the child, and having to swim to the lugger, saw him no more, until the August

of this year, when, by some mysterious intuition, in the stranger who arrived at Chester, and who came to blows with me at the King's Head, I recognized him, either from his face—though he had grown to manhood and been embrowned by military service,—by his resemblance to my old persecutor Sir Humphry, or by certain remarks he made; and it would seem that he also was not without some vague memories of me.

“He had suffered too much at my hands to forget me easily. This was the secret I have boasted so often of possessing—that the Jacobite envoy Errington was Oliver, the youngest son of Sir Humphry and Lady Winifred Arden.

“I had lost a brother in infancy, and to sting and degrade in his own estimation this Errington, whom I had resolved to dog, and of whom I had sworn to become the evil genius, I whispered abroad that he was my own brother. This falsehood was but too readily adopted by Squire Willoughby, whose wicked tool I have too often been; but it served to save my life, when, after the wicked assassination of Sir Lennard Arden at Preston, his younger brother's pistol was levelled to destroy me.

“I confess that I am also guilty of the murder of Anna the ballad-singer, in a mad burst of vengeance, for bringing the cavalry upon us before we had plundered Hollywood. This girl, though poor and a wanderer, was pure as angel-gold; and all that has been alleged concerning her and Mr. Errington, or Arden, is false. I have no more to add, but the hope that none will reflect on my poor and aged mother for my wicked career and unhappy end; and that those I have wronged will forgive and pray for me, as all I have related here is truth, and nothing but truth, as I shall expect mercy in the world to come.”

“And here follow our signatures,” added the bishop, “for we heard this wondrous revelation; thus are the wicked netted in their own snares.”

On the conclusion of this document, I stood for a time as one in a dream! I was scarcely conscious that Lady Winifred hung about my neck, calling me her son; that Lucy clasped one hand as my dear cousin and the good old bishop warmly shook the other, telling me to be of good cheer, for those whom the Lord loved, he chastened, &c. &c.;

or that Willoughby had slunk away from the Hall, never to darken it by his odious presence again ; that Sir Harry was fidgeting with his huge wig, till the back came to the front, and his ample curls hung over his face ; and that in the exuberance of *his* satisfaction at this *dénouement*, Captain Gastrell, the dragoon, found it necessary three several times to kiss Chatty Leigh.

Thus were all those strange memories of childhood—dreams that had come back to me as of a past state of existence, and which had oppressed and bewildered me—accounted for ; and I knew that on my right arm I bore the initials referred to by the unhappy man Thorley, who next day expiated his crimes upon the same scaffold which a certain person had so narrowly escaped, and which, about the same time, was stained by the blood of many a gallant English gentleman.

So closed my Christmas night at Hollywood, in 1715. Can my old friends and readers not foresee the rest of my story ?

I am assured they can.

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## CHAPTER LXXVII.

### THE LAST.

THREE years have passed since the famous rising of '15 ; and now, heigho ! I sit in old Hollywood Hall, and under its carved roof-tree, laden with the trophies of other times, write these closing pages.

Through one mullioned oriel I can see the autumnal sun shedding its crimson glory on the sheaves of golden grain, on the green hedgerows, and the old oak-trees that rustle their thick foliage on the evening wind. I can see the red rocky brow of Halton in the distance, and the square rood-tower of Warrington, with the broad blue Mersey winding far away towards the sea.

In the other oriel sits old Lady Winifred, in her long black dress and white tresses *à la marquise*, knitting as if her life depended on her fingers ; and opposite is Lucy, intent on Mr. Alexander Pope's last poem, but happy and

beautiful as ever, though in three years she has grown more matronly and round in outline ; while at her feet is playing another Lucy, who, with her name, inherits her dark eyes and long bewitching lashes, and whose plump, mischievous little hands are playing the deuce with Lady Winny's ball of thread, and for whom Chatty Leigh and her husband, Jack Gastrell, of Stanhope's horse, stood sponsors, when the old bishop of Chester held her at the baptismal font. And so, with this little family *tableau*, a scene so different from many that I have depicted, permit me to close my last chapter ; though, still lingering, I am loth to say—  
**FAREWELL !**

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## NOTES.

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### I.

THE severity of the government to religious and political offenders has not been overdrawn throughout the preceding pages. How the unfortunate Jacobites were beheaded, hanged, shot, drawn, and quartered, with every indecent barbarity, at Tyburn, Preston, and elsewhere, any history of the times of George I. will serve to show ; while the bare suspicion of being inimical to his rule, or the expression of opinion, were sufficient to insure fines, imprisonment, and perhaps greater penalties. Thus, in September, 1715, Lord Powis was committed to the Tower, "on *suspicion* of his being disaffected."

In August of the same year, "the Rev. Mr. John St. Quentin was convicted at Norwich assizes of asserting that the Pretender had landed in the west with 50,000 men, *and drinking his health*. Sentenced to pay a fine of 20 marks, to be imprisoned for one year, and find sureties for his good behaviour for three years.

"Mr. Matthew Fern was also convicted of drinking the Pretender's health, and calling King George a *turnip-hougher*. Sentenced to pay 40 marks, to be imprisoned for a year, and find sureties for his behaviour for three years.

"Thomas Shirley, also, convicted of saying *King George has no more right to the crown than I have*. Sentenced to be whipped and find sureties for his behaviour for three years.

"August 6th, 1715.—Two soldiers *whipped (almost) to death* in Hyde Park, and turned out of the service, for wearing oak-boughs in their hats, on the 29th May.

"29th May, 1717.—Guards placed at several parts of London, who sufficiently corrected the insolence of those who durst wear oak-boughs in memory of the Restoration.

"1st November.—Dr. Walton, late rector of Whitechapel, with his *congregation*, consisting of 250 nonjurors, surprised by the justices of the peace and constables, and most of them refusing the oaths, they were prosecuted."—See *Salmon's Chronological Historian*, 1747.

Such was the liberty of the subject under King George I.

### II.

The king's forces engaged at Preston consisted of nine regiments of cavalry,—Sir George Preston's foot, now the 26th or Cameronians, and a corps of English Militia. Brigadier Owen Wynne's regiment is now the 9th Lancers ; Richard Viscount Cobham's regiment, now the

10th Hussars; Lieutenant-General Sir Philip Honeywood's regiment, now the 11th Hussars; Brigadier-General Munden's regiment, now the 13th Light Dragoons; Brigadier-General James Dormer's regiment, now the 14th Light Dragoons. Viscount Molesworth's regiment, Churchill's dragoons, Pitt's dragoons, and General the Earl of Stanhope's dragoons, are not traceable. The regiment of Sir Charles Hotham, Bart., is now the 8th or King's.

### III.

Captain Jasper Clayton. The officer introduced to the reader by this name was afterwards a distinguished general, who was governor of Gibraltar, and fell at the battle of Dettingen in 1743. "The principal officers killed among the allies were Lieut.-General Jasper Clayton, who was slain by a cannon-ball, and Major-General Monroy, of the Hanoverians."—*Life of the Duke of Cumberland*, 1747.

### IV

Pressing to death was an atrocious barbarity in full force in England for many years after the period of this story. The sentence given in the text is, almost verbatim, that which was passed upon William Spiggot and Thomas Philips, at the Old Bailey, in January, 1720, when the former bore *four hundredweight* of iron on his body for more than an hour, and was thereafter hanged at Tyburn.—*Lives of Notorious Criminals, with an Account of the Rebellion in 1715*, p. 102.

Concerning death by *pressure* in the castle of Chester, see Britton and Brasley's *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. ii. p. 222.

### V.

Samuel Thorley. In the octavo edition of *King's Vale Royal* is a narrative of a most atrocious and perhaps unprecedented murder, committed by a wretch named Samuel Thorley, at Congleton, in Cheshire, and this furnished an idea for the personage who figures under that name in these pages. His victim was Anna Smith, a ballad-singer, aged twenty-two. "It appeared in evidence, that she was met on a footway near Congleton by the prisoner, who prevailed on her to accompany him to a hollow place from the road, where he severed her head from her body, cut off her legs, arms, thighs, and breasts, took out her bowels and tongue, and having cut off the calves of her legs and other fleshy parts, he threw what remained of the carcass into a brook. Having thus, as he imagined, secured himself from the possibility of detection, he placed the parts which he designed for food in his apron, and carrying them to the house of an old woman, told her that he had received from a butcher, who had been driving pigs on the road, the flesh of one that had died, which he desired her to put up for him. Calling next morning, he requested permission to boil what he termed his pork. He ate a part of it for



breakfast, but finding it disagree with him, desired the woman to throw the remainder away. Soon after, some men who had occasion to pass the brook observed a petticoat in the water; their suspicions being awakened, they searched attentively, and found several dismembered parts of a human body. The head and face being seen by an aged woman in the neighbourhood, she instantly exclaimed, *It is poor Anna Smith, the ballad-singer!*"

Thorley's body "was hung in chains on a heath near Congleton. The witnesses on his trial averred that he had never shown any marks of insanity, and were convinced that extreme avarice was the principal inducement to the commission of this singularly savage cruelty. He was executed on the 10th of April, 1777."—See *History of Cheshire*, p. 308.

THE END.

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